The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

February 23, 1966

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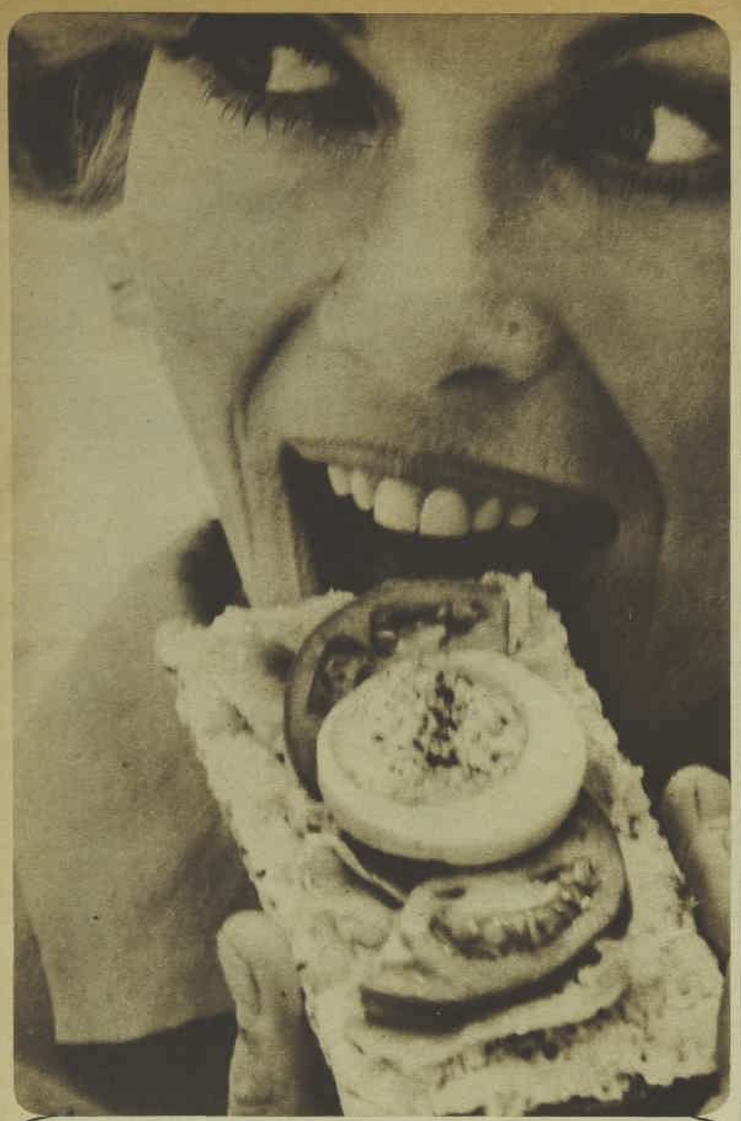

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

Special Features

Top British Fashions for Australia 20, 21
"Games People Play" 39
SPRING BULBS . . . . . Centre Lift-out

Fiction

Ghost of a Dead Dream, *Valerie Watkinson* . . . 27
Something Unbreakable, *Dorothy M. Rose* . . 28, 29
Treasure Trove, *Jerrard Tickell* 30
Quest of the Bogeyman (serial, part 2), *Frances and Richard Lockridge* 33

Regular Features

Social 12, 13
Compact 17
TV Parade 19
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell . . . 36
House of the Week 42, 43
Stars 69
Teenagers' Weekly 75-78
Mandrake, Crossword 79

Fashion

Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* 22, 23
Needlework Notions 64
Fashion Frocks 72
Butterick Patterns 79

Family Affairs

A Poker-Machine Addict 45
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* 49
Cookery: Nut Loaves 51
Prize Recipes, Home Hints 53
Collectors' Corner 61
Transfer 70

OUR COVER

● Fantasy, by hairdresser Alexander, of Double Bay, N.S.W., achieved with false hair-pieces, plus jewel trim. Picture is by David Hewison, of Sydney.

The Weekly Round

As fashion gets more interesting it gets harder.

The new Paris clothes (page 5) have made us feel badly done by. So we were grateful to visiting cosmetics expert Martin von Muhr.

Tricks with make-up, special effects for films, he said, were part of his job. But speaking as a man, he preferred women to use cosmetics to look soft and feminine—like women!

★ ★ ★

The pictures of famous fathers and their daughters (Jan. 19 issue), with the story by Richard Burton about the bitter-sweet joy of having a daughter, brought many appreciative letters from readers.

Mrs. Jillian Butler, of Narrabri, N.S.W., summed up the general feeling:

"I had to write and thank you for printing such a delightful narrative. He made parenthood seem extra-special again, instead of the daily routine of ranting and raving about this and that. How many of us have forgotten what it is to really enjoy our children!"

● *Designer Bohan, of Dior, and models.*

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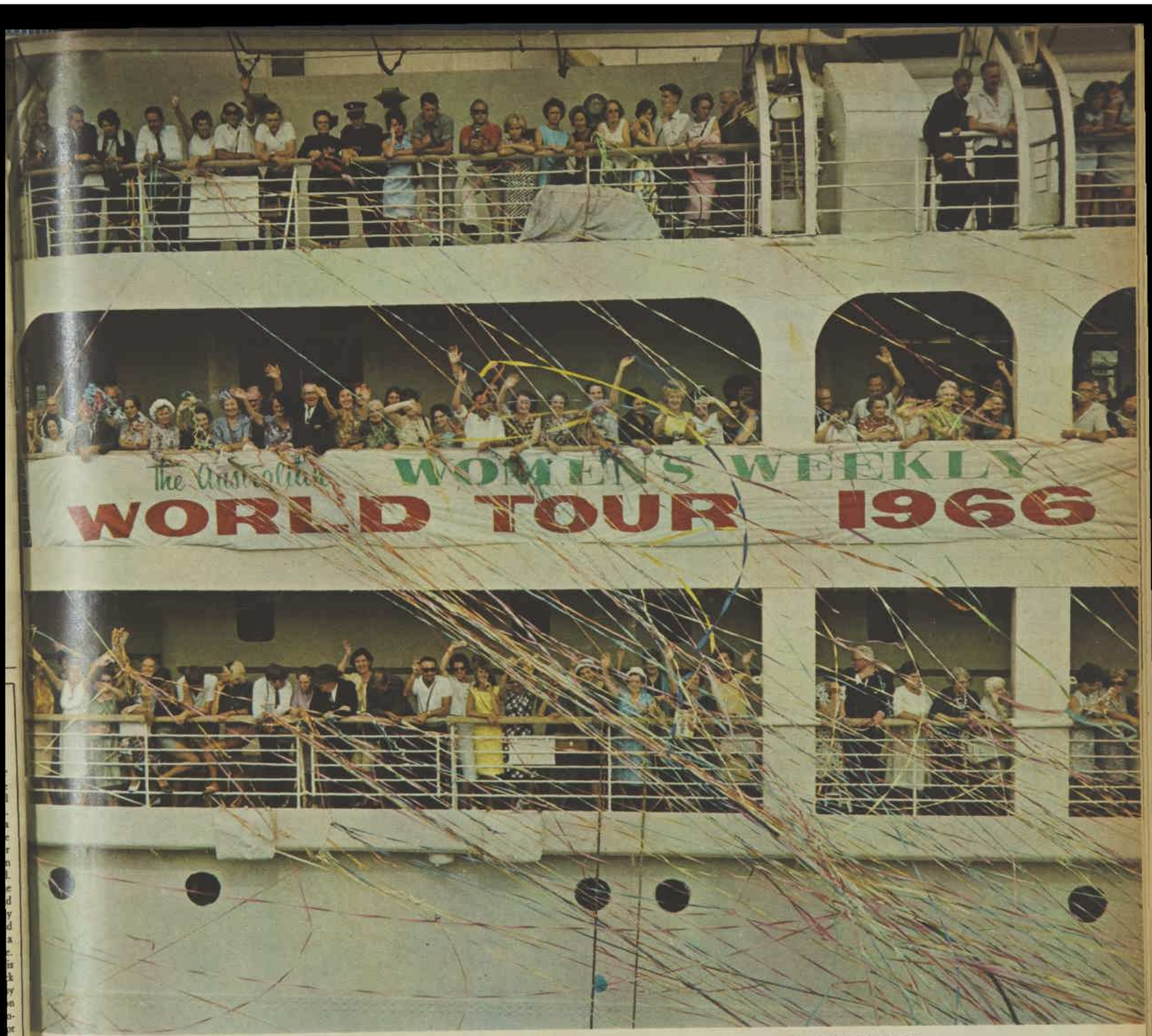

Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON

HAPPY SAILING

● *These pictures show the departing P & O-Orient liner Orcades. Among the passengers were 700 excited members of our FIRST World Discovery Tour party, from N.Z. and all States. The wonderful tour will take them to 17 countries in the next four months.*

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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NEXT WEEK

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

— 32-page lift-out

● Sponsored by the New South Wales Branch of the Australian Medical Association, this 32-page lift-out is a guide to new developments in the most common diseases, conditions, tests, treatments, and preventives.

Each article has been written by a specialist who reports on his field:

● Acne ● Allergies ● Bronchitis ● Cancer in women ● The Papanicolaou Test ● Diabetes ● Heart disease ● Hepatitis ● Immunisation of children ● Immunisation of overseas travellers ● Migraine ● Obstetrics ● Plastic surgery ● Rheumatism ● Sinus infection ● Peptic ulcer ● Varicose veins

And:

★ In our "House of the Week" series . . .

It's "childproof"

The perfect family house — as well as being waterproof, draught-proof, and burglarproof, it's child-proof. Windows, walls, furniture, and fittings are practically immune to children's wear and tear.

And:

SIZZLING SINGLETS

★ Don't miss the fashion train. Get one of Dad's singlets, dye it, and you'll have a new party line.

And:

● "A Short Story of Love and Marriage," by Daisy Ashford, whose spelling and quaint ideas of high-life have endeared her to readers since 1919. She dictated the story to her father when she was eight.

OUR WORLD DISCOVERERS

● Amid fluttering colored streamers, happy laughter, and to the accompaniment of a military brass band, the Orcades sailed out of Sydney Harbor. On board were more than 200 N.S.W. passengers together with 500 from other Australian States and New Zealand. All members of our first World Discovery Tour, the lucky travellers will visit some of the most exciting countries in the Far East, Britain, and the Continent.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Allen, of Yowie Bay, have a last-minute chat with grandchildren, Peter, 5, and Mark, 3, of Yowie Bay, and their daughter-in-law, Mrs. B. Allen, of Lilli Pilli, and her daughter, Kahron, 2, before they sailed. Mr. Allen is using his long-service leave to make the trip.

ABOVE: Misses Elizabeth Ryan and Cheryle Roberts, both of Strathfield, were among the many young people who visited the Orcades to farewell Miss Anne Waugh, a hotel manageress, of Wollongong, N.S.W. She has special leave.

ABOVE: Mrs. W. Young, of Bexley, who is travelling with her sister, Mrs. E. Johnson, also of Bexley, at a deck party given by her daughter, Miss Ellen Young (right), and Miss Jenny Ross, of Kingsgrove.

ABOVE: Miss Robin Dwyer gave her mother, Mrs. R. A. McDonald, of Pennant Hills, a hearty farewell kiss as Mrs. McDonald started her first world trip. Mr. McDonald looks on. RIGHT: Mrs. John Hinkley, of McMahons Point, gave flowers to Miss Judith Franklin, 22, of Ballarat, Victoria. "I've been saving for this trip since I left school," said Miss Franklin.

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

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The new-look Paris models

The Giraffe, he calls her — Pierre Cardin's new model, a long, leggy Italian girl named Ornella Benedetto, from Turin, a girl exactly right for his new-season schemes to make a woman look "different."

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who visited Paris for the collections.

ORNELLA, 21, was one of the freelance models who converge on Paris at the time of the spring and summer collections each year, hoping to make the grade in one of the famous couture salons.

She had never expected to work for Cardin, who previously had worked out all his best ideas on tiny Hiroko, his Japanese model.

Ornella is 5ft. 8½in., the tallest model on Cardin's staff.

"I have always been shy because I am so tall," she told me through an interpreter, as she speaks only Italian. "I couldn't believe it when M. Cardin saw me and asked me to work for him."

Cardin wanted Ornella to have her hair cut short as a boy's, but she refused and wears her heavy, eyebrow-length fringe except when she compromises by brushing her hair back and pinning a tiny false piece over her forehead.

Models in the Paris fashion houses are not as highly paid as photographic models, but they are considered the elite and are content because they feel themselves part of the expression of good fashion. Most of the new girls don't need the money, anyway.

For instance, Pierre Balmain's ravishing new model is Dorthe Koenigsfeldt, 19, daughter of the Danish Ambassador to London.

Dorthe was so determined to become a model she saved her pocket-money and secretly went to the Lucy Clayton School for Models for a month. (Her mother thought she was out riding.)

When father saw Dorthe's pictures in papers he was furious. He thought it undignified for the daughter of a Danish ambassador.

Dorthe, in tears, promised to give up modelling, but her mother, who dresses at Balmain, spoke to the designer about her daughter's ambitions.

"Young clothes"

M. Balmain said he would explain to Papa Koenigsfeldt that nowadays even girls of aristocratic family took up modelling. He had not thought of using Dorthe himself, but when he saw her he realised she was the type he wanted to show his "young" clothes, and she was hired.

The highest words of praise in Paris couture this season is to say clothes are "young," but French designers are too clever to lose sight of their real customers — the mature women who dress well and uphold fashion as it is.

As Madame Sukarno, star guest at the opening of the Dior showings, said, "The clothes are so gay, young, and so very elegant."

Marc Bohan, designer for Dior, brought in as his star mannequin Countess Martine de Dobrezensky, a 21-year-old with the air of a woman who lives and breathes clothes.

She wore some of the extremely young clothes in the Dior collection, clothes that were for everyone.

Jacques Griffe, who went wild with accordion pleating in his collection, showed his loose and full look on a newcomer called Sophie Bourges, 20, a 1965 deb.

Nina Ricci's favorite model, Edith, emerged this season as "The Face" after being more or less unnoticed previously, and it was due to a startling change in make-up.

All white and dazzling, with eyes made wonderfully elongated with pale, pearly colorings, she had vivid red lips.

Dior's Countess appeared wearing fuchsia-colored lipstick — a splash of color that balanced the fiesta colors of the collections.

PARIS IS TALKING ABOUT . . .

- **Pussycat bows everywhere, cut-outs punched from dresses until some (by Heim) look like gruyere cheese, color and all.**
- **Lanvin's wide, padded, military-looking costumes reminiscent of the '40s, with shoulders built out 2½in. each side of the jackets.**
- **A Paris full of smocks and shifts, an "easy" line that has people saying this is "The Year for the Pregnancy."**
- **The bold, bright fabrics, the short hemlines — Dior adding a slit three inches above the hem.**
- **The pretty ways achieved with scarves, instead of hats, and Dior's use of the old favorite, the beanie.**

RIGHT: Ornella, "The Giraffe," in thigh-high shift with the diamond pattern that emerged as a signature-piece of Cardin's collection.

BELOW: Pierre Balmain looks on approvingly as Danish model Dorthe Koenigsfeldt gets ready to model his elegant wedding gown.

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● Joy Jarvis has found a job tailor-made for her happy, friendly disposition. She is a community hostess.

● *"Welcomer" Joy Jarvis (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dorricott and their daughter Mandy, 7, outside their new house at Sherwood Hills, Campbelltown, N.S.W.*

"Auntie" to 80 families

By JUDE AINSWORTH

MRS. JARVIS is the official "welcomer" to the families who move into the new Sherwood Hills housing estate at Campbelltown, N.S.W.

"I don't just see the new people once, you know — there's lots of things I can do for them," said Mrs. Jarvis.

"Mostly it's just ordinary things they want to know, like where can they go riding, or is there a Masonic Lodge in town. Once I ran a sick Siamese cat down to the vet."

But Mrs. Jarvis's organising ability makes it a snap for her to run a home, keep track of her five children, and play "auntie" to the 80-odd families who have already moved into the estate.

(About 100 houses have been built. The developers plan a total of 2000 houses on the estate's 600 acres of land in the next six years.)

Milko's gift

Her work starts before the new owners arrive.

She makes sure the utilities are connected, arranges bread and milk deliveries (she has persuaded the milko to give new folks a welcoming bottle of cream).

She enrols them in the local library, gives them a list of churches, doctors, dentists, chemists, schools, recreational facilities, bus and taxi telephone numbers, veterinary surgeons.

Because so many newcomers are migrants, she introduces them to neighbors and tries to help them form a new circle of friends.

"When I started working here in September, only two or three families had moved in. They seem to arrive at the rate of about half a dozen a week," she said.

"The builders notify me beforehand. I check the house, make sure everything's working, arrange for the garbage to be collected, and leave a form for the electricity account and voting enrolment cards.

"I took several newcomers to the baby health clinic for the first time, and I ran some down the street to the schools. Whatever they need of me, I do.

"I don't know how many I've got into the learn-to-swim classes or the swimming club."

She has also organised babysitters for young couples who want an evening out without the youngsters.

Mrs. Jarvis even picks up the mail in Campbelltown when she's on her way from her home to Sherwood Hills, since postal deliveries will not begin for another month or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis live only a couple of miles from the development with their children, Helen, 18, Bob, 17, Norm, 13, Colin, 10, and Christopher, 5.

They spent eight years in New Guinea, where Mr. Jarvis was in the works planning section of the Public Works Department.

Mrs. Jarvis, who is 42, told me how she happened to take her job:

"Apparently the development company asked the local council if they knew anyone, and the town council asked me if I'd be in it," she said. "So I just had an interview.

"I have the five children, and they're in everything. The company felt I'd know what the new families would want to know.

"Some of my friends were horrified. They said they couldn't imagine it for themselves, but, they added, 'It'd suit you, though.'

"Honestly, I feel as though I'm just getting dressed up and going visiting. It suits me down to the ground."

There are about 20 migrant families at Sherwood Hills: British, German, Dutch, and Canadian.

Typical of new families are:

● Jim and Pearl Dorricott, who have a young son and daughter.

Mr. Dorricott first came to Australia four years ago as a ship's steward.

A year ago he left the sea, brought the family to Australia, and is now working as the bar supervisor in a large city club.

● Thomas and Maura Stewart and their daughters, Catherine, 2, and Sheona, 6 months.

Real home

Mr. Stewart, a Scot, holds an M.A. in physics from St. Andrews University and works in computer research. His wife is Irish.

They have lived in Australia for three years in rented places, and consider this their first home.

● Terence and Florence Cunliffe and their children, Philip, 5, and Valerie, 4.

"I built my own house right here," Mr. Cunliffe said. "Yes, I'm a bricklayer for the builders. My partner, Frank Pitchford (he lives in that house there), and I built our own places together. So we're right handy to work while the development is completed."

MRS. JARVIS with two of "her" families. Left, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Cunliffe and children, Philip, 5, and Valerie, 4. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stewart, Catherine, 2, and Sheona.

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British critic likes *everything* in art, just so long as it's good of its kind

"POP ART IS IMPORTANT"

By BETTY BEST

● Artists entering for the Wardle Prize in Perth can be sure of one thing: their distinguished one-man jury, Robert Melville, is not in a rut, nor does he regard art as a sacred cow.

ROBERT MELVILLE with a painting in his London flat. He is visiting Australia for the Festival of Perth.

MR. MELVILLE, art critic of "The New Statesman," is visiting Perth to judge the Wardle entries, which will be on view at the Skinner Galleries, February 21-March 12.

I saw him in his London home before he left for Australia.

In spite of his grey hairs he is a pixie-like figure, and he and his wife have packed their doll's - house - size Bloomsbury flat with every conceivable style of art, from old primitives and classics to avant-garde paintings, hanging above fine antique furniture and giggly Victorian knick-knacks.

All showing that his range of interest can embrace anything and everything that's good of its kind.

And Mr. Melville is above all a very practical, down-to-earth pixie. There is nothing of the chi-chi, none of the mannerisms which often characterise the art world he has lived in for nearly 20 years.

He began work in a glass factory in Birmingham, and became sales manager for a steel company.

"My father had taken us all up to Birmingham when I was nine," he said.

"He was a landscape gardener, and as a very young child I remember our house always had ornamental bedding plans scattered about every room.

Trend-spotter

"That was about the nearest I came to being brought up in an artistic atmosphere. But I suppose it might have had some kind of influence. After all, one could say that Capability Brown, the great landscape gardener, designed England, don't you think?"

Mr. Melville paces his tiny sitting-room as he talks, hands gesturing to illustrate a point.

He is so obviously more intrigued by the present and future than the past, and it is not surprising that he became one of the London art-gallery men who could spot a new artist or a new movement well ahead of most of his colleagues.

"I really never tried to get into art criticism. Never. But I was always fascinated by painting," he said.

"When I was only 16 I began coming to London on visits. And the very first thing I did was to buy a tiny book on Picasso. That did it!

"From there on I was fascinated. It all began with that little book. I knew straight away I wanted to write, and most of all about artists and their work. I began to study every possible way I could in my spare time. But I didn't want to paint.

"At 25 I had written my first work. A little book on Picasso, oddly enough.

"It was a beginning, although I had to wait until after the war to get into the business full-time.

"In 1946 I joined the staff at the London Gallery. This led me on to the Hanover Gallery and then to Arthur Jeffress, whom I was with until he died two years ago.

"It was a rewarding and exciting ten years because a lot of our tastes in painting were alike. Although you could say I was a little more avant-garde, perhaps." He smiled and waved a hand at a large mad Pop Art canvas. "As you can see.

"But we were the first to show Graham Sutherland, for instance."

"What drew you to Australian artists?" I asked, having noticed one of Sidney Nolan's early Ned Kellys and knowing that Mr. Melville had written a book on Nolan.

"Oh, yes, it was Sid all right. I don't think it is right to say that I am drawn to the whole Australian school. I simply don't know it well enough yet. That's what I hope to find out.

"But when Sid's first Ned Kelly series was shown in London I was so impressed that I did the book almost immediately.

"I think Brett Whitely is brilliant, too, and Blackman very interesting. And I am fascinated by some of Drysdale's work.

"But it was Sidney Nolan who made me feel that Australia was an exciting place.

"After my two weeks in Perth I am going across the Nullarbor to see all I can of the country before visiting Melbourne and Sydney."

Mr. Melville will speak in Perth during the festival on the subject on which he is regarded as England's foremost expert: English Pop Art.

"Landscape out"

"I think Pop Art is a very important movement," he says. "It's not an artificial thing as some people think. It's very natural that as the environment of artists has changed so drastically in this century their art should reflect it.

"Landscape nowadays is an anachronism. There is so little landscape left—especially in England.

"In the modern world artists live in a metropolitan environment, and Pop Art is a direct response.

"What I think is so fascinating is that Pop Art is now influencing Pop."

I must have looked a little bemused because he laughed and explained: "Well, Pop Art grew out of advertising, for instance. Now if you look at advertisements you'll find that Pop Art is creeping into them. A sort of feed-back."

Mr. Melville showed me around the tremendously varied collection in his flat. Some of the most modern paintings look, as he said, like beautifully executed advertisements. Unselfconsciously they are hung among still-lifes and oils of older schools and they seem to get on very well together.

"I am longing to see what Australian Pop Art is doing," he said, sounding like a young boy off on an adventure.

Robert Melville is an old hand at travelling with and for art. He has taken British Council-inspired shows to Poland, Austria, and Switzerland, where he lectured in public galleries.

He went twice to Prague, where he met the son of the famous Art Nouveau painter Mucha.

"Terribly exciting. I was taken to the son's house and there were the walls covered with really fine Art Nouveau which we in England had only seen in reproduction. I was so excited I organised a show in London."

Mr. Melville thinks that the present revival of interest in Art Nouveau is natural because people lack so much decoration in their lives and are looking for something to make up for it.

"Actually Arthur Jeffress and I caught on to the thing pretty early. And you know, it has had a surprising influence on modern abstract art. Of course the bad stuff is awful, but some of it is really good."

Keen on jazz

Mr. Melville has an open mind on everything. He is keen on jazz and tells you with a slightly self-deprecatory grin that he once wrote a record sleeve for an early "piano roll" record.

There is more pride in his voice when he says that his daughter, Roberta, was an expert picture-restorer before she married, and that now she has given it up to look after her two children.

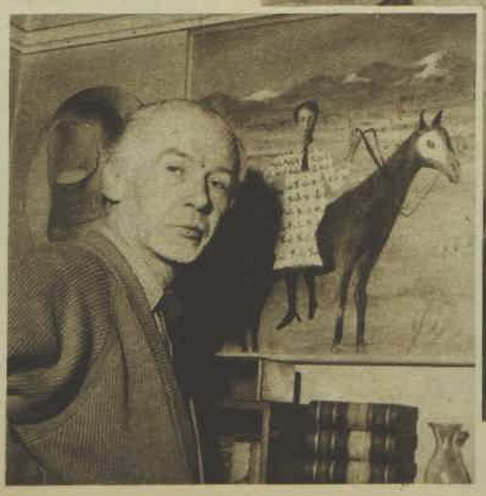
"But her husband is that great rhythm-and-blues man Alexis Korner." This fact gets the same tone of respect as Melville uses when pointing out his pen-and-ink original Picasso with the comment, "That, I suppose, is the most valuable picture in the flat."

As I was leaving he pointed out a large picture in his hallway. It was in sombre greys and blacks and heavy with modelling.

"A new Turkish chap I rather liked. Good fun, don't you think? Uses everything from plastic muck to sand to make those bumps."

"Brr," said his wife with a shudder. "Can't stand it myself. Horrid!"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Melville reasonably. "Perhaps we should hang it upside down; then it won't look like anything." He gave it a careful stare. "Might be rather good that way, actually."



ABOVE: Mrs. Melville with a Pop Art canvas which covers half the sitting-room wall. AT LEFT: Their Nolan from the Ned Kelly series.

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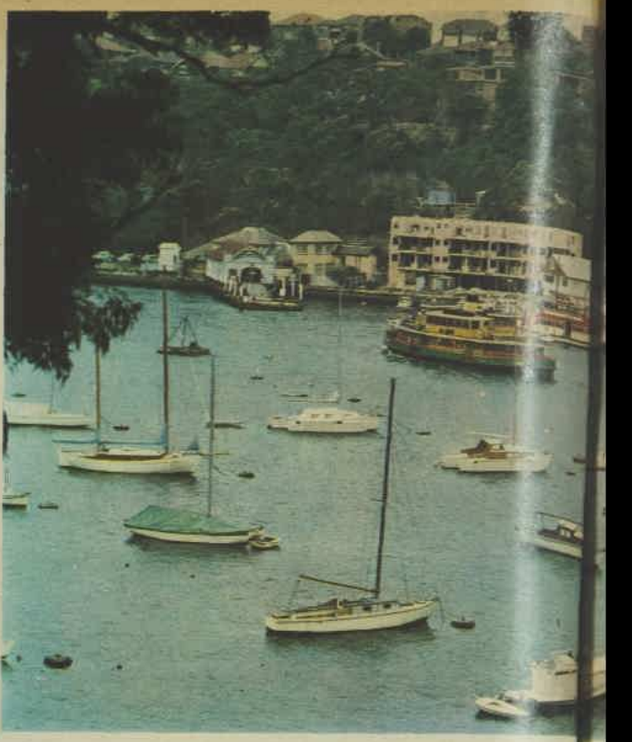
ALL ROADS LEAD TO CIRCULAR QUAY. Near the ferry system's Nemesis, the Harbor Bridge, is Kooleen, the youngster of the fleet. Mosman ferry (left) leaves with a creaming wake. At right, at rest, Manly ferry.



WILL THE FERRIES COME INTO THEIR OWN AGAIN?

Story by Kay Keavney, pictures by Keith Barlow

"THE finest harbor in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security."

So Captain Arthur Phillip reported on Sydney Harbor, back in May, 1788.

The sailor-governor soon saw an obvious use for the vast body of water, with its myriad arms and inflowing rivers.

Transport.

The first Sydney ferry, powered by oar and sail, got under way by 1789.

Time passed. A great maritime city shouldered up round the shores and sprawled out into suburbs.

Ferries crisscrossed the jewelled harbor, nudged in and out of quiet bays, dared the swell rolling in from the Pacific, chugged tranquilly up and down rivers, lifted vehicles and commuters.

Fifty-eight ferries lifting fifty million passengers a year by 1932.

There were complaints. ("The ferries are too slow! Wait till the Harbor Bridge opens. We'll all be in town in a trice!")

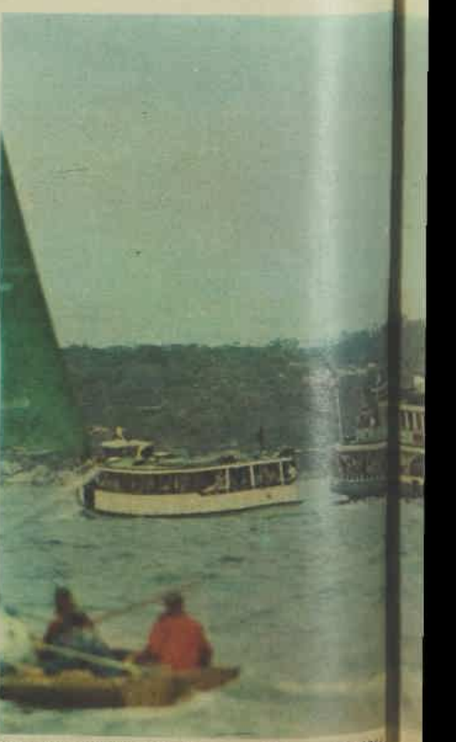
There were complaints, but not from children.

"When we were children
Travelling on ferries,
We would listen and watch till the water
And engines mingled their sounds; deceiving
Us at the moment when the wharves receded . . .
Or was it the craft that was leaving?"

Ferries. Not so much a means of transport as a way of life.

"Whether the ferry was
Cleaving water
Or that the Quay with its pigeons and peanuts
Now left behind it
Was vanishing with every other brief pleasure,
So seeking again you might not find it."

TO DARE THE SWELLS THAT ROLL IN FROM THE PACIFIC. Barragoola, one of the world-renowned Manly ferries, takes a breather at its Quay berth. Picture at right: Kosciusko and Proclaim follow the lordly eighteen-footers racing for the finishing-line on a Sydney Sunday.



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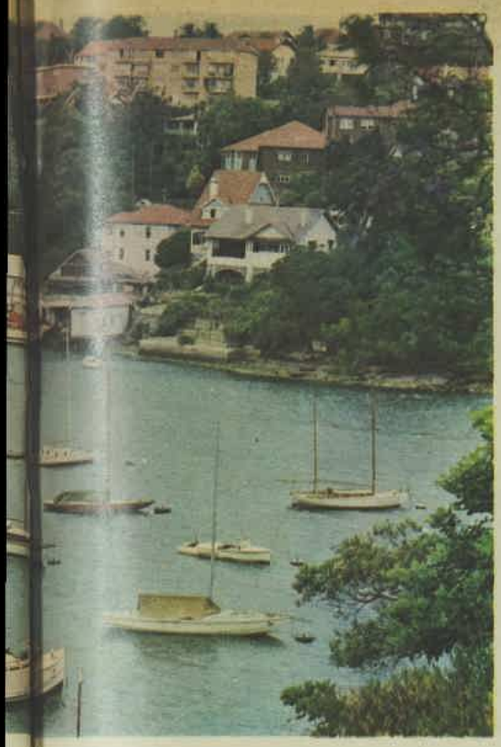

NOSING IN AND OUT OF QUIET BAYS. Flats and home units round Mosman Bay (picture at left) look down on a half-empty ferry nosing by a flotilla of sleeping small craft. Picture at right: Karrabee nudges into Musgrave Street Wharf, Mosman, at the Hour of the Commuter.

In 1932 the Sydney Harbor Bridge was officially opened.

Across the bridge roared the buses and trains and cars of elated commuters. To town in a trice!

Time passed.

Buses and cars, sluggish as treacle, flowed over the bridge and all the bridges over the rivers and myriad arms of the finest harbor, carrying the commuters, all bound for town, but not in a trice.

There were questions in the House. People wrote to the papers. There were stiff editorials. ("This city is strangling. Why can't we use our waterways? Something must be done.")

Someone called for a Report. Time passed.

Round the shores of the finest harbor, towering home-unit blocks shouldered up, sprawled out to the suburbs pierced by the rivers. Into them flocked the people in their hundreds of thousands.

Twice a day, at the Hour of the Commuter, they turned their backs to the water, crammed into trains, or into buses and cars which joined the flow, sluggish as treacle, down the roads and over the bridges, all converging on or diverging from the city.

And over the mighty harbor, and down the rivers, chugged some sixteen survivors of the ferry fleet, mostly elderly, nudging in and out of elderly wharves with many steps and little shelter, and operating at a loss.

Only twelve million customers a year by 1966.

There were questions in the House. People wrote to the papers. There were stiff editorials.

("Why don't we use our waterways?

"We need new, faster ferries, operating from modern wharves with parking facilities, in a combined bus-ferry service with a combined fare.

"We need more terminals, to unstop the bottleneck of Circular Quay.

"What about more hydrofoils? How about giant catamarans, as used in Japan?

"How do they manage in Hong Kong, where quick, fast ferries leave every few minutes, crammed with tourists and commuters?

"Why don't they reopen some of the old services, like that glorious trip to Watson's Bay?

"Why don't they start new ones, wherever the people congregate in numbers along the water? There are thousands of potential customers waiting to be provided with a service and sold on its advantages.

"And it's got to be done, to get the people off the roads.")

In 1965, water transport found a powerful friend in young N.S.W. Transport Minister Mr. Morris, who has set up committees to study ways to revive and modernise the water transport system.

We wish the Minister and his experts godspeed in their deliberations.

Action will be costly, yet less so than for systems involving resumption of land, new roads, rails, rolling stock, overhead gear, traffic control, all the paraphernalia of travel on land.

Less costly than to let a great maritime city strangle.

Time must pass, but they will come into their own again, the ferries of Sydney, crisscrossing the jewelled harbor, nosing in and out of its lovely bays, to the unending delight of the young and the young-in-heart.

"Who would weary of watching water:
Harbor water, coiled and oily
Round wharves and moorings;
Or fresh and glistening
Out in the channels where currents tumble it?
And who would tire of listening?"

[Verses from Nancy Keesing's poem "From Circular Quay," published in her "Three Men and Sydney," by Angus and Robertson, 1955. By permission.]

NOT SO MUCH A MEANS OF TRANSPORT AS A WAY OF LIFE. Peak-hour commuters from Hunter's Hill sit at ease in the bow of Lady Chelmsford, while ashore, all the bus, car, and train travellers converge fuming on a strangling city.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

AT PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Peter McLaughlin (at left) with Miss Prudence Dunlop and Mr. Ryves Hawker at the cocktail party which the New South Wales Sheep-breeders' Association held at David Jones' Great Restaurant. The president, Mr. L. A. Pockley, and Mrs. Pockley welcomed 700 guests.

AT RIGHT: Miss Rosalind Thompson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Thompson, of Palm Beach, and her fiance, Mr. Raymond Huntley, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Huntley, of Clifton Gardens. Rosalind is wearing a diamond engagement ring. They plan to marry in twelve months' time.

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I KNOW there are lots of "green fingers" on the very garden-conscious North Shore, but on March 2 I'll wager there will be gold ones as well.

On that day — two days before the Moonmist Ball at the Wentworth Hotel — twelve members of the headquarters auxiliary of the St. John Ambulance Brigade (of which Mrs. Norman Jenkyn is president) will spend the afternoon at her home in Pymble painting hundreds of leaves with gold paint to use in the decor.

I never cease to be intrigued by the different decor this committee manages to create each year. For this ball they've planned the effect of a full moon partly obscured by a mist, and billowing clouds hanging beneath a star-studded blue sky.

The most exciting thing about the ball for committee members will be the presence, as guests-of-honor, of our new Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler.

★ ★ ★

"HE'S destined for the deck of a yacht," was the enthusiastic cry with which yachtsman Mr. Bill Northam welcomed news of his sixth grandchild, born to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Northam, Jun., at Royal North Shore Hospital on February 6. The baby has two sisters, Jane and Susanna. According to his grandfather, the new arrival will go into training as a for'ard hand at a very early date.

★ ★ ★

AND, speaking of babies, I hear from Melbourne that former Sydney girl Mrs. Peter North and her husband have chosen the names Andrew Peter for their second son, who was born on December 29. The Norths have just moved into the new home they have built at East Ivanhoe overlooking the Yarra.

★ ★ ★

TOP marks for elegance to Mrs. Eric Pratten at Rocher's fashion parade at the beginning of the week in a beautiful pale, pale pink lightweight wool Balenciaga two-piece dress, which had a sparkling white roll collar at the natural neckline with a stark-white camellia pinned to one side.

★ ★ ★

DATE for your diary . . . February 19 at the Pymble home of Mr. and Mrs. Max Archer, when guests have been asked to wear leis and pretty sarongs. It's an Hawaiian night arranged by the St. Margaret's Children's Hospital committee.

★ ★ ★

HATS, which she says she adores, seem to have played quite a part in the life of Dame Annabelle Rankin, so I wasn't really surprised when she told me at the reception she gave for presswomen what her answer will be if she is given a really "tricky" question during her first Question Time. (To which, by the way, she says she is not looking forward.) "I shall simply say, 'Well, I've just hung up my hat in the place so I don't know the answer to that one yet!'"

★ ★ ★

DISTINGUISHED English visitor General Sir Maurice Dowse (who is making the Royal Sydney Golf Club his headquarters) was welcomed by old friends Mrs. Ev. Crossing and her daughters, Mrs. Ronald Raines and Mrs. Michael White, and their husbands when he arrived for a month's stay in Australia. (The Michael Whites, who are down from their property, "Belltrees," Scone, left their small son, Anthony, at Tudor House for his first term.) Sir Maurice is at present spending a few weeks in New Zealand on a fishing holiday.

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SHEEP SHOW BALL

TWOSOME. Youthful Miss Marianne Gearin, whose dress was one of the prettiest at the ball, posed with Mr. Jim Brennan, of Armidale, beneath one of the huge cardboard sheep on the walls of the ballroom at Menzies Hotel which were part of the Sheep Show Week decor.

ABOVE: Mr. Doug Lamb, who helped Mr. John Human collect tickets at the door, greeted Mrs. Robert Minter (left) and Mrs. Ted Gibson as they arrived with their husbands. The ball was arranged by the ladies' auxiliary of the Postgraduate Medical Foundation of the University of Sydney.

ABOVE: Country visitors Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sly, of "Thornhill," Gunnedah (left), who are staying at Newport, with Mrs. Annette Atwill and Mr. Bill Walker at the ball, which is held each year.

AT LEFT: Glamorous ball gowns were worn by Mrs. Beth Churchill (right) and her mother, Mrs. Bruce Campbell, who were escorted by Mr. Ralph Larkins.

BELOW: Mrs. Lucy Falkiner Burton (left), chairman of the ladies' auxiliary which arranged the ball, with Mrs. Ronnie Parr and Mr. Claude Healey at the ballroom entrance, where she greeted guests.

COMMITTEE members Mrs. G. Miceli-Picardi (left) and Mrs. Enzo Oriolo designed and carried out the decor for the ball. They spent the afternoon blowing up 250 pink and white balloons.

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KNIGHTS OF GENTLENESS

Appeal for Order of St. John

● Stone from a 12th-century crypt — all that was left standing after the Grand Priory Church of Clerkenwell, London, received a direct hit in the Battle of Britain — forms part of the foundation stone of the new national headquarters of the Priory of St. John to be erected in Canberra.

ANOTHER interesting feature is the mid-16th-century terracotta statue of an angel, hands in prayer, which came from St. John's Gate, London.

Both were presented to the Australian Priory by the Order in England.

Lord Wakehurst, a former Governor of New South Wales and now the Lord Prior of the Order of St. John, unveiled the foundation on the site of the building in Forrest on February 2.

During the ceremony, Dr. G. G. L. Stening, Chancellor of the Order in Australia, announced the launching of a £75,000 Australia-wide appeal to build and furnish the headquarters and increase the activities of the work associated with the Order of St. John.

LORD WAKEHURST, who is visiting Australia with Lady Wakehurst, unveils the foundation of the Priory of St. John headquarters in Canberra.

The N.S.W. appeal, to supplement present funds, was launched in Sydney on February 10.

"We are directing the appeal to members of the Order, but would be happy to receive contributions from those who would like to help us in our work," he said.

Even though its members provide their own uniforms and give their services free, the work of the organisation is so highly respected that planned recruiting has never been necessary.

One of the Order's aims is to educate as many members of the public as possible in first-aid — in the home and in the car.

The Priory of St. John in Australia is the governing authority for the foundations of the Order—the St. John Ambulance Association, the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and the Hospitallers' Club.

The Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem was instituted in the Holy Land.

When the victorious but battle-scarred knights entered Jerusalem 900 years ago, they were cared for by three monks who were running a small hospital there.

When the Crusaders returned to their various countries, they sang the praises of the hospital.

Their countries, in return, sent such lavish gifts to the monks that their leader, Brother Gerard, decided they should establish themselves as an order.

Same badge

They dedicated the hospital to St. John the Baptist, and, as their uniform, adopted a black robe adorned with a white eight-pointed cross — each point representing one of the eight beatitudes.

This is the badge worn today by members of the Order of St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Today, the Order has its Grand Priory in London, and maintains three foundations:

● The Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem, where surgeons from Britain, Commonwealth countries, and the U.S.A. work with Arab nurses. They do 6000 operations a year and treat nearly 100,000 outpatients.

Recently its research department isolated the virus of trachoma — the disease responsible for the blindness of thousands in the Middle East and Africa.

Its scientists are now working on the formula of a vaccine to wipe out the disease.

● The St. John Ambulance Association, which provides education in first-aid, home nursing, and kindred subjects.

● The St. John Ambulance Brigade, which reinforces government medical personnel.

The Order of St. John in Australia was officially established in 1942.

The Duke of Gloucester, today the Grand Prior in England, was the first Prior of the Order in Australia.

The Priory Chapter, governing body of the Order, is composed of men prominent in the professions, commerce, and the armed forces.

Historic graveyard is part of an inner-city suburban parish

SERMONS IN STONES

By KAY KEAVNEY

REV. GEORGE REES, Rector of St. Stephen's, and the tombstone of a gunner.

Grand tour of old cemetery's 18,000 tombs has become a tourist attraction

THE liveliest man in Sydney lives in a graveyard.

Specifically, he lives in a rambling old rectory in what is probably the most historic graveyard in Australia.

He is the Reverend George Rees, Rector for nearly a year now of the Anglican church of St. Stephen the Martyr, just off busy King St. in the crowded inner-city suburb of Newtown.

The graveyard, high-walled, tree-filled, tranquil, was consecrated way back in 1849 and is still called Camperdown Cemetery.

The Reverend George looks on it as an integral part of his parish and a source of his Christian message, which might be roughly paraphrased as follows:

"In the midst of death we are in life."

His greatest delight is to conduct allcomers (whether singly, collectively, or by the busload) on the grand tour of the cemetery's four acres and 18,000-odd tombs.

Almost any day of the week you can find him there, a merry-eyed gingerish man in his fifties, in safari jacket, matching shirt, shorts, long socks, stout shoes, snappy beret, and, very occasionally, dog-collar.

Better still, make sure of finding him. Write for an appointment to the rectory or ring 51-1036.

Then wear, if you please, your walking shoes, and prepare for a marvellous couple of hours.

A couple of hours should be your absolute minimum.

It will take time to savor the lovely old Blacket-designed church and peep into the registries in the lodge, the sexton's cottage built in 1848, hard by the massive Moreton Bay fig, planted in 1848, which marks one of the highest points in all Sydney.

Then there are the thousands of tombs, most of them with a story.

And if there's a story, preferably offbeat, the Reverend George will have dug it out, and will recount it on the spot, with all the zest of the born storyteller, and a neat little message tucked in its tail.

Mown paths

Very likely he will announce that there is more "history" crammed into these few acres than anywhere else in Australia. "Yet the place has been allowed to be forgotten!"

(The Reverend George has already changed all that. He is also a born promoter. He has even seen to it that tourist buses now have entry and parking facilities. He has personally mown and weeded the paths to protect the stockings of female visitors. And he has gone into the highways and byways to tell the world to come and see.)

He sees "history" as the story of people — all kinds of people.

And all kinds of people lie here, from the eminent (like explorer Sir Thomas Mitchell, "the most complete man ever to come to Australia") to forgotten convicts.

There are sailors, soldiers, brewers, reporters, musicians, firemen, policemen. And there are children; many, many children, sometimes half a dozen from one family.

Infant mortality among the pioneers must have been frightful.

("Teething, measles, and fever," muses the Reverend George, who of course has researched the subject. "Those were the three most frequent causes of death among the children.")

But even tragedy has its light side. Here is just one of the verses on the tombstones, from the grave of a child called Sorrell:

"Goodbye my dearest Daddy
I know I am your pet
But comfort our dear Mummy
And do not let her fret.
You thought it hard to lose me
From this wicked world of sin,
Rejoice my dearest parents
For what a better place I'm in."

(Here, to digress, is my own favorite, from the tomb of Clarey Phillips, died 1861, aged 31:

"When I am dead and in my grave
And all my bones are rotting
When this you see remember me
Or I shall be forgotten.")

Reading the verses on the headstones is one of the chief joys of a visit to Camperdown. It also gives you a chance to catch your breath and ease your feet.

In such a break you may well ask the Reverend George why the place was called "Camperdown."

His eyes will fire. He is very proud of the cemetery's association with the redoubtable Governor Bligh.

"Bligh named it," he will tell you, and make a broad gesture encompassing Newtown and Camperdown. "All this was part of a land-grant made to Bligh by his predecessor, King, for a private residence.

"Bligh called it Camperdown, after a famous naval victory in which he fought. Battle of Camperdown. 1797."

He will then sweep you off to inspect the grave of Mary, Bligh's daughter, and those of her children, grandchildren, and two husbands.

The first husband was Lieutenant John Putland. After he died she wed Sir Maurice O'Connell.

"Sir Maurice also has a memorial tablet downtown, in St. James's Church," the Reverend George may tell you. "It carries a very apt quotation from Job. Very apt: *'I caused the widow's heart to rejoice.'*"

And he will stride off laughing.

Racecourse

Catch him up and ask him for more sidelights on the life of this former Lieutenant-Governor of N.S.W. It is the sidelights that bring the whole thing to life, a fact normally overlooked by the formal historian.

"Very fond of racing, was Sir Maurice. He started a racecourse just over there," waving in the general direction of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. "Fact, the bend in Missenden Road (where this great hospital stands) started

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● *Plume and inkpot . . . symbol on a reporter's grave.*

● *Donnithornes . . . Emily was probably Dickens' Miss Havisham.*

● *Full-rigged ship . . . to mark a sailor's resting-place.*

CHURCH and churchyard of St. Stephen the Martyr, a tranquil place amid the stir of the inner-Sydney suburb of Newtown.

BIGGEST tomb in the graveyard is (above) Joan Barker's. Left of picture is the monument to Nicholas Boscha, Napoleon's harpist.

MONUMENT to a dead sailor (right) is this anchor. But his name is indecipherable now.

off being the bend in the racecourse.

"Sir Maurice died, oh, 1848. Had a very big military funeral. Right in the middle of the procession a wild bull charged the military guard!"

Still chuckling at the thought of those long-ago scattering redcoats, you will be hurried across to see the mass grave dedicated to the victims of the double-disaster of 1857, the loss of the sailing ships Dunbar and Catherine Adamson.

There is nothing to chuckle at here. The names of whole families are graven into the stone. And again, the names of many little children.

Almost miraculously, the Dunbar's Bible was washed up from the sea. Today it is on view in a room in St. Stephen's Rectory, among other historical relics which the Reverend George is assembling, all with some association with the Camperdown dead.

Some day he hopes to establish a folk-museum in the old lodge, and he welcomes all gifts.

He hopes to furnish the lodge exactly in period and would be overjoyed by any gifts that would help toward this aim.

("In fact, if you have anything historical, we'll find a place for it," he says, and as proof points out a weathered milestone he has set up in a corner among the graves.)

The Reverend George is also assembling a List of Firsts.

"Hey, Dad, did you find another First?" his three lively teenagers will cry, when he strides in from a new foray on some musty library.

The Reverend George will merely grin at his smiling wife.

Firsts are people buried in the cemetery who were the first to do something or other in Australia, and so far the list has reached the staggering total of 50.

A few firsts at random: first ironworker, first atlas-maker, first clergyman in Melbourne, first principal of Sydney University, first appointed Lord Mayor of Sydney, first casualty in Australian attempts to fly, the father of the Police Force, the pioneer of the copper and iron industry, first composer, first policy-holder of the AMP, first man in Australia to be buried with a box and dice on his chest.

Adventurer

"Dad, that's cheating," cried daughter Elizabeth when Dad first produced that last one. "William Nash was the ONLY man in Australia to be buried with a box and dice on his chest!"

"All right," smiled her father disarmingly. "Then he's GOT to be the first, hasn't he?"

This William Nash must have been a joy. After 1851 he set up in King St. as a gold-buyer. One of the nightly sights of Newtown was Nash with a rusty carbine escorting an offsider up the street with the day's purchases, trundled in an open wheelbarrow.

Grown rich, Nash went to England with a lofty ambition. He wanted to drive a coach and eight. He was told, crushingly, that only royalty could sport a coach pulled by eight horses.

Undaunted, Nash took the streets behind seven horses and a mule.

Queen Victoria was not amused.

Back in Sydney, he indulged in his chief passion—gambling. One day at the races, having lost a fat purse, he was astonished when a fresh-faced, obviously recent immigrant from England ran after him and returned it.

Nash took the purse, peering up under his eyebrows at the fresh-faced type.

"How long," he growled, "have you been here?"

"Three weeks," said the fresh-faced type.

"Get back," barked Nash, "where you came from. You're too damned honest for Sydney."

This was the colorful Sydney-sider who was buried, by special request of his many cronies, with a box and dice.

Today out of his grave grows a eucalyptus tree. Someone once suggested it should be removed before it damaged the grave.

"Never," said the Reverend George. "That's nature's comment on a real character: 'By gum!' "

Another "real character" in the cemetery was Nicholas Boscha, known as the genial rogue. This fellow was official harpist to the Emperor Napoleon. He was also a devil with the ladies.

Fleeing France a jump ahead of imprisonment for bigamy, he was befriended by Sir Roley Bishop, a great English musician. He promptly made off with Bishop's wife, young opera singer Anna, and finally came to Australia with her in 1855.

He died here in January, 1856. His fine headstone was erected by the sorrowing Anna.

Musician

"He was a fine musician and teacher," allows the Reverend George. "He's credited with introducing the modern playing of the harp.

"What that means, I don't really know. Nor do I know what he's playing now!"

At the other side of the cemetery from the irrepressible Boscha lies Emily Donnithorne, believed to be the original of Dickens' Miss Havisham in "Great Expectations."

Jilted on her wedding day in 1852, this poor young lady shut herself in her house, the wedding breakfast still laid out in the dining-room, and never re-emerged until her death in 1886.

Other tombstones read like a roll-call of the pioneers of Australian commerce. Among many others buried here are founders of Farmers', Tooths', Fowlers' Potteries, the Union Bank, the AMP. Pioneers of districts include those who gave their names to Kurnell, Coffs Harbor, Oatley.

Culture and science are represented. There is Isaac Nathan, first Australian composer, who set to music the "Hebrew Melodies" of his friend Lord Byron, and Isaac's doctor son, the first (with two others) to use anaesthetics in Australia.

There is the Matron of Sydney Infirmary, the famous Rum Hospital, who labored under the name of Bathsheba Ghost. Now, this lady—

But hear the story, I beg you, from the Reverend George Rees. Make that appointment to visit Camperdown and St. Stephen's. Give yourself two hours at the barest minimum.

And be sure to wear your walking shoes.

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Liz Page, livewire student, model and actress, is an Angel Face girl—a girl going places.

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BOMBE ALASKA? NO, BAKED AUSTRALIA!

■ They looked so splendid — the two big fruit cakes in the shape of Australia, each 3ft. x 2ft. and weighing 63lb. — spread on the board-room table at the Department of Trade, Melbourne.

They were bound for trade exhibitions in Rotterdam and Milan — a dark fruit cake for the Dutch and a light one for the Italians (the latter's preference for light fruit cakes was discovered through market research).

One young but greying gentleman viewed the cakes with particular pride. Ah, the chef?

He turned out to be one of the board's publicity boys — Sidney Rennef — and not the cook. But he had almost a chef's pride in the cakes, he said.

Two cooks — a Dutchman and an Italian — had mixed and baked the monster cakes, but Sidney shaped them — and that was some job. "A very fruity drama," he described it all as.

"First of all we had to get a perfect scale map, then a mould for the cakes. We were halfway through making a wooden mould of the Australian coastline when I woke up that the cakes had to be cooked with heat! Heavens, the mould would have burnt!

"Oh, well, we started again. This time with a stainless-steel mould. Everything went very smoothly until we pulled out the first cake after six hours' cooking.

"The big cake was done to perfection. But we'd forgotten about poor little Tasmania, which we'd put in a separate mould and tucked into the Bight for baking.

"It was burnt to a cinder. We'd overlooked that Tasmania would not take as long as the rest of Australia to cook."

Everything ended up happily, though. A new Tasmania was cooked. And it looks just a shade lighter than the rest of Australia.

His babies are beastly

● *Mr. Roman Adamuks, of Kings Cross, Sydney, leads a dog's life — and finds it pleasant and profitable. He is partner in a cat and dog "sitting" and walking agency.*

The agency employs about a dozen people, who, in their spare time, make "house calls" to look after animals while their owners are away. There are about 20 regular clients on the agency's books, and there are many casual jobs. The biggest "baby" has been a Great Dane, the smallest a chihuahua.

STAFF WERE ALL AT SEA

★ *Captain Cook's Endeavour "sailed" again in Wellington, New Zealand, recently. It was "manned" by 100 salesmen — many from Australia — attending their firm's conference. The $3000 replica of the famous ship was used as a rostrum in a motel conference room. After the conference the firm donated the replica to a Wellington charity for use in children's hospitals, and with crippled, spastic, and underprivileged children.*

★ *We walked the other day behind a man whose shoes loudly squeaked. And we realised, with a little shock, that it must be many, many years since we had last heard a shoe really squeak. It used to be a common sound. Another modern mystery!*

A DOG IN A BUCKET — THEREBY HANGS A TAIL

■ The sight of labrador Judy — owned by Mrs. J. Cross, of Brisbane — running round with a bucket over her head caused quite a stir recently.

Was it a cruel joke that someone had played on the poor pooch?

It all started when Judy's lower eyelids started growing inwards and irritating her eyes.

Veterinarians operated successfully and sent her home — but with a warning.

Mrs. Cross was told she had to stop Judy scratching out the stitches.

"They suggested that we cut the bottom out of something and put it over her head," said Mrs. Cross.

"I found a small plastic bucket with a base the same size as Judy's neck.

"I cut out the base and made holes around the edge. Then I put her head in the cut-out and laced the bucket to her collar.

"She could only scratch the side of the bucket — the top rim came just to the tip of her nose.

"She stayed quite comfortably this way for about a month, until her eyelids had healed."

Scheme to "bag" the litter-bug

■ Those who despair at the creeping ugliness of rubbish across the countryside will be heartened to hear that Queensland is about to launch its first full-scale anti-litter campaign.

Industry has donated a quarter of a million special litter bags, stamped with "Keep Queensland Tidy" and the picture of a man (obviously an ardent bag-user) with a halo.

A lot of the bags will be handed through car windows at petrol stations, as motorists and their passengers are among the worst offenders in the wanton hoisting of rubbish.

For the same reason, new driving licences will come with litter bags attached.

A publicity campaign by pamphlet and poster will soften up the public in time for the big anti-litter blast aimed at the Easter holidays, traditionally a time for a large-scale despoiling with picnic rubbish.

Councils are to provide more rubbish bins, and the Queensland Anti-Litter Committee has organised groups among all the civic "big guns" throughout the State.

★ ***Visitors in Santa Barbara, on the southern Californian coast, always enjoy the old buildings of the Spanish era with their white-washed walls and colorful red clay tile roofs.***

The roof tiles are plumply rounded and, upon inspection, do not appear to have come from the same mould.

Indeed, they didn't. Indian women moulded the tiles round their thighs.

★ *Shades of Goldfinger! In America women can now "buy" gold bodies. There's a new femme fatale bra and pantie girdle set made in gold lame combined with stretch materials. These dazzle garments have just enough control for a reasonably slim figure.*

★ ***A Copenhagen, Denmark, firm is now manufacturing motorised wheelbarrows.***

★ *A new Tokyo, Japan, children's hospital has everything scaled-down for its little patients. Even in operating theatres all instruments are specially made for children.*

Wedding-day gift waited for C-Day

■ For one Melbourne woman the dollar bills couldn't come fast enough.

She is Mrs. William Deague, of Malvern, who wanted a 20-dollar note to send as a wedding present to her cousin's son, Charles Kingsford Smith, the only son of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith.

The young Charles, now a senior university lecturer in California, was married to American Mary Marcroft late last year, but one wedding present was delayed until the note with the portrait of his late father was released.

Along with the money went a rare copy of a recording made at the Sydney airport after Sir Charles' historic trans-Pacific flight.

Charles' mother, now Mrs. Alan Carr Tully, living in Canada, was Mary Powell, of Melbourne, before her marriage to the great aviator.

Charles, jun., started his education at Melbourne Church of England Boys' Grammar School, and later went to college in the U.S.

Before his move to California, Charles lectured at Buenos Aires University. The subject was electronics and he lectured in Spanish.

● *"Smithy" with his son, as a child. Inset: The aviator's portrait on the $20 note.*

'COINING' NEW $ PHRASES?

■ Will a casualty of decimal currency be the expression involving old £sd?

Many people have wondered what Australians will be substituting for homely sayings like "Look after the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," "The penny dropped," "Bang goes sixpence," and "As silly as a two-bob watch."

Quite possibly they'll be kept on as well-liked, well-rubbed verbal "coins."

Americans have been using decimal currency for 174 years, but they still familiarly call the cent a penny and say, "A penny for your thoughts" and "Mother, can I have a penny?"

More remarkably, they still say, "Penny wise, pound foolish," although in all that time they have probably never spent a pound, even in slang.

The American who told Compact this said that probably Australians would soon also be saying, "So-and-so's opinion isn't worth a cent," and "I wouldn't give two cents for its chances," and some variation of "As phony as a three-dollar bill" — all sayings heard on any American street.

They say "three-dollar bill" because there aren't any. There is, incidentally, a two-dollar note over there, but it is to be found only in some cities, because people in most parts think it is unlucky and simply refuse to accept it.

★ ***Big job: Hollywood is looking for a queen-sized glamor girl for a film role. The girl must be 6ft. 3in. tall, with 46-34-46 measurements. So far no lass has filled the bill.***

A matter of taste

■ The Postman Always Earrings Twice with this London fashion idea. The earrings are made of mounted English 3d stamps.

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Where do they all go to..?

Only a mother knows how fast a family can finish a packet of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. So she buys plenty. For her morning cup of tea. For school lunches (children love them with butter). For Dad's supper.

All over Australia, families enjoy nourishing Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

There is no Substitute for Quality

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Fans still cry over Johnnie Ray

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "I don't think my popularity could have happened at any other time. The emotion reflected the instability of a generation."

JOHNNIE RAY—a thoughtful man, somewhat sombre, more like a worried banker than a show-business star. "It's never likely I'll do a regular TV show," he says.

BOWLS of tuberoses scented the air-conditioned air and heavy black grapes cascaded over a pyramid of ripening peaches in Johnnie Ray's Chevron Hotel suite the day I met the famous singer.

"Famous" may not be the word for Johnnie all over the entertainment world these days, but he is certainly famous to his Australian fans and will probably always be so, for he was the first of the real teenage idols to storm these shores.

And storm was what he did. Police had to be called to quell more than 3000 fans outside the Stadium back in 1954 when he first "cried" there.

Inside the Stadium, thousands more fans screamed in hysterical ecstasy as their idol was revealed on the revolving stage, bent over a microphone, singing, sweating, crying.

Fan mail

Today those same fans cry over Johnnie again, in sacks full of fan mail that are toted up to his suite. It makes Johnnie sad.

"They tell me they still love me, but they can't afford the luxury of Silver Spade prices," he said.

"In the Stadium days they were young, without responsibilities. Today they are married with a couple of kids. The kids use up the spare money today, but they are still my fans."

No doubt there are thousands in this boat, but there are thousands who aren't.

They flock to the Chevron Hotel demanding "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried," the songs that made him.

Johnnie meets their demands happily. Getting out on a stage and singing to a live audience is his first love.

Running it a close second is a "live" appearance on a TV show. Johnnie proved this when he appeared on TCN9 in the "Tonight" show with Don Lane.

"There is a lot to be said for shows like the 'Tonight' show. They are done live, you are there and you go out to the people, 'boong.'

"A live show is TV, the meaning of TV, the immediacy that comes with spontaneity, one of the most exciting things in show business.

"I love TV. Let me say right off. I am a TV addict. I enjoy it. Before I came here I had the opportunity of filming my own special, 'An Evening with Johnnie Ray,' a half-hour show.

"Immediately after the taping I had the opportunity of seeing it and I found it was much like other shows.

"I wish I had a chance to do it over again. I would do it differently, use a different gesture there, sing here with more emotion.

"And if I did what I wish I could, I would ruin it—take out all the spontaneity.

"I am quite opposed to filmed TV unless it is a play or a drama where you are using TV like a movie.

"I find Australian TV exciting. American TV lost a lot of its impact when everything suddenly became taped."

Johnnie strikes me as a man who is not happy, who has unhappiness inside him.

He is tall and frail-looking, weighs only 11 stone. His arms and legs are very long; the first thing I noticed about him were his bony wrists and thin, long-fingered hands.

He has the look that young boys get when they grow too quickly and seem to stick out of their clothes.

It was a sombre, grey day through the expanse of plate-glass windows, and Johnnie struck me as sombre, too.

He seems weary, languid, as if life's got tedious. Lounging in a big chair he would stretch slowly, droop, move restlessly, then firmly fold his arms.

He didn't look like the usual show-business star, more like a worried bank man, harassed from the work of the dollar change-over.

Perhaps his deafness (he wears a hearing-aid, which I noticed him adjusting) adds the additional stress that makes him seem an old young man.

He is only 38, but acts and talks older, although every now and then something ignites and a more youthful vivacity breaks through.

He has olive skin, mid-brown silky hair, cut very short, and hazel eyes.

He told me he had recently spent 11 months in Spain "thinking things out," and making decisions that have changed his life.

He didn't say what they were, but they don't include regular TV shows.

"It is never likely I would do a regular TV show," he said. "First I don't think I could keep fresh, remain spontaneous doing a weekly series. I don't think a TV series is the answer to my future."

Turks came

One of Johnnie's vivacious moments came when he was telling me about his 11 months in Spain. He broke his stay there, went to Greece, and "romped round the Parthenon," then did a show in Turkey.

"I went to Turkey to work only because I wanted to see who in hell in Istanbul would come to see Johnnie Ray.

"And who came? The Turks came. It was very big."

Johnnie is a very thoughtful man and kept returning to my question about a regular TV show.

"No," he said again, "regular TV is not for me. I have seen my contemporaries, busy, busy, busy.

"The big time in my life came in my 20s and 30s. I was what they called a phenomenon. I realised all that sort of thing, being what they called a teenage idol, would pass. I think I have grown up, matured with my fans.

"My popularity with teenagers sort of exploded. Before me there was Sinatra, then I came, then Elvis Presley, and now the teenagers' idols are the Beatles.

"Looking back, I don't think my popularity could have happened at any other time. The emotion involved was a reflection of the instability of the generation.

"Many people have been teenage idols for some length of time, but I think Sinatra, Presley, and the Beatles have sustained their image as idols, and I have tried to sustain myself, too."

Johnnie never gets up before 1 p.m., and at 3 p.m., when I saw him, he was sharing long cokes with his manager, Bill Franklin.

Johnnie is a pleasant personality, but I wasn't sorry to plunge back out into the bracing atmosphere of Sydney life. I think it is a happier life than the luxury and worry that go with being Johnnie Ray.

Crosby—as good as ever

IT was interesting to meet Bob Crosby on TV again after five years' absence. When he first came here to make a BP Super Show in 1960 he was very big-time, very polished. I wondered whether exposure to another five years of bigger and better TV would have tarnished the impression I remembered.

I found him just the same. Folksy, friendly, smoothly professional as ever, just as good, if not better, than I remembered.

But "The Bob Crosby Show" (ATN7, Mondays and Wednesdays, 9.30 p.m.), which he compered, is not a worthy frame for the Crosby charm and talent, both of which appeal to Australians.

No doubt Crosby himself will see that. The show in its first edition was more like Bob Crosby's Amateur Hour than anything else, with an over-gabby American songwriter, Stuart Hamblyn, thrown in for extra weight.

Both the Crosby and Don Lane's "Tonight" show on TCN9 emanate from related stables and both compères have worked together.

Don Lane sent flowers that were presented on camera to Crosby, and Crosby said he hoped he may be a guest star on his show some night, with Stuart Wagstaff waffling on in the background (with the wrong cigarettes) about rivalry between ATN and TCN.

"The Bob Crosby Show" was all very pleasant with lots of good fellowship around, but it needs more than that to weld it into first-class entertainment.

★ ★ ★

"THE MAVIS BRAMSTON SHOW" (ATN7, Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.), which began its 1966 season last week without the star who made it, Gordon Chater, continued in its old groove of vulgarity and female impersonators with its new compere, Englishman Ronnie Stevens.

Its 1966 premiere was quite unremarkable, except that I was surprised how little Chater was missed. There was no noticeable, awful gap without him, which probably speaks volumes for the talent of Ronnie Stevens.

I enjoyed the last item, in which they burlesqued Sir Robert Menzies' farewell TV Press conference, using the film and soundtrack of the conference and providing their own interviewers and questions. It was clever and very funny.

I continue, though, in my opinion that the best thing about "The Mavis Bramston Show" is the idea behind it. It is not my idea of entertainment at all.

MID-WEEK RACING COMES TO TV

THE sporting double of the year has been pulled off by TCN9, who last week began live telecasts of all provincial mid-week race meetings around Sydney.

The second leg of the double is a live telecast of the $20,000 hole-in-one contest at Bankstown Golf Course on February 20 at 1.30 p.m.

Obtaining the right to telecast the provincial mid-week race meetings live is probably the biggest sports coup ever in TV. It means that everyone can go to the races comfortably seated in their own living-room, see the races as they are run, betting on them beforehand with the TAB by picking up their telephone.

Normal afternoon programs will continue on TCN9 on race days and will only be interrupted for the actual running of the race.

Sunday's live telecast of the Gallaher International Hole-in-One Tournaments for professional golfers should make exciting viewing.

A field of 70 pros. plays an 18-hole tournament in the morning, and those with the best 20 scores will play for the hole-in-one contest worth $20,000.

The contest will be from the 15th tee. The 15th hole is 179 yards long, a par three hole, and has been holed-in-one 11 times in the past 32 years.

All the qualifiers have three shots at the hole-in-one. It should be exciting, with Australia's top pros., including Bruce Devlin, Peter Thomson, and Kel Nagle, competing.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said to Murphy, my wife: Well, your daughter is 12 and very shortly you will have to explain the facts of life to her, which is probably the most difficult job a parent has to do, and I know that you and almost every other parent in the world keep putting it off. But don't be like so many other parents and put it off too long . . . because in school she'll hear all kinds of rumors. Isn't it better to hear it from you than perhaps other children who aren't too sure themselves?

MOMMA'S MORAL: By the time a mother explains the facts of life to her daughter the daughter learns a great deal . . . about her mother's ignorance.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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TOP BRITISH FASHIONS FOR AUSTRALIA

● These clothes by top young British designers Jean Muir, of Jane and Jane, and Roger Nelson are part of a fashion collection to be paraded in Australia.

The clothes are all with-it. They create a vivid impression of the current lively trend in world fashion. Jean Muir and Roger Nelson will fly to Australia by BOAC to compere the parades in leading stores.

The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Georges, Melbourne, and David Jones, has arranged the tour.

Clear-cut lines are the signature of four designs by Roger Nelson

● *Check trousers are matched to the peplum on the tweed jacket above. A plain colored skirt (not shown) teams with the jacket for a chic suit.*

● *Evening-at-home suit. Shaped bell-bottom pants are made in flower-printed silk and banded in plain colored satin. The separate, low-cut halter top is in jersey.*

● *Tailored lines in the two-piece suit above is typical Roger Nelson styling. The suit, made in velours, has a high-buttoned, slightly waisted jacket with a square shoulderline. Skirt is slim.*

● *Tweed coat (right) has a contrasting shoulder yoke and collar in velvet. The hipster belt is leather. Hat from John Wedge.*

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Four fashions show Jean Muir's look of grown-up sophistication

● *One-piece dress (left) relies on good cut for its elegance. The armholes are shaped back and the neat V-neckline is unadorned. A front seam and looped buttons are sole trim.*

PARADE DATES

AS well as Jane Muir and Roger Nelson fashions, clothes by other British designers will be included in the parades, times for which are:

MELBOURNE: Georges, March 1-3, 11 a.m., 2.30 p.m.; March 4, 12.15 p.m., 1.15 p.m.

ADELAIDE: David Jones, March 7-9, 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.30 p.m.

CANBERRA: David Jones, March 11, 12.45 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m.; March 12, 10 a.m.

SYDNEY: David Jones, March 14, gala parade, 12.30 to 1.30 p.m.; March 15-18, 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.30 p.m.

● *Interesing prints for casual dinner dates and discotheques are used by Jean Muir. The one (left) has a self-frilled hemline and cut-away armholes. Bow with streamers is worn at the neck.*

● *Slender evening dress (right) is made in a print featuring shades of blue. Three bands in shocking-pink satin trim the down-to-the-ankle skirtline.*

● *One-piece dress (left) has a prettily flared skirtline designed to swing. The vest-type bodice top is sleeveless and has a floppy bow in spotted silk at the low oval neckline.*

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● Here are answers to the most-asked queries from my fashion mail. Inquiries include two pattern requests — and the designs are illustrated below.

THE first query answered is from Surfers Paradise, Qld.

The request is for a one-piece pyjama suit, and the design, shown on this page, is what Americans call a jump suit. The suit is ankle-length, has a front fastening, and a button-tab closing.

The suit comes in sizes 10 to 18. Underneath the illustration are further details and how to order.

The second letter is from a young reader who asks for a Mary Quant pattern suitable to combine 3¼yds. of 36in. white linen and ⅝yd. of 36in. black linen. The pattern is for size 12.

The Mary Quant design, on opposite page, with its contrasting colored collar, could be made from the two pieces of linen the reader wishes to combine. The dress is sleeveless and has a very slight A-line silhouette. To order the pattern, full details are under the illustration.

"Not having much money to spend on my wardrobe, I would like you to advise about a good dress suitable for day and evening."

The answer to round-the-clock fashion is a dress and matching jacket. For the design, I suggest a semi-fit dress with an A-line skirt and a waist-length jacket. The design will suit your petite figure.

"Is it correct to go hatless when wearing a suit?"

The question of when, where, and with what to wear a hat is one of the most debatable fashion queries I know. If the occasion is fairly formal, wear a hat or even a head bow. If not, go hatless.

"Is there anything to replace shorts at the beach?"

Yes, a sundress. It can be cropped to above-knee level and made in a gaily colored cotton.

"Could I wear a belt with a long-torso dress?"

Yes, the dropped waistline can be accented with a ribbon, self-material, or leather belt.

"Is it correct for a bride to wear a formal bridal gown when the wedding is being attended by only a few friends and the family?"

Wear bridal dress. It's correct and, after all, you are only a bride once, so make it a glamorous occasion.

CANDYTWIST...*wool with *Courtelle!*

Wonderful Sirdar Candytwist, with fabulous Courtelle, brings new two-colour excitement to knitting. Sirdar Candytwist, lightest 8 ply, goes so far. Knit either of these suits, for example, with just 15 balls of Candytwist, for as little as $10.50 (£5.5.0).

Wonderful SIRDAR

S70

Instructions for knitting the suit illustrated are in Sirdar leaflet No. 2220, price 15c at your favourite wool counter, or send 19c (1/11d) to Dept. A, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn, N.S.W.

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF COURTAULDS LTD. FOR THEIR ACRYLIC FIBRE

TO BE SURE, USE ONLY SIRDAR WOOLS FOR SIRDAR PATTERNS.

6376. — Jump suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6376. Price 75 cents (7/6) includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

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"I am only 5ft. tall and my boyfriend is more than 6ft. I wonder if I should wear very high heels to make me appear taller?"

High stilt heels are out of fashion. Forget your height; your boyfriend likes you petite, anyway. The best heel is medium—it allows for graceful walking. The medium low heel is also in fashion.

"What are the best types of frocks for a short-waisted figure?"

The shift, an Empire-line dress, an easy-fit overblouse and matching skirt, and a dress with a low waistline. In other words, any design that by-passes the waist.

"What would be suitable material to use for a theatre coat?"

Brocade, silk, shantung, or satin would all be suitable.

"Is it correct to wear a tulle bridal veil with a white lace wedding gown?"

Yes, it is quite correct. A charming idea would be to fasten the veil to the head with a juliet cap made in the same lace as the dress.

"Please suggest a shade for a chiffon blouse to wear with an off-white suit."

Dark brown chiffon if you are blonde; rose-pink chiffon if you are a brunette.

3611.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3611. Price 70 cents (7/-) includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"What is the best type of frock to wear in Europe in summer? The dress would be worn mostly for sightseeing around European cities."

Possibly a long-sleeved shirt-dress or shift. In each case the sleeves can be rolled up in warm weather or buttoned at wrist-length when sightseeing in a strong sun. A head scarf is a good head-covering for church visiting. Wear sensible, but not too heavy, shoes with a good, sturdy heel. Comfortable shoes are an important item to consider.

"Could I wear a straw hat with a wool suit?"

Not in winter, but perfect for between seasons.

"As I have a narrow face, my glasses seem to make my face look smaller. Could you help me with this problem?"

I think the type of glasses you wear may be too narrow; wide oval frames might do more for you. Actually, the only way to prove my point is to try on a number of shapes till you find one flattering to the shape of your face and eyes.

"Is it necessary for the bride's mother to wear formal attire to a small wedding at 3.30 p.m.?"

It depends on how you interpret formal. The mother of the bride should look attractive. A dress and matching jacket would be a perfect choice for a small wedding.

"Please give me a list of shades to suit my type. I am a brunette with dark eyes and a clear olive complexion."

All clear colors flatter your type, especially bright pink and bright blue. Creamy beige and white also would become you. Avoid all wine shades, dark brown, and orange.

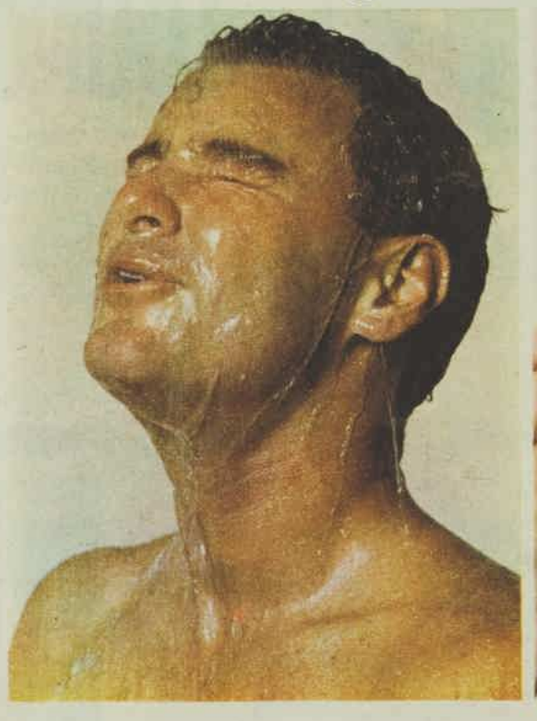
"Is lace a suitable fabric for a winter bridesmaid's dress?"

Yes, lace is now listed as an all-season material.

"Could you suggest a trim for a chiffon evening frock with a plain bodice and shoulder straps?"

A self-ruffle trim would be a simple and pretty way to outline the bodice top.

This feeling



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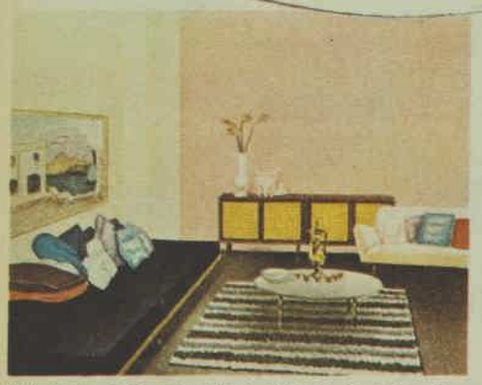

Walls: Nu-Plastik River Sand. Feature Wall: Nu-Plastik Rose Glow. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik River Sand. Cornice: Nu-Plastik Pure White. Doors and Windows: Satin-Tone Pure White.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Starlight Haze. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Pure White. Fireplace: Nu-Plastik Pure White. Woodwork and Doors: Satin-Tone Starlight Haze. Windows: Satin-Tone Pure White.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Pale Olive. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Temple Gold. Cornice: Nu-Plastik Pure White. Doors and Windows: Satin-Tone Pure White.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Candlelight. Timber Ceiling: Satin-Tone Sarong Pink. Ceiling Beams: Satin-Tone Black. Woodwork and Doors: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Blossom. Windows: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Pure White.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Delphinium. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Cool Blue. Woodwork and Doors: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Delphinium. Windows: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Pure White.

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Walls: Nu-Plastik Claytone. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Pure White. Woodwork: Gloss-Masta Clear Varnish.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Petal Pink. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Moon Blue. Furniture: Satin-Tone Cream with Gloss-Masta Gold Trim. Woodwork and Doors: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Petal Pink. Windows: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Pure White.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Lilac Time. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Pure White. Woodwork and Doors: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Lilac Time. Windows: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Pure White.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Pastel Pink. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik White Rice. Cornice: Nu-Plastik Pure White. Louvre Doors: Satin-Tone Pastel Pink. Table Top: Satin-Tone White Rice. Table and Chair Legs: Gloss-Masta Black. Windows: Satin-Tone Pure White. Other Woodwork: Satin-Tone Pastel Pink.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Fashion Grey. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Moon Mist. Woodwork and Doors: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Fashion Grey. Windows: Satin-Tone or Gloss-Masta Pure White.

Walls: Nu-Plastik Candlelight. Ceiling: Nu-Plastik Cloud Grey. Woodwork and Doors: Satin-Tone White Rice. Metal Fixture: Gloss-Masta Gold. Metal Divan: Satin-Tone Black and Gloss-Masta Gold Trim.

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just one spiny echidna

five feathered gliders

or one good old-fashioned sixpence

buys a delicious serve of canned peaches, pears or apricots

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GHOST OF A DEAD DREAM

By Valerie Watkinson

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

HE had surfed the coast from Sydney to Eden, where the breakers rolled high and smooth and even the gulls seemed to have a style all their own. He knew all the beaches, accessible and inaccessible. The crunch of sand between his toes and the heartbeat of the sea beneath the waxed surface of a board were the rhythms of his existence. He knew that some people, the great majority of people, lived differently.

He did not envy them their difference. When he thought about it, he felt sorry for them, the way a free man feels sorry for a voluntary prisoner, knowing all the while that the prisoner will never change and is content with the goal of his choosing.

Once he had migrated as far north as Surfers Paradise, on the Queensland coast. It was a wasteland of neon signs and purple stretch pants, jukebox music, and flowered drip-dry shirts worn by tired executives from the south.

You called people "darling" and they called you "darling." By his standards food and drink were so expensive it made you whistle between your teeth while you pretended you did not care. And the surf was not so good. He had hurried down south again, driving the old four-door sedan with the boards roped on top.

It was cold for four months of the year down south, but the dedicated still surfed. Sometimes the seas were so big that the beaches were closed and board riding, even for the expert, was physically impossible. He did not mind. For four months of the year he worked as a laborer to save enough money to spend the remaining eight

To page 71

Peter spoke to Lilie Southwell while he carefully balanced the big surfboard on his shoulder.

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The gift was to be symbolic of the permanency of marriage

SOMETHING UNBREAKABLE

THE bell tinkled as Ethel Benedict closed the door. She hesitated on the threshold of the gift shop, the town's most exclusive. Always before she'd found it a solemn but joyous chore, selecting a wedding gift. This time her heart wasn't in it. Suddenly she admitted to herself with dismay what she hadn't confided to anyone else; she wasn't ready to do handsprings over Carol, the girl her son, Chris, was going to marry.

Stop it! she told herself immediately, and took the two steps down into the shop. Her reluctance was probably only instinctive reaction to this particular shop, one she seldom patronised. The whole place—luxurious carpeting, hanging chandeliers, glittering counters — breathed an atmosphere that awed her.

Just a matter of one's youth, the Depression in her case. Certainly Carol, a superficial little person, would expect any wedding present she received to come from a decent shop.

"I'll be with you shortly," a well-bred but rather condescending female voice announced from a desk at the shop's rear. "Something in crystal . . .?"

Ethel hadn't realised she'd paused beside a showcase filled with crystal glasses. "No . . ." she answered. "Nothing in crystal . . ." and moved on, glancing about.

She had definite ideas about wedding gifts. A wedding gift should be lasting, as lasting as marriage itself, traditional, permanent, something unbreakable, something you could point to on your twenty-fifth anniversary or your fiftieth, and say, with pride and sentiment: "That was a wedding gift . . ."

Her eyes searched the shop, locating the display of silver: stately candlesticks, classic bowls, and solid trays. She hadn't got to know Carol well as a person yet, but well enough to know she wouldn't want those.

With a return of dismay Ethel remembered last night's visit to the apartment Carol had already furnished. It was all ready for Chris and Carol to move into after the wedding: the modern furniture placed; the bizarre draperies, with boldly contrasting splashes of color, hung; the oddly shaped ornaments arranged.

Sitting beside Larry, Ethel had estimated that all of their substantial cheque, their major gift to the youngsters, along with Chris' hard-earned savings and whatever Carol herself earned at her job, must have been used up to pay for the furnishings.

Today's girls expected to start out with everything. Ethel had looked at Carol surreptitiously, wondering just how much building quality, how much depth and sacrifice and devotion Carol would bring to marriage.

As if in answer, Carol had tapped Chris on the shoulder and held out her hand for a cigarette. When he forgot to light it immediately, Carol's "Chris . . .!" had been a little chiding, attention-getting.

Resolutely, Ethel started toward the silver display now. Let Carol relegate the present to the interior of a drawer or some hidden spot if she chose, if it didn't fit in with the apartment's decor. It would be, all the same, a proper wedding gift.

The proprietress was approaching, a woman with a superior air, just as though the shop were a

GONE...the HEADACHE that was!

THANKS TO

VINCENT'S

POWDERS

No need for sudden headache to spoil **your** fun when you can have fast and safe relief with VINCENT'S.

There is no fizz, no fuss, no delay, because the better balanced prescription of VINCENT'S Powders goes to work immediately it touches your tongue, bringing speedy relief from the severest pain.

Next time you suffer from headache, or any body aches or pains, try one VINCENT'S Powder, and see for yourself how quickly you get relief. You'll be happy and bright the whole day through.

For safety's sake, for sure relief . . .

TAKEN AS DIRECTED VINCENT'S POWDERS BRING FAST AND SAFE RELIEF FROM
HEADACHE NEURITIS
RHEUMATISM INFLUENZA
LUMBAGO NEURALGIA
SCIATICA TOOTHACHE
COLDS and SORE THROAT

You can always take VINCENT'S with Confidence and be free from HEADACHE....free from PAIN.

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A short short story by DOROTHY M. ROSE

kingdom she proudly ruled.

"Had you anything in mind . . .?" she asked Ethel. "Did you notice our display of imported ceramics? This, I think, is especially handsome . . ."

Ethel glanced briefly at the object the woman indicated, an extremely tall vase, or container, or something. Its base was squat, its neck winding, elongated, and thin, the opening surely too small to accommodate even a single rose. Purples, greens, and blues argued with each other for predominance.

The tiny sticker bearing the price shocked Ethel. What nonsense! She shook her head and waved her hand toward the silver display.

But, following the woman, Ethel looked back at the strange ornament. Purple, blue, and green . . . the colors Carol had chosen for the apartment. Even the shape of the vase, if vase it was, duplicated the style Carol had followed. Ethel could imagine Carol exclaiming over the object: Well, it was breakable. That was that.

"Is this a local wedding . . . ?" the saleswoman inquired.

"Yes," Ethel said, surprised.

"What is the bride's name . . . ?" the woman persisted.

Ethel wrinkled her nose at the woman's back. "Carol. Carol Carleton. Why do you ask . . . ?"

The woman turned. "Carol Carleton . . . Oh, yes!" Then, as if just registering Ethel's question: "Why, sometimes local girls let us know their preferences . . ."

Ethel stared. "Do you mean that a girl would be so forward as to . . . to leave instructions as to what wedding gifts she prefers . . . ?"

The woman's air of looking down her nose intensified. "I'm speaking only of designs in silver, crystal, choices in sets of china," she said coolly. "Customers are often pleased to add to what a bride has already chosen."

"Oh," Ethel said. "I see, and Carol has certain preferences . . . ?"

The woman nodded and beckoned Ethel back to the shelves holding crystal. "Certainly a preference in stemware," she said. "This design. Modern, but elegant."

She whirled the stem of a champagne glass in her hand, raised it high. It shimmered iridescently in the light of a chandelier. She offered the glass to Ethel.

Ethel held it gingerly. So fragile, so delicate, thin as a bubble! A careless hand could shatter it in a split second.

"Yes, Carol has been coming in on her lunch hours for weeks. Works in the bank, doesn't she?" the saleslady said. "Darling little thing. She insists she only wants service for two. But any girl would want full service for eight, wouldn't she?"

The saleslady smiled indulgently. "Carol comes in paydays and pays a little more each week. She's determined to have the service for two . . . the goblets, the champagnes, the wines, the cocktails, and cordials . . . by the date of the wedding . . ."

Ethel glanced away and down quickly, her gaze caught by the glass, held as though the glass were a crystal ball. Service for two! For Carol and Chris! For bride and groom! She could almost see Carol lifting two glasses carefully from a china cupboard, raising a glass in toast to Chris . . . on anniversaries, on birthdays.

Ethel swallowed. Material things didn't matter. Your reason for wanting them did. She felt as though she'd just had a glimpse of the real Carol, the Carol who came to this shop on paydays. And Carol's motive for wanting the service for two suddenly seemed as solid as tradition, as permanent as an heirloom, as unbreakable as love itself . . . when love is cherished.

Ethel returned the glass to the saleslady and grinned at the other's raised eyebrows. To Carol alone belonged the joy of acquiring the glasses. Also, Ethel admitted inwardly, the right to build her own marriage. She felt sure Carol could be trusted to do both.

"That ridiculously over-priced vase up front," Ethel said. "I don't like it myself. But no matter. My future daughter-in-law will simply love it . . ."

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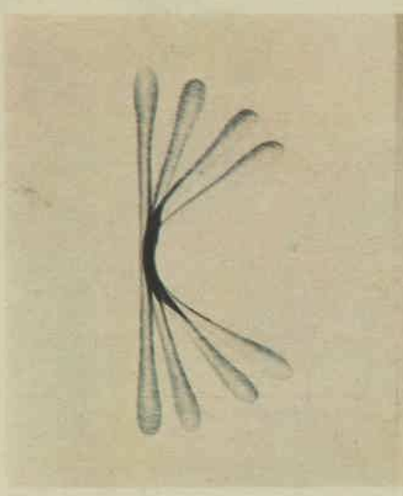

Johnson's flexible Cotton Buds.

They're inexpensive* and convenient.

They can clean a baby's eye.

Or his ear.

And between his toes.

They can clean a cut.

And help hide a spot.

They were invented for babies.

But grown-ups like them, too.
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

* 25c for 50. 45c for 100. Johnson & Johnson

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Make this your most beautiful summer

This can be the most beautiful summer you've ever known. Use the sunny climate to give your skin the healthy sunlit glow of a beautiful complexion, lightly tanned to a satin-gold, above all it must be soft-complexioned, fresh and flawless. Today it is widely acknowledged that the skin in summer needs as much care, if not more, as it does in winter, and the scientific discovery of a natural tropical fluid, or moist oil, which has a remarkable effect on the surface texture of the skin, has now made it possible for a superb complexion to remain radiantly lovely at any and every season.

Skin needs the sustentation of natural oil and moisture at all times, but during the sunny weather it depends all the more on the undiminished supply of both components in order to experience the softening, smoothing, beautifying miracle that ensures an exquisite complexion bloom.

Skin specialists and cosmetologists alike have proved that in summer, the short ultra-violet sunrays have a definite, ageing effect on the skin, causing the stratum corneum, or outer surface, to become tougher, thicker and coarser, despite nature's provision of a layer of melanin to protect against the beauty robbing heat. Today, however, it's easy to help protect the beautiful rose-petal qualities of the complexion by smoothing on this tropical moist oil before using make-up.

Normal or delicate complexions benefit tremendously from the balanced oil and moisture qualities of the beauty fluid. Every skin needs a plentiful supply of moist oil for the plasma colloids, those tiny water carriers of the skin that are responsible for keeping the complexion firm and smooth. The moist oil has hygroscopic characteristics which enable the skin to attract and draw in moisture from the air, assisting in keeping the surface skin fresh and dewy.

Scientists have aptly described the moist oil as a "peeled" beauty oil because it does not contain the heavy sealing elements contained in normal oils, and so its rapid softening and smoothing values are of immense help to summer-dried complexions. To realise the excellent merits of the "peeled" oil, coat the stem of a rose with ordinary oil and place it in a vase of water. The bloom will quickly fade from its petals and it will consequently wither and die.

Conceived by scientific researchers to give the skin becoming milky beauty, the tropical moist oil is now used extensively throughout the world. One of its most important advantages is that it is "isotonic," which means that it has a similar density to nature's own skin fluid, and is able to assist in maintaining the youthfully beautiful appearance of the complexion. Known in England as oil of Ulay and in America as oil of Olay, it is available in Australia from Chemists as oil of Ulan. By smoothing it gently over your face and neck every day, you contribute to the attainment of a perfect complexion — young, supple and velvet-textured.

Beauty Skin Care Consultants Recommend

To keep the dewy bloom of youthful loveliness, with the extra touch of a more sophisticated matt surface, smooth on a film of moist tropical oil of Ulan. This will ensure that your final make-up has a perfect matt finish, besides protecting against the drying effect of wind and weather.

TREASURE TROVE

A short short story

By JERRARD TICKELL

She was a model of perfection, but even a paragon sometimes has feet of clay

Nanny was devoted to the children but strongly disapproved of Gerda.

GERDA was a treasure. It was the only word to describe the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired *au pair* girl from Copenhagen.

Gerda had all the virtues. She kept The Cedars clinically clean. She was an admirable cook who timidly introduced her employers to the delights of yellow pea soup, peeled shrimps, open sandwiches, and Aquavit.

Once a week, she travelled to London to attend a Danish Literary Circle where she and other exiles read Hans Andersen aloud to each other.

Gerda was never late. Demure and dependable, the Lockwoods' treasure resisted all take-over bids by envious neighbors. She was, she said, very happy at The Cedars and would never dream of deserting her kindly employers.

James Lockwood was a prosperous middle-aged businessman, his wife a dedicated member of committees. To their great regret, the couple were childless.

One Saturday morning after breakfast, Gerda asked tearfully for a private interview with Mrs. Lockwood. With downcast eye, the idol of the household confessed that her feet had been of clay.

She had submitted to a suggestion on the part of an ardent compatriot which now rendered imperative her return to Denmark. Pressed for closer details, she murmured that the reading aloud of Hans Andersen had proved so stimulating that she had gone for a protracted stroll with a member of the Literary Circle—and that the gentleman in question was now on his way to Australia.

She was very sorry.

This was calamitous news. Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood were shocked, but to desert their treasure in her hour of need was unthinkable.

Ostensibly, Gerda would go to Copenhagen for a holiday. In fact, she would enter a maternity home. The Lockwoods would immediately adopt the result of their treasure's peccadillo and bring him or her up as their own. None of the neighbors would be any the wiser.

Builders began to transform the attic of The Cedars into a night nursery and an extra bathroom was installed on the top floor. The services of a Nanny were reserved.

While Mrs. Lockwood ordered a pram and chose duck-infested wallpaper, her husband drafted two alternative letters to the respective Bursars of Eton and Roedean entering the forthcoming infant at birth.

Gerda's confinement was characteristically discreet and trouble-free.

The same evening, Mr. Lockwood cheerfully tore up one draft letter and posted the other to The Bursar, Eton College, Berks, with the request that, in the fullness of time, a place be granted to Master Hans Andersen Lockwood (8¼lb.).

Blue-eyed and flaxen-haired like his mother, the little Hans Andersen proceeded to captivate and to enslave the entire household.

If Nanny noticed any marked similarity between her charge and the unassuming Danish *au pair* girl, she kept her own counsel. Gerda brought up Nanny's trays and kept the nursery clean. She washed nappies and dusted the pram. She was rarely if ever allowed to be alone with the baby.

Nanny distrusted foreigners.

Spring turned into summer and became autumn. Gerda had resigned from the Danish Literary Circle and had joined instead a Hamlet Discussion Group whose weekly meetings were held in Earls Court.

Again she chose a Saturday morning to seek a private interview with her employer.

Six months ago, at a meeting of the Hamlet Discussion Group, she had been vicariously so affected by the plight of Ophelia that she had sought brief consolation in Richmond Park with a Danish literateur who closely resembled her conception of Laertes.

Laertes was now on his way to New Zealand.

She was very sorry.

Once again Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood conferred anxiously, this time to the accompaniment of croonings and gurglings from Peccadillo Number One who had brought such joy and fulfilment to The Cedars.

Provided always that Nanny could be placated, there was no reason why he should not be joined in the nursery by Pecadillo Number Two. To desert their treasure in her second hour of need was as unthinkable as it had been before.

When Nanny was told, almost too casually, that Gerda would shortly be visiting her parents in Copenhagen and — incidentally — that the Lockwoods had decided to adopt another baby, she drew a deep breath and pursed her lips.

The same room was reserved in the same maternity home. As on the previous occasion, Gerda looked deceptively svelte up to the moment of her departure from The Cedars with her single suitcase conspicuously labelled "Passenger to Copenhagen."

When her taxi had vanished down the drive, Nanny said cryptically that she would be the last one to cast a stone and that the least said soonest mended.

The arrival of Ophelia Lockwood (8lb. 6oz.) at The Cedars was greeted rapturously by the Lockwoods and stonily by Nanny.

The dark-haired baby was entered for Roedean and introduced to her blond half-brother.

When Gerda tripped demurely back a week later, she brought with her as seeming evidence a jar of caviar for Mrs. Lockwood, an ashtray marked "A Present from Copenhagen" for Mr. Lockwood, and a Danish doll for Nanny.

This offering was haughtily refused.

A new and even more strict regime was imposed on the household. In future, trays were to be put down outside the nursery door. Nanny was unprepared to allow her new charge to be contaminated by any contact whatsoever with foreigners.

On a sunny Saturday morning in April while Hans Andersen was light-heartedly banging his half-sister Ophelia over the head with a rattle, Gerda requested five minutes' private conversation with Mrs. Lockwood "on a personal matter."

Mrs. Lockwood's heart sank. "Gerda, you couldn't! You promised faithfully that you wouldn't — ever again." She glanced confusedly at her watch. "As well as that, there simply hasn't been time."

"I do not understand you, madam." Gerda gave her employer a translucent, blue-eyed stare. "I have come to give you notice as I have accepted another position."

"You've done what?" asked Mrs. Lockwood incredulously.

"I've accepted another position, madam" — she coughed — "in a bachelor's household in Sloane Square, London. My future employer's resemblance to Fortinbras, Prince of Norway, is quite remarkable."

It took a full minute before Mrs. Lockwood recovered her breath. When she did so, she spoke with indignation.

"But, Gerda, how could you even contemplate leaving us after all that Mr. Lockwood and I have done for you?"

Gerda paused until Ophelia had stopped howling.

"You have both been very kind," she said, "and I would like you to know that I have no complaints at all about either you or Mr. Lockwood. My reason for giving notice is quite a different one."

"Then what is it?"

"It is because of all the extra work, madam, caused by your children."

Mrs. Lockwood's mouth opened and shut.

"By whom?"

"By your children," said Gerda blandly.

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Don't cover up your Summer face. Glorify it with new Veil Naturelle. Let your natural colour show through. The no-make-up make-up. COTY Veil Naturelle

Coty first in Australia! This new uncontrived approach to make-up . . with Coty Veil Naturelle tinted foundation creme *$1.35 (13/6)* in 4 shades and finishing powder *$1.95 (19/6)* created by Coty to do something wonderful with your Summer suntan face never achieved before . . 1) Keep and glorify your fresh, natural colour . . 2) Then puff on a natural translucent finish with a powder veil that no-one knows is there.

VOGUE SAYS "The colour good skin looks best in, generally, is that skin's colour, de-shined . . no-colour powder, loose and translucent".

HARPER'S BAZAAR SAYS "Enter triumphantly, beautifully, the new 'nude' make-up — glorifying the uncontrived, almost totally muted face of this season's toned-down tawny beauty . . . that emphasises with great excitement the natural quality of flesh . . . beautifully uncontrived".

COTY

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WIN A SCHOLARSHIP FOR YOUR BABY IN THE $14,000

Nestlé's BABY FOOD CONTEST!

5 First Prizes of $2,000 Educational Endowment

You can win enough money to help your baby through university or an equivalent level of tertiary education. And you don't have to be an academic yourself to win for him this golden opportunity. It's so easy!

Winners will have $2,000 paid into an "Educational Endowment" account at the bank of their choice.

What a wonderful start in life for your child! Enter now. It couldn't be simpler.

50 Second Prizes of $50 Savings Bank Accounts

A very useful sum of money for any youngster starting out in an adult world. And by the time your baby needs this amount, it will have increased considerably with bank interest and you'll probably have added to it from time to time yourself too.

600 Consolation Prizes of 1 doz. supersoft nappies.

And what an easy way to win them! Baby will have plenty of extra nappies now! They're beautifully soft and thick too.

HURRY. ENTER NOW

HERE'S HOW EASY IT IS . . .

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS USE YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE AS A MOTHER

1. Study the list of Nestlés Baby Food Varieties below.

2. Decide which are the best-liked by Australian babies in order of preference.

3. Go on through the list and number one to five in order of preference **both** Strained and Junior Varieties. For instance, if you think Nestlés **Strained** Pears is most popular Strained Variety, write "1" in the square beside it.

STRAINED VARIETIES (Number 1-5)

- ☐ LAMB & VEGETABLES.
- ☐ CHICKEN BROTH.
- ☐ PEARS.
- ☐ BEEF & VEGETABLES.
- ☐ EGG CUSTARD.

JUNIOR VARIETIES (Number 1-5)

- ☐ APPLES.
- ☐ LAMB BRAINS & VEGETABLES.
- ☐ CHICKEN DINNER.
- ☐ EGG CUSTARD & RICE
- ☐ HAM & VEGETABLES.

4. Entries should be mailed to: **NESTLE'S, C/- Box 425, P.O., Darlinghurst, Sydney, N.S.W.**

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS:

(a) Contestants may send as many entries as they like but each must be on a separate entry form or sheet of paper.
(b) Each entry must be accompanied by a label from a jar of Nestlé's Strained or Junior Baby Food.*
(c) Neatest correct or nearest correct entries received will be awarded the 655 prizes.
(d) Judge's decision is final. The correct order is established by Nestlé's Baby Foods sales records over the last 18 months.
(e) No correspondence will be entered into.
(f) Nestlé's employees and their families may not enter the contest, nor may the members of Nestlé's Advertising Agencies and their families.
(g) Entries close at 5.00 p.m. on April 8th, 1966.

* Labels not required where this contravenes State Law.

Winners will be notified by mail; winners names will be published under Public Notices in morning newspapers in all state capitals on Friday, May 6th, 1966.

(PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Your Baby's Name ..... Age .....

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Miss Howell was questioning the man next to Nora, while Herrick stood guard over him.

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Dramatic conclusion of a two-part serial

By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

AFTER a sudden heart attack, DEXTER SANDERSON'S life hangs in the balance and his adopted daughter, NORA, who is devoted to him, spends most of her time at the hospital. But when it appears he is improving slightly she goes home. Almost immediately the phone rings and a man says it is her father—her real father. DAVIS, as he calls himself, convinces her he is telling the truth.

What she does not know is he has broken into the offices of the adoption agency which had handled Nora's case and has stolen her case history. Because he threatens to worry Dexter Sanderson, she calls at an address he gives her, taking some money with her. Disgusted at the squalor of the room, and the man's unsavory character, she nevertheless promises to go back the next morning with a great deal more money.

Later Nora decides to talk to ELEANOR HOWELL, who has worked at the adoption agency and with whom she had become friendly over the years. But when she calls at Miss Howell's apartment, Nora is horrified to see she has just been attacked. Miss Howell says an intruder had been about to strangle her, but something had frightened him and he had run away. She suspects it was a man who had been calling at the agency inquiring about Nora, although his description does not tally with Davis. On Miss Howell's advice Nora sees her fiance, HERRICK MOORE, and tells him the whole story. Miss Howell also tells DR. ALFORD, her friend, and at the same time discusses the effect of cats on people who are afraid of them.

In the meantime, Davis panics and is about to leave his rented room, but a visitor recognises the adoption file on Nora, and Davis kills him in a fight. Shortly after, Herrick calls to see Davis, but finds only the dead man, whom he mistakenly thinks is Davis. By this time Davis has made his way across town, and when Nora answers his knock he forces his way into the Sanderson apartment. NOW READ ON:

HERRICK MOORE changed his mind and hung the receiver up.

With any luck, Nora was asleep now. No point in calling her to report that somebody had hit the man who claimed he was her father — and that he was dead now. Time enough to tell her that early in the morning. Before she went down to Little Smith Street with three thousand dollars in her handbag and, he supposed, walked into a flock of cops. But not now. There wasn't anything she or anybody else could do about it now.

At a few minutes before midnight he turned his car over to the nightman at the garage on the Upper East Side and walked the few blocks home. It occurred to Herrick Moore, as he let himself into his parents' apartment, that he'd left a trail a mile wide.

. . . . . .

You always hope for more than you get, Detective Paul Lane thought, and did not bother to shrug his shoulders. Even in very simple things, like the identification of a tenant by a reluctantly awakening janitor.

"Sure it's Davis," the janitor said. "I guess."

"You were the one he paid rent to, weren't you?"

"Sure. Regular."

"So you saw him once a month for — how long? Six months, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Six months."

"This is the man who paid the rent?"

"Sure. He's in the apartment, ain't he?"

He had been, then. He wasn't, now. There was a chalk outline where he had been. Two men had left fingerprints in the room, and one of them the man now dead.

Probably a couple of drunks in a fight, Lane thought. One of them had banged life out of the other with a wooden chair.

"Couple of winos," Detective (2nd Grade) Timothy Mahoney said. "Along the line somewhere they've been picked up as vags and printed. So we pick up the one we haven't got. You figure, Paul?"

"We can hope," Paul Lane said. "Funny nobody heard anything. Noisy business, beating a man to death."

Perhaps, Detective Lane thought, a little sleep will do something useful to my mind. He said, "Let's get along, Tim."

Lane tried to lock the door behind them. The key turned in the lock, but when he twisted the knob, to make sure, the knob turned and the door opened. Broken lock. Which might mean something, and might not. It might have been broken for weeks. But — a fact to be noted.

It had no relevancy at the moment. There was nothing to lock up in the room.

. . . . . .

Eleanor Howell wakened at her usual hour, which was seven-thirty, and lay quietly for a moment, waiting for her head to ache, but it did not. She went to the bathroom and looked at her head in the mirror. Still a good deal of pink in the white hair. Under the hair, nothing more than a scratch.

At a quarter past nine, Eleanor called her office. "Oh, Miss Howell," Edith said. "I came in early and I've been looking everywhere and I still can't find it."

"Yes, dear," Eleanor said. "It'll probably turn up. You know the card index?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Howell. Of course I do."

"Davis," Eleanor said. "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. It will be on a card. Under 'D.' Get the address, will you, dear? The last address we have. I'll hold on."

The address was in Queens.

"I won't be in until around noon," Eleanor said. "Ask Miss Simpson to handle anything that seems urgent."

Eleanor had remembered the neighborhood as soon as she had the address. When she climbed gritty steps from the subway to a street in Queens she found the neighborhood had not changed. Most of these houses were owned by the people who lived in them, renting the upper floors. In them, population — at least on the ground floors — was relatively stable. The Thomas Davises had, of course, been renters.

She rang the downstairs bell, which had the name "Lowry" over it and, after a time, a woman opened the door.

"I," Eleanor Howell said, "am trying to find Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Thomas Davis. She used to live upstairs."

"Never heard of her," the woman, presumably Mrs. Lowry, said. "Never rented to anybody named Davis."

"Have you owned this house long, Mrs. Lowry?"

"Five years," Mrs. Lowry said. "And nobody named Davis. Mr. Lowry and I bought it from Mrs. Epstein five years ago."

Then, quite suddenly, Eleanor Howell remembered Mrs. Epstein — Mrs. Rachel Epstein. She had taken care of a little girl while the girl's mother went from place to place looking for a job. She had spoken, a little shyly, of adopting Nora Davis and had said, "I know," when she had been told how difficult that would be. The adoption laws of the State of New York stipulate religious conformity.

"I wonder," Eleanor said, "if you happen to know where Mrs. Epstein lives now?"

"Bought a house in the next block," Mrs. Lowry said. "Two forty dash fifty-one," Mrs. Lowry said. "Next block, that is. Don't know if she's still there."

Rachel Epstein had not changed at all. It was impossible that fourteen years could so little erode a woman. Eleanor Howell felt a flicker of envy.

"I'm —" Eleanor began.

"The agency lady," Rachel said. "Miss — wait a *minute*. Don't tell me — Howell. Miss Howell from the — oh, dear. Has something happened to the pretty little thing? Come in," Rachel Epstein said.

The room was bright with chintz. The open windows wore immaculately white curtains. They must have been washed this morning, Eleanor thought.

"I'm trying to find Nora's mother," Eleanor said. "I know she *must* have moved years ago, but —"

"The poor dear thing," Mrs. Epstein said. "Five years ago a letter. From Australia. Married, she was. With two little ones. Pictures she sent. Of herself and this man she married. Butler his name was. Something like Butler. A little boy and a little girl. Like our Nora, the girl looked. You, William!"

This last remark appeared to be directed at Eleanor Howell's feet, and Eleanor looked down at her feet. A large white cat was smelling her shoes. Presumably he had come out from under her chair.

"He smells my cat," Eleanor said. He's old, isn't he?"

"He's sixteen. Come here, William."

He jumped to Rachel's lap. He sat down on it and looked at her. It is easy, Eleanor Howell thought, to be diverted by cats.

"You say Mr. Davis was no good?" Eleanor said.

"I said it," Rachel said. "Sober he was one thing. Sober he worked and was home nights and I used to hear them laughing upstairs. But then he'd get drunk and be away and lose his job."

"What did he look like, Mrs. Epstein? I saw a picture of him once. Mrs. Davis showed it to us when we were trying to find him."

"He's turned up again? He's bothering the little girl?"

"He may have," Eleanor said. "He may be, Mrs. Epstein."

"He was good to her," Mrs. Epstein said.

To page 38

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Moslem wedding in Malaya

● Boom, boom, boom . . . As the hollow sound of ancient drums broke the stillness of the warm evening, a magnificently dressed young woman took one last long look at herself in the mirror.

Story and pictures by JENNIFER BATCHLER

FOR a brief moment, apprehension filled her dark eyes, and she grasped her mother's hand.

Then, with poise beyond her 17 years, she walked to the main room of the tiny village house.

Simultaneously, at the other end of the village, a strange, colorful procession began to move slowly toward the house.

The drumbeats grew louder and weird chanting echoed eerily round the village as 16 robed figures broke into songs of praise to Allah.

The wedding had begun.

I found it hard to believe that this was 20th-century Malaya. This solemn ceremony, which combined tradition with color and splendor, had turned back the clock hundreds of years.

This was a typical Malay peasant wedding — the marriage of two Moslems in a tiny kampong (village) at Klebang Besar, near Malacca.

Progress has bypassed many old Malay customs and traditions which still dominate every aspect of a Malay wedding from the day of the betrothal.

Many of these customs are almost the reverse of accepted Western ideas. Although a girl's parents do not exactly arrange her wedding, she has far less say in the matter than her Western counterpart.

When a young man wants to marry a girl he must ask his parents for their approval. If they are agreeable, they send a secret messenger to the girl's parents to find out if the bride-to-be has a pleasant disposition and is suitable.

If her parents give their consent, the engagement is formally announced, a wedding date is set, and a young girl delivers the ring to the bride from her fiance.

The bridegroom's parents pay a certain amount of money for their new daughter-in-law. This may seem rather like a dowry in reverse, but it is a practical gift which goes to wedding expenses.

No matter how poor the two parties may be, a wedding is always elaborate and no expense is spared.

A kampong wedding is usually a "family affair," with all the neighbors giving both practical and monetary help.

● Elaborately dressed bride and groom seated on the bridal throne, covered with yards of ruched satin.

Usually the wedding, which is held at the bride's parents' home, lasts three days, but the first two are for relatives only. On the third day it is open house — the guests come in dozens and the ceremony and feasting begin.

I was lucky enough to be invited to the third day of such a wedding.

The whole kampong had been transformed. Many of the little weatherboard "stilt" houses with their palm-thatch roofs had been specially whitewashed, and flags, bunting, and colored lights were strung between the tall palm trees.

When I arrived, I was greeted by the bride's mother, who asked me to remove my shoes before entering the house. At this stage the mournful drumbeats began.

The youthful bride appeared and took her place on the bridal throne. Her full-length gown was breathtaking. In rich, silver-patterned brocade, it was encrusted with glittering jewellery and offset by a brilliant gold shoulder sash.

Best!

Grown perfect. Picked perfect. The only fresh frozen peas in cartons. Sweet young Birds Eye peas. So sweet and tender they need just a quick simmer before serving. Three to six minutes at the most. True garden flavour!

Manufactured by Gordon Edgell Pty. Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4885118

—It was colored with centuries-old tradition

Her thick black hair was piled high on her head, and she wore a simple silver tiara.

Matching the splendor of the bride's outfit was the bridal throne, elaborately upholstered with yards and yards of ruched pink satin, painstakingly handsewn by a villager.

Meanwhile, the 20-year-old bridegroom and his attendants paraded slowly around the kampong in a solemn bridal march, to the accompaniment of drumming and chanting.

The groom was almost as magnificently dressed as his bride in the ancient bejewelled dress of the barbaric Malay Peninsula pirates, with a silver Malay kris (sword) in his belt.

With him were his "best men" — one on either side — attired in more modern but nevertheless gaily colored Malay costumes. While one fanned the groom, the other held an umbrella over his head. There were five drummers and seven others, whose main function seemed to be to boost the volume of the singing.

As the procession neared the house, a length of red carpet was placed across the steps and over the veranda.

An Islamic priest greeted the groom at the door of the house, blessed him, and prayed that he might have many children. Then, slowly, and with great dignity, the groom took his place on the throne beside his future wife.

At this stage, several guests — myself included — photographed the young couple.

Handful of rice

To my surprise, a shrivelled old woman grabbed my hand, piloted me to a large barrel in the corner of the room, and gesticulated wildly.

For a moment I was afraid that my photography had been ill-timed; that I had interrupted an important part of the ceremony.

With some relief, I saw other guests lining up behind me at the barrel, which was filled with bright yellow rice, specially processed and dyed.

In broken English, the old woman told me to take a handful of rice and give it to the groom.

I did this and then was told to give some to the bride. After I had repeated the process, the best man handed me a brightly colored paper flower with a real egg attached to it.

One by one the guests followed me, handing rice to the newlyweds and receiving a flower from the best man.

(Afterwards I discovered the symbolism of the flower-and-egg gift. Apparently the bride and groom hope all their guests will be happily married and be blessed with as many children as they hope to have.)

When all the guests had been received, the feasting began. The bride and groom ate alone inside the house. The guests ate outside in a make-shift "makan house" or food tent.

This was my first experience of real Malay cooking, and I must admit I had inner misgivings when I saw the strange-looking foods.

But it was the most delicious meal I have ever tasted — piping-hot curry, fish served in a rich, spicy sauce, and rice prepared in soya sauce and garnished with prawns, pork, and cabbage.

I did draw the line at "seaweed jelly," a strange-looking, pale blue concoction with a faint odor of cheap perfume.

When the feasting ended, the nuptials were officially over. However, the night was still young, and the more youthful guests were determined to make the most of it.

Suddenly there was a complete transformation.

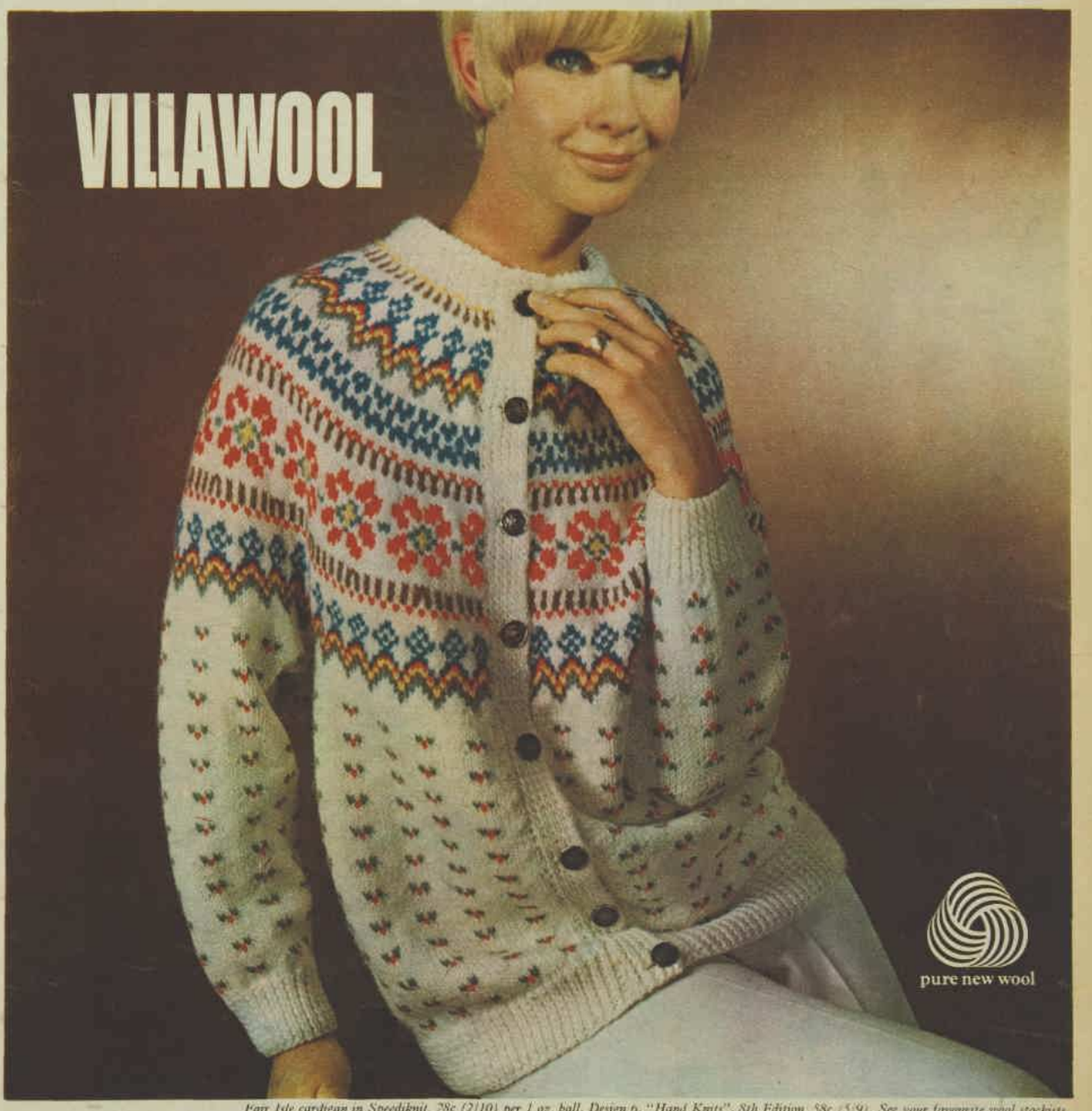
All the tradition of the past vanished as a group of long-haired Chinese youths gathered on the veranda of the house with guitars and amplifiers.

The noisy twang of guitars shattered the stillness of the night, and the kampong was full of twisting, stomping figures.

By 11.30 p.m. everyone had just about had enough (if you think the Twist is hot work normally, you should try it in the tropics), and slowly the party broke up.

I have attended many weddings, but few have left me with such a vivid or lasting impression.

● *Groom and his attendants assemble for the procession.*



Fair Isle cardigan in Speediknit, 28c (2/10) per 1 oz. ball. Design 6, "Hand Knits", 8th Edition, 58c (5/9). See your favourite wool stockists.

Q Why is it that, every year, **only Villawool** hits a new fashion note with **every** design? *Why?*

A Because **only** Villawool is always on the "fashion ball". **Only** Villawool brings a new, modern dash—with the *zing* of tomorrow today—to hand knitting every year. **Only** Villawool designs—even traditional classics—are vital and up-to-date in every yarn. Add the trend-setting 1966 colour range and Australia's best quality wools and you have Villawool — the **only** fashion in knitting. *Make sure, make it Villawool!*

Villawool Textile Company, 255 George Street, Sydney

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Brides discover hiring

Grooms discover it too . . .

sensible girl! She knew that her wedding gown would cost an awful lot of money—and then be absolutely useless after the wedding. What a brilliant idea of hers to hire a **model gown** from Formal Wear—some valued at over 200 dollars, yet you can hire them for only a small fee. Veils, tiaras, bridesmaid's gowns, mother-of-the-bride gowns, too.

* For the groom and best man, a complete size range of dinner, dress, morning and lounge suits, plus all the jazz that goes with them. See also ball gowns, furs, debutante and flattering maternity ball gowns—crisp and spotless, fresh from the dry cleaner.

Now! Interstate and country people can hire, too — just 'phone or drop a line to Formal Wear—Sydney or Melbourne—and we shall send our self-measuring form and price list.

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Just near Castlereagh Street, next to Biber Furs
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Just off Bourke Street, next to the Bercy Theatre

LETTER BOX

• We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

How to say "No" to the salesman

ABOUT Mrs. O'Brien's problem with door-to-door salesmen. I do not unlock my wire door, and whatever the salesman is selling I just say my husband works in that line of business and I can get it at a discount. Naturally the salesman has no answer to that and, as he hasn't been able to get a foot in the door, has to retreat as gracefully as possible.

$2.00 to Mrs. K. Eastwood, Macleod, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHILE staying with my sister-in-law I found an excellent solution by chance: "I don't live here, I'm only minding the children."

$2.00 to Mrs. E. Josephson, Fairfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

AFTER listening to what they have to say, I tell them that I am heavily in debt and cannot take on any further commitments as I know that I wouldn't be able to keep up the payments. I feel sorry for the salesmen and saleswomen, but I believe in looking after my family first.

$2.00 to "Debts" (name supplied), North Carlton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

HE'S not a special species of aggressive insect, but a human being and entitled, like anyone else, to common courtesy. It's possible he's a bit down on his luck, or why is he going from door to door, subjecting himself to rudeness and abuse? If you want what he is selling, buy it; if not, tell him so politely. People who buy things against their will shouldn't blame others for their weakness.

$2.00 to Mrs. G. Maley, Kalgoorlie, W.A.

★ ★ ★

I'M alone in the house all day, and when a hawker knocks, I say, "Excuse me, I'm holding the stepladder for my husband," then close the door.

$2.00 to Mrs. C. Cook, Bendigo, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I ALWAYS go to the door with a beaming smile, a bath towel in my hand, and a white lie on my lips, and sweetly say I can't stay as I've a friend's toddler in the bath. (I'm past the age of a toddler of my own.)

$2.00 to "Try It" (name supplied), Noble Park, Vic.

★ ★ ★

ON the front and back doors I have notices saying:

No salesmen or saleswomen
No hawkers
No religious fanatics
No nothing.

$2.00 to Mrs. D. Sawyer, Clearview, S.A.

Something old

A BRIDE'S possessions are often stereotyped by the designs current in the year of her wedding. I think it would be a charming idea to give a bride-to-be a "something old" shower. Gifts such as silver sugar tongs, a cup and saucer set of fine old china, and pretty teaspoons could be bought at junk shops. These pieces, destined to become heirlooms, will be real talking points for the bride in her new home.

$2.00 to Mrs. S. Delander, Heidelberg West, Vic.

After one of those days

CAN anyone think of anything pleasanter than being reincarnated as some rich old dowager's pedigree cat or dog? Just think of the pampering — not a worry in the world, the best of everything, and perhaps a diamond-studded leash or collar, or even a mink jacket for cold days. No human being had it so good. Yes, you've guessed it. I've just managed to get through one of those days: cranky baby, fighting children, loads of work, the lot. At least I'm having some fun in speculation.

$2.00 to Mrs. C. Lawson, Thallon, Qld.

More power to her elbow

THE other day I asked my mother what she would like to have invented and she replied, "An atomic broom and mop."

$2.00 to "Inventor" (name supplied), Pooraka, S.A.

The homely old remedies

I AM 86, the last of ten children. My grandmother died at 95, my mother at 87, my father at 83, my sister at 96, 90, 88, and 87, and my five brothers close to 80. My grandmother believed in sulphur and treacle in the spring, a dose of castor oil every Saturday, and made us drink each morning from a mug made of wood from a quinine tree. My mother would take the top off a swede turnip, remove most of the middle, fill the cavity with sugar, and give us the juice to cure a cold. A remedy for blood pressure was to eat a sprig of mint after meals. I still drink out of the quinine mug and think the old remedies must have been good.

$2.00 to Mrs. Christine Cable, Rooty Hill, N.S.W.

In a manner of speaking

WHEN my German sister-in-law informed me that she was "low in the dumps," I, too — like the writer of a recent letter — had a first-hand example of how confusing our expressions of speech can be to our migrants.

$2.00 to Odette" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

CARAL REEF

• American authorities in several States are dumping old car bodies in the sea to make artificial reefs. The reefs quickly become populated with fish.

There are herrings in the glovebox of my Bentley
Where it's rusting forty fathoms down below;
The green weed grows upon it
While in and out the bonnet
Swim the fishes, big and little, to and fro.

There are hermits in the hubcaps of my Bentley
And an octopus is twined around the diff —
So I've gathered from a diver
Who informs me that the driver
Is a party with a trident and a ziff.

— Dorothy Drain

Guarding the garden

WHILE I was passing through a country town, this notice, in front of a vegetable garden, caught my eye: "Anyone found in this garden at night will still be found here next morning." It must have been effective, as there was no one in the garden.

$2.00 to "Original" (name supplied), Garden Island Creek, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

NIGHT AND DAY

HOW different a city can be by day and by night.

Take Albury, which we first saw by day during a holiday drive from Sydney to Melbourne.

It seemed an attractive, prosperous place, with beautiful public gardens. The only discomfort we suffered there was the compulsory fruit salad.

We forgot about the fruit-fly quarantine station at the Victorian border. My wife had stocked the car boot with the contents of a small greengrocer's shop.

A polite official said: "You'll have to surrender this fruit or eat it," so we chose to eat it.

At the side of the road we doggedly munched through a salad that would have daunted a swarm of fruit-eating bats.

Apart from this enforced gluttony, our first visit to the border city was enjoyable. It was certainly not fruitless.

But on the way back from Melbourne we reached Albury at 3 a.m., and short of petrol. The formerly cheerful city was dark, silent, full of menace. Also, I faced my first encounter with a self-service petrol machine.

I avoid these machines because I prefer to be served by my friendly service-station man. He cleans the windscreen and gives my youngest

daughter cards that keep her quiet for no extra charge.

Peering at the instructions on the self-service machine, I found you had to put two-shilling pieces in it. And we had only four two-shilling pieces.

"It says, 'Go to wall unit and insert coins.' But where is wall unit?" my wife said anxiously.

We found wall unit after a search. The next instruction was "Insert nozzle in tank."

The nozzle was heavy, with a kind of metal pixie on it, and I dropped it. After much effort we obtained a pitifully small amount of petrol.

My wife said: "We could go to the railway station and ask them to change a pound into two-shilling pieces."

"But where is the railway station?" I said.

We had a map and a torch somewhere in the boot. While we rummaged after them in the dark, two policemen in a patrol car stopped. They looked at us with suspicion.

After hearing our story they were helpful. They directed us to the Boomerang All - Night Service Station, where we obtained petrol.

As it happened, our generator broke down 20 miles farther on — O generator of vipers! — and I had to get a lift back to the Boomerang Service Station. The name was appropriate — I returned in true boomerang fashion.

But by then the dawn was breaking. Albury had lost its terrors.

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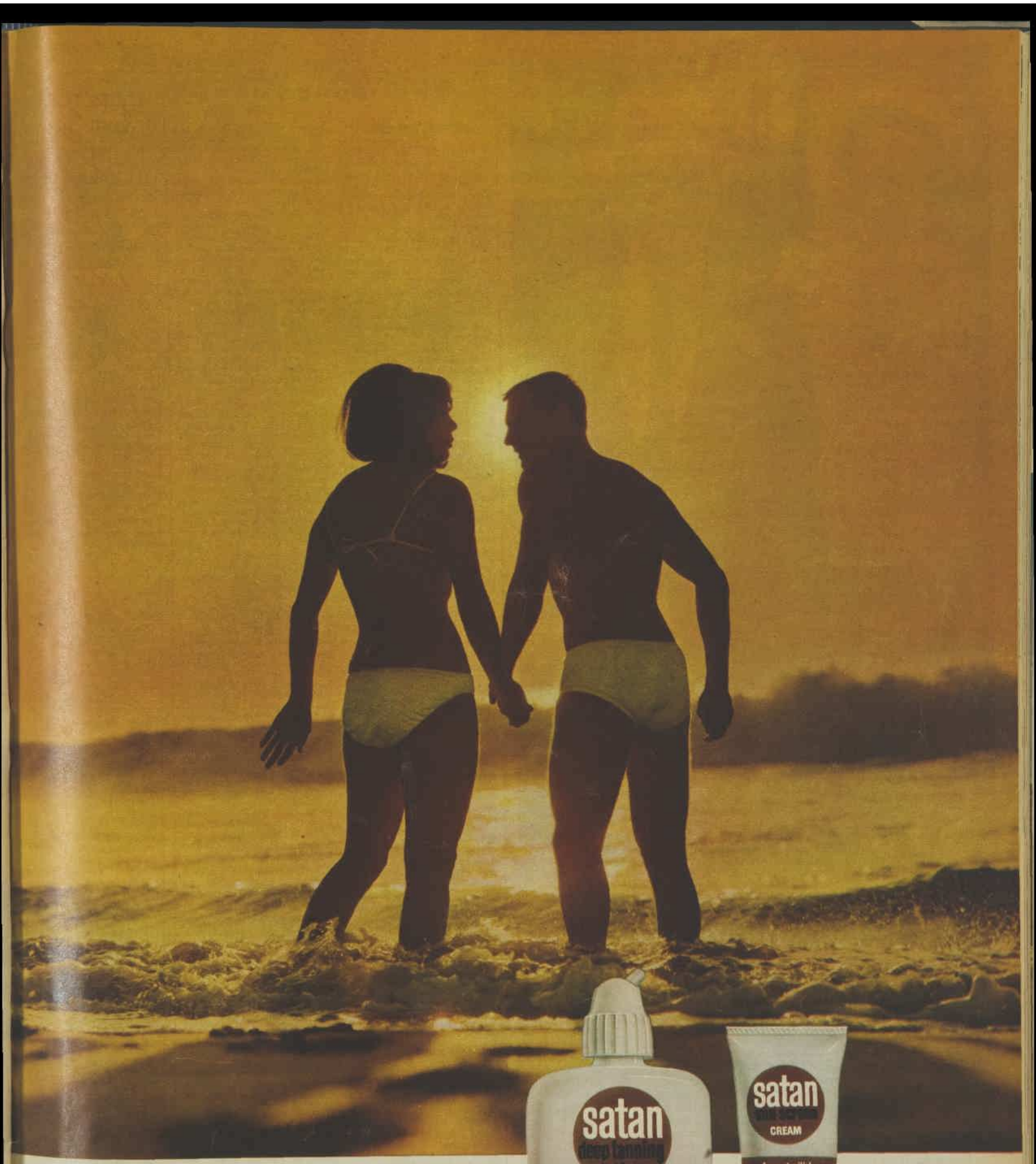

satan

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DEEP TANNING LOTION especially for sun-worshippers. Promotes a deeper-than-average tan that lasts. Non-greasy, won't stain, and sand can't cling. 15/-.

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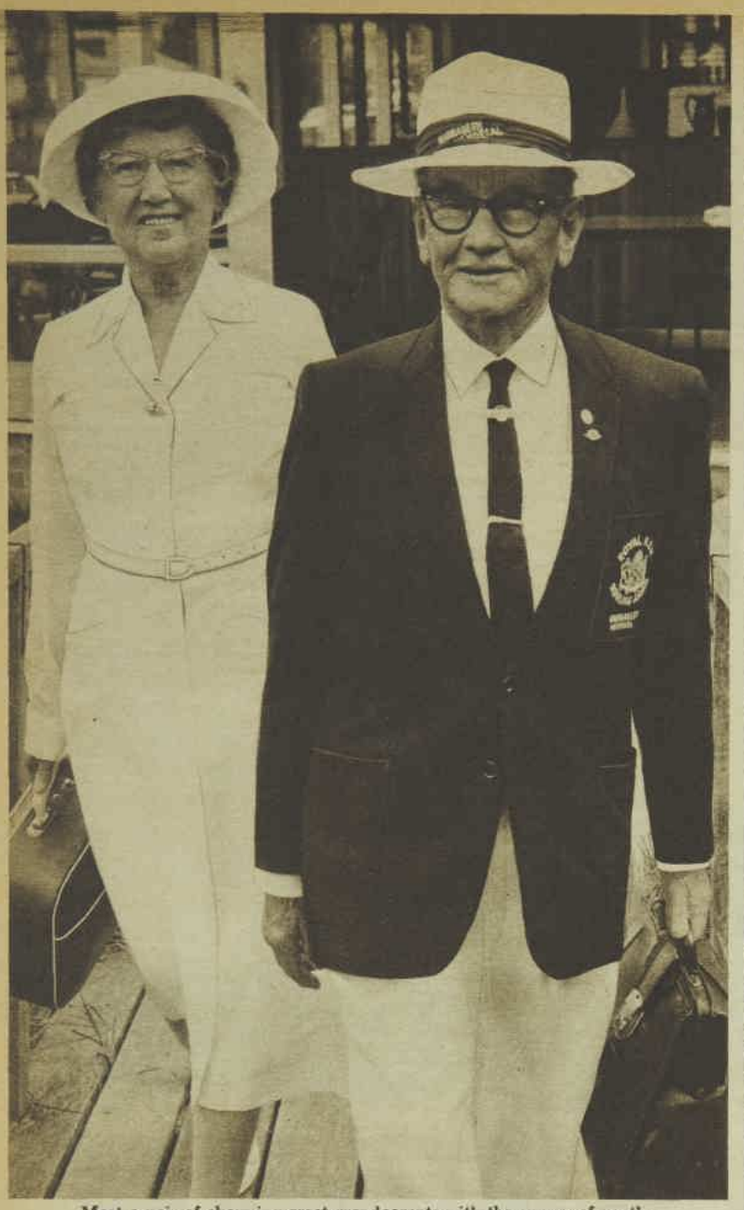

Meet a pair of charming great-grandparents with the energy of youth—
Mr. & Mrs. Lin Kirkman of Grenfell Ave., Narrabeen, N.S.W.

"Can't say we feel like great-grandparents!"

Mr. & Mrs. Kirkman celebrate their golden wedding anniversary this year—but they're certainly not planning to sit down and "take it easy". Several afternoons a week they bowl together, and they really enjoy club dances. "It's all a matter of a properly balanced diet," says Mr. Kirkman. "If you keep fit and healthy, age can't hold you back."

Good health and energy. "Lillian and I have been eating All-Bran† for breakfast ever since it came on the market," he continues. "And all these years we've enjoyed good health and energy, never had a day's irregularity. No sir, you won't find any medicines in this house!"

How All-Bran helps you: All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's a nourishing, delicious breakfast cereal rich in the vital bulk you need to balance your diet and stay regular. Why not try it yourself? Like Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman you'll have more energy and youthful vitality when you start each day with the natural goodness of All-Bran.

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helps you enjoy life more

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*Registered trade mark †All-Bran is the trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Continued from page 33

"That I'll say for him, dear. Even when he was drunk he didn't hurt them. I don't say he was violent. Just—just falling down drunk. Maybe a week and then he'd come back and find himself another job. Only, the last time he didn't come back. What he looked like? He had dark hair and a heavy beard and he was skinny, sort of medium tall. When he was drunk he looked terrible, dear."

"Do you happen to have Mrs. Davis's address, Mrs Epstein?"

She went into another room, came back with a slip of paper on which was written "Mrs. John Butler," and a Sydney address.

"Six months ago a letter came for her with 'In care of Mrs. Rachel Epstein' written on it. So I looked and found her address and put it in an envelope with her new name on it and a little note to say 'hello' and sent it to her."

"This letter. Was there a return address on it?"

"No. You think it was from him?"

Eleanor Howell could only shrug her shoulders. "I must go. Mrs. Epstein. You've been good to try to help."

She was at the door when she remembered to ask Rachel Epstein whether the Davises had ever kept a cat. She said that Nora remembered, thought she remembered, a white kitten.

"William," Rachel said. "When Mrs. Davis gave the pretty little thing up she gave me William. They'd had him since he was a kitten." She stopped suddenly and seemed surprised. "Nora must be twenty now. I don't suppose she'd remember me at all."

. . . .

It was around eight-thirty when Herrick Moore first dialled Nora Sanderson's number. She would be awake by then, but would not have left the apartment—not left it to go to the bank and draw out money which, now, wouldn't have to be paid.

He got the busy signal. Anyway, she was there. Probably calling the hospital. He waited several minutes and tried again. Again he got the rasping signal which told him the line was engaged. He tried several more times as he dressed. He still got the busy signal. It took him some time to get a taxi and the crosstown streets were, as always, choked with traffic. He was still two blocks from where he, now most urgently, wanted to be when he paid off the cab and went on on foot.

. . . .

It was not quite eleven when Eleanor Howell went into her office. She had started through her mail, when Edith said. "I'm terribly—"

"What, dear?" Eleanor said.

"It was all mixed up," Edith said. "She said 'This is Miss Sanderson. Nora Sanderson.' I'm sure she said that."

"Yes, dear."

"But then she said, 'May I speak to Nurse Howell, please?' Nurse Howell. And I said she must have the wrong number, because this was Miss Howell's office. And, anyway, Miss Howell wasn't in. But she didn't seem to hear me. She said, 'About my father. Yes, I'll wait.' I said this was Miss Howell's office, at the adoption agency, but she didn't seem to hear me. She didn't say anything for a little while and then she said, 'Oh. Will you tell her when she's free that I called about my father—Nora Sanderson about her father. Tell her we're at my apartment. No. I'll call back in a few minutes. Perhaps Nurse Quillan will be free.' And then she hung up. It was—it was dreadfully confusing, Miss Howell."

"Get me the Manhattan directory, dear," Eleanor Howell said, and waited while Edith found it. She looked the number up herself, which was the safer thing to do. When the hospital switchboard answered, she asked for Nurse Quillan, who was, she thought, on special duty in Mr. Dexter Sanderson's case. After a time a very low "Nurse Quillan."

"I wanted to ask about Mr. Sanderson," Eleanor Howell said. "His daughter asked me to call."

"He's doing quite as well as we can expect," Nurse Quillan said. "You say Miss Sanderson asked you to call? But she called herself an hour or so ago. To say she couldn't get in to see him until this afternoon. I don't—"

"It's some mistake, probably," Eleanor Howell said. "By the way, is there a Nurse Howell on the case?"

"No," Nurse Quillan said. "I don't think there's a Nurse Howell in the hospital. Not that it isn't a very common name, of course."

THE white-haired woman with a very common name sat for some seconds after she had replaced the receiver and looked at the telephone. After a time she said, "Mm-m-" and dialled another number.

This time there was no answer to the ringing. Nora was not, apparently, at the apartment. Or not answering her telephone. Or— What had she meant, "We're at the apartment"? She and who else? And why had she said it at all?

"When did she call, Edith?" Eleanor Howell said.

"A little after nine."

Eleanor Howell got up and took her hat off the stand. She looked at it and put it back.

"I'll be—" she said, and the telephone rang.

. . . .

The doorman didn't think Miss Sanderson had gone out.

But sure, if Mr. Moore wanted to go up and ring the doorbell that was all right.

Chimes responded inside the apartment. There was no other response. He'd missed her. And then it occurred to him that he didn't know which bank was hers.

There was only one thing to do. He got a cab and gave the address in Little Smith Street. At a corner near the Little Smith Street tenement he said, "This'll do fine."

There was a police car in front of the tenement, with nobody in it. If she came now — came carrying three thousand dollars to give to a man she didn't know was dead — she would walk into trouble.

The police had no way of knowing she was coming. There was that. She'd come by cab and, if he was quick enough, sure enough, he could stop her before she got out of the cab; could get into the cab with her and have a chance to tell her what the ugly score was. The cops wouldn't have any reason to interfere.

After about half an hour, which made it well after nine o'clock, a compact man of medium height, wearing a grey suit, came out of the

To page 40

Hints to keep your home free of insect pests

To quickly clear the home of disease-carrying flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other insect pests spray with "Safe" Pea-Beu insecticide. The powerful action of Pea-Beu quickly eliminates all insect pests, without harming the lungs. It can be used in the presence of children and pets with complete safety.

Flies which are attracted by the smell of food at the table or in the kitchen can be quickly eliminated with powerful "Safe" Pea-Beu insecticide. Wide-spreading action Pea-Beu quickly cleans the room of all flies, does not contaminate food and is pleasantly perfumed.

To prevent damage to furs, woolens and clothes by moths and insect pests, spray into cupboards where clothes are stored, with powerful "Safe" Pea-Beu. After a few short bursts close doors to seal in the powerful insecticide to eliminate pests and larvae. Pea-Beu is non-staining and its high safety factor is a boon to Australian housewives. The powerful "Safe", easy-to-use Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is now available mainly through chemists and stores.

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Let's You and Him Fight • Wooden Leg • I'm Only Trying to Help You • Little Old Me

• Mrs. Green's husband is a domineering man, whom she married because he would restrict her activities and thus keep her from getting into situations that frighten her.

She is then in a position to complain that she could do all sorts of interesting things *"if it weren't for you."*

And her husband has her where he wants her — at home.

There is more to it than that. His prohibitions and her complaints often lead to quarrels, so that their sex life is seriously impaired. And because of his feelings of guilt he often brings her gifts which might not otherwise have been forthcoming.

At the same time she feels confirmed in her lifelong opinion that men are mean and tyrannical.

Many of Mrs. Green's woman friends also have domineering husbands, and when they meet they spend a good deal of time playing *If It Weren't For Him.*

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

A psychiatrist with a sense of humor outlines the rules

IF It Weren't For You, with its variations, is one of the leading "games" described by an American psychiatrist, Dr. Eric Berne, in a book, "Games People Play — the Psychology of Human Relationships" (Grove Press Inc., New York).

Dr. Berne is a lecturer at the University of California Medical School. The book, although directed mainly toward his fellow doctors, has become a best-seller among the American general public.

With a bow of acknowledgement to Stephen Potter ("Gamesmanship") he writes simply, clearly, and wittily about the subterfuges human beings get up to in their relations with others, and why they do so.

These moves and counter-moves he calls games. People play them for many reasons: to avoid facing reality, to conceal their motives (from themselves and others), to duck an intimate relationship, to exploit a weakness in themselves or other people.

Dr. Berne says that because games are based on ulterior motives they must all have some element of exploitation. But there are "good" as well as "bad" games.

Among the "good" games is Cavalier, played often by men (often older and happily married) who don't want to seduce but only to show off their virtuosity and skill in compliment and flattery.

The female counterpart of Cavalier, says the doctor, may be conveniently called Blarney.

Among people in everyday life who play games with the greatest conviction, however, are those whom he terms Sulks.

The Sulk is a man who is angry with his mother for having "deserted" him, perhaps by getting sick when he was a child or having had other children. He has been sulking ever since. Although, as an adult, he may be a Don Juan, he does not like women.

The female Sulk is, of course, angry with father.

The games' always-expressive titles include "I Told You So," "Try and Collect," "Let's You and Him Fight," "Little Old Me," "Clown," "Now I've Got You," "Stop Me," "Wooden Leg," and "I'm Only Trying to Help You."

Many of the titles were supplied by patients. Dr. Berne holds that the homely names not only have more impact but are sometimes more precise than if expressed in the current scientific terminology.

Games are passed down through families. They may be diluted or altered from one generation to another, but there "seems to be a strong tendency" for people to marry players of the same game, or a complementary one. Similarly, they make friends among such players.

Here are some of the games:

HARRIED

THIS, says Dr. Berne, is played by the harried housewife.

Her situation requires her to fill a dozen occupations — mistress, mother, nurse, housemaid, etc. Since these roles are usually conflicting and fatiguing, their imposition gives rise in the course of years to the condition whose symptoms are summarised in the complaint "I'm tired."

Now, if the housewife is able to set her own pace and find enough satisfaction in loving her husband and children, she will enjoy her roles well enough. But if on the one hand she is driven by her inner Parent and called to account by the critical husband she has chosen for that purpose, and on the other is unable to get sufficient satisfaction from loving her family, she may grow more and more unhappy.

She has to find a way out, and that is the game of Harried.

The rules are simple. She takes on everything that comes, and even asks for more. She agrees with her husband's criticisms and accepts all her children's demands.

If she has to entertain at dinner, she not only feels she must function impeccably as a conversationalist, chatelaine over the household, interior decorator, caterer, glamor girl, virgin queen, and diplomat; she will also volunteer that morning to bake a cake and take the children to the dentist.

If she already feels harassed, she makes the day even more harried. Then in the middle of the afternoon she justifiably collapses and nothing gets done. She lets down her husband, the children, and their guests, and her self-reproaches add to her misery.

After this happens two or three times her marriage is in jeopardy, the children are confused, she loses weight, her hair is untidy, her face is drawn, and her shoes are scuffed. Then she appears in the psychiatrist's waiting-room, ready for hospital.

SWEETHEART

IN company, Mr. Brown makes a subtly derogatory remark about Mrs. Brown, disguised as an anecdote, and ends, "Isn't that right, sweetheart?"

Mrs. Brown tends to agree for two ostensibly adult reasons: (a) because the anecdote is mainly true; (b) because it would seem surly to disagree with a man who calls one "sweetheart" in public.

The psychological reason for her agreeing, however, is her depressive position. She married him precisely because she knew he would perform this service for her, exposing her deficiencies and thus saving her from the embarrassment of having to expose them herself.

Her parents accommodated her the same way when she was little.

The more tense the situation, and the closer the game is to exposure, the more bitterly is the word "sweetheart" enunciated, until the underlying resentment becomes obvious.

KICK ME

THIS game, says Dr. Berne, is played by men whose social manner is equivalent to wearing a sign that reads "Please Don't Kick Me." The temptation is almost irresistible, and when the natural result follows the man cries piteously, "But the sign says **don't** kick me." Then he adds incredulously, "Why does this always happen to me?"

One of the satisfactions in this game comes from inverted pride: "My misfortunes are better than yours."

If the people around him are restrained by kind-heartedness from striking at him, his behaviour becomes more and more provocative until he transgresses the limits and forces them to oblige. These are the cast out, the jilted, the job-losers.

The corresponding game among women is Threadbare. Often genteel, they take pains to be shabby. They see to it that their earnings never rise much above the subsistence level. If they have a windfall there are always enterprising young men who will help them get rid of it, giving them in return shares in a worthless business promotion.

CORNER

IN this game there are several moves and alternative moves.

1. Mrs. White suggests to her husband that they go to a movie. He agrees.

2a. Mrs. White makes an "unconscious" slip. She mentions in the course of conversation that the house needs painting. White had recently told her that their finances are strained; he asked her not to embarrass or annoy him by suggesting unusual expenditure for a while. This is therefore an ill-chosen moment to bring up the condition of the house, and White responds rudely.

2b. Or White himself steers the conversation round to the house, making it difficult for Mrs. White to resist the temptation to say that it needs painting. Then he responds rudely.

3. Mrs. White takes offence and says that if he is in one of his bad moods she will not go to the movie with him, and he had better go by himself.

4. White goes to the movie (or out with the boys), leaving Mrs. White to nurse her injured feelings at home.

There are two possible angles in this game:

A. Mrs. White knows well from experience that she is not supposed to take her husband's annoyance seriously. What he really wants is for her to show some appreciation of how hard he works to earn their living; then they could go off happily together.

But she refuses to play, and he feels badly let down. He leaves full of disappointment and resentment, while she stays at home looking abused but with a secret feeling of triumph.

B. White knows well from experience that he is not supposed to take her pique seriously. What she really wants is to be honeyed out of it; then they would go off happily.

But he refuses to play, knowing that his refusal is dishonest: he knows she wants to be coaxed, but pretends he doesn't. He leaves the house, feeling cheerful and relieved but looking wronged. She is left disappointed, resentful.

In each case the winner's position is, from a simple standpoint, irreproachable; all he or she has done is take the other literally. This is clearer in B, where he takes her refusal to go at face value. They both know that this is cheating, but since she said it she is cornered.

The most obvious psychological gain from this game is in the field of sex. Both the Whites find movies sexually stimulating, and it is more or less anticipated that after they return from the theatre they will make love. Hence whichever of them wants to avoid intimacy sets up the game in move 2a or 2b.

Closely allied to Corner, on the one hand, and to Threadbare, on the other, is the marital game of Lunch Bag.

The husband, who can well afford to have lunch at a good restaurant, nevertheless makes himself a few sandwiches every morning, which he takes to the office in a paper bag. In this way he uses up crusts of bread, leftovers from dinner, and paper bags which his wife saves for him.

This gives him complete control over the family finances, for what wife would dare buy herself a mink stole in the face of such self-sacrifice?

The husband reaps other advantages, such as the privilege of eating lunch by himself and catching up with his work during the lunch-hour.

LOOK HOW HARD I'VE TRIED

A MAN is told that he has a gastric ulcer, but keeps it a secret from his wife and friends. He continues working and worrying as hard as ever and one day collapses on the job.

When his wife is notified she gets the message instantly: "Look How Hard I Was Trying." Now she is supposed to appreciate him and feel sorry for all the mean things she has said and done.

In short, she is now supposed to love him, all previous methods of wooing her having failed.

Unfortunately for the husband, her solicitude is more apt to be motivated by guilt than love. Deep down she is likely to be resentful because he has taken unfair advantage of her.

In short, a diamond bracelet is a more honest instrument of courtship than a perforated stomach.

Now I've Got You • Clown • Try and Collect • I Told You So • Stop Me

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4885123

Continued from page 38

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

tenement and got into the squad car. After a moment, the squad car rolled off.

It was ten-thirty when he decided there had been another slip-up—and that she wasn't coming. He walked to Eighth Avenue and found a cab and went back uptown. Her apartment was as good a place to start as any he could think of. If the police had come there, bringing her or coming to pick her up, the doorman could tell him. He paid off the cab, and the doorman walked to him and said, "Hi. Guess we both slipped up."

"How?"

The way they'd slipped up was that, maybe half an hour after Mr. Moore had left, the garage had brought around Miss Sanderson's car, and he had telephoned up to her and she had answered the telephone and said she would be right down. And had come down in about five minutes.

"Alone?"

She had come down alone, but there was this. He couldn't swear to it, but he thought, when he came out again after telephoning from the lobby, there was a man in her car. Maybe the man from the garage, although usually they didn't stick around. Friend of hers, more likely.

Sure, she had looked all right. She'd said, "Good morning" like she always did—pleasant like she always was. Come to think of it, she had said something else. Something about it being a nice day to take a ride in the country.

Herrick didn't know what to think. The man who claimed to be her father was dead, so he couldn't be the man in the car. A policeman taking her some place to be questioned? Some second man working in association with the man who claimed—

Wait a minute. Yesterday, Nora had turned to this social worker, this—Howell. That was it. Howell—had turned to this social worker before anyone else. Herrick had never met a social worker, but he had a picture in his mind. Social workers would be sensible women, wearing low-heeled shoes. They probably would wear suits—mannish suits.

Nora had, again, turned to this Miss Howell. Together the two of them were off somewhere in Nora's car. He couldn't think where, unless to the Sanderson house in New Canaan. He couldn't think why.

"Public telephone inside?" he asked the doorman. There wasn't, but it would be all right if he used the lobby phone.

The fingerprints had not checked out at headquarters, which left Washington. Sometimes Washington can seem to take forever, but this time Washington was quick.

Detectives Lane and Mahoney were combing out the tenement in Little Smith Street when the telephone rang in the downstairs hall. Lane was nearest and took the call. It was Squad, relaying a report from Washington.

Whatever the dead man had been calling himself, Navy records showed he was Theodore Dawson; showed that he had enlisted in the Navy, in Detroit, in 1950 and had been discharged under honorable conditions in 1962. He had left the Navy as a machinist's mate second class, having been up and down the petty-officer ladder a good many times. Age at first enlistment given as twenty-six. Height, five ten and a half; weight 164 at time of discharge. Hair and eyes black; vision 20/18. Mole under left shoulder-blade. (Squad had checked that out. The cadaver had it.) Intended address when discharged on West Sixteenth Street, Manhattan.

The other man who had been in the flat, and had distributed his fingerprints rather widely through it, had no record in New York. Sorting machines in Washington still were sorting for them.

There was still one tenant to go—Luis Pedrango, third floor, street side. Pedrango worked somewhere—nobody seemed to know where—on a midnight to eight a.m. shift.

THE house in West Sixteenth Street was ancient brick, four storeys high. Dawson had had a room in the rear on the top floor. The room door was locked, but Paul Lane had what he needed in his pocket. He used the tool he carried, which was a very useful little gadget.

Lane turned a light on, using a pencil to trip the switch. A cot bed with a spread on it; a grey suit jacket, and the trousers to go with it on the bed; a couple of chairs and a wooden table; a chest of drawers; a single window opening on a fire escape. A cupboard under the window. A place, Lane thought, for a man to sleep in. He opened the cupboard. Three full bottles of blended whisky, and one half full. And a place for a man to drink in.

Lane carried the jacket over to the window and looked at it. Stains on the shoulders, the collar. Could be bloodstains. Beat a man over the head with a wooden chair, and the man bleeds before he dies. Only — not here. One of the things the deputy medical examiner was sure of was that Theodore Dawson had died where he was beaten.

Lane put the jacket back on the bed and examined the trousers. No stains on the trousers. Not cleaned recently, but not especially stained. He tossed the trousers with the coat. The lab boys would want both.

He went through the three drawers of the chest, remembering what he had touched, on which he would leave prints. Nothing but dust under the lining paper in the top drawer. Middle drawer, ditto. Bottom drawer —

An oblong of newsprint, cut carefully. A reproduction of a sketch — the sketch of a dark man with heavy beard showing; a thin-faced, black-haired man with eyes close together. It was a sketch artist's guess about the way a man had looked, drawn from what he had been told about the man — what, in this instance, he had been told by a dying man; by a warehouse guard who had surprised a man working on the lock of a storage room full of furs and had been blackjacked for it.

Paul Lane kept on looking at the sketch. He'd known a man who looked like that? That didn't feel right. Seen a picture of a man who looked something like this? That felt better.

Years ago, anyway. That felt right. When he was still in uniform? That felt right. Trouble was he'd been shifted around a lot when he was a patrolman—Staten Island, Bronx, all over the lot. Queens had been the worst.

Queens felt right. That would have been thirteen-fourteen years ago. A young cop standing in front of a dirty window looking at a picture which didn't mean anything. Woolgathering. He'd gathered a lot of wool in eighteen years on the force. My head is stuffed with wool, Paul Lane thought.

All the same, a man must have some good reason for cutting out a

To page 41

(a crisp change from the same old thing)

Tomorrow give your children a lunch that will stay crisp and fresh all day long. Give them a Vita lunch. Vita-Weat and anything. Anything tasty. Anything nourishing. Give them the goodness of 100% whole wheat. *P.S.* Don't forget Dad would thoroughly enjoy the change too.

Peek Frean's Vita-Weat

VW18

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QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Continued from page 40

newspaper sketch of a murderer and putting it carefully away.

. . . . .

Whoever was coming up the stairs was coming up solidly. It was a no-nonsense kind of tread. Detective Timothy Mahoney, who had been sitting on the third step of the flight of stairs which led to the fourth floor, stood up.

The man reached the landing and looked at Mahoney, nodded, and went to the left of the two doors which faced him. Pedrango, all right. Mahoney said, "Mr. Pedrango?"

"Yes."

"I'm a police officer," Mahoney said, and showed his shield. "Got a minute?"

"For the police," Luis Pedrango said, "I've always got a minute." He put the key in the lock and opened the door. Mahoney followed the short man in.

"A man who lives in this building was killed last night," Mahoney said. "Man named Davis. At least, that's the name he seems to have been using. Thomas Davis, the janitor's got him down as. Lives—used to live—on the floor above this. In the back."

"Dark man? A little under six feet? What they call a sharp dresser?"

MAHONEY shrugged. "Not when we found him. Not a sharp dresser, I mean. The rest—yes. You knew him?"

"By sight. Knew his name was Davis."

"Somebody beat him to death," Mahoney said. "Around nine last night."

"Let's me out, I guess," Pedrango said. "I was out eating. But are you sure it was around nine o'clock? Not later?"

"About then. Give or take half an hour. Why?"

"An incident," Pedrango said. "At about eleven last night. I'd been reading. It was about time to change to go to work. I looked out the window. A car stopped in front. A man got out of it and came in here. Tall man. Sports jacket and slacks type. Went to the floor above, I think. Ten, fifteen minutes later he came down again. Didn't seem in any special hurry. While he was there I didn't hear any rumpus. Nobody yelling or anything. I went down about five mintues after this man did, and the car was gone."

"You think this man went to Davis's apartment?"

"He could have."

"Can you tell me what he looked like?"

"No more than I have," Pedrango said. "Like a man off his beat. Out of his environment."

. . . . .

Eleanor Howell shook her head at Edith and took the telephone up herself. She said, "Miss Howell's office speaking."

"This is Herrick Moore," she heard. "A friend of Nora Sanderson. Is Nora there, Miss Howell? Has she been in touch with you in—oh, in the past few hours?"

"No," Eleanor said, "not since last night, Mr. Moore. What's happened, Mr. Moore?"

"She was going to give this man money," he said. "You know about that?"

"Yes," she said.

"She was to have picked up money and taken it to this man," Herrick Moore said. "I thought I had plenty of time to — to stop her. Because the man's dead. Somebody killed him. But apparently there's another man. With her in the car; she said something to the doorman about going for a drive in the country," Herrick Moore said.

"They live in the country," Eleanor said. "Near New Canaan. You've got a car, Mr. Moore?"

"Yes."

"I think we'd better drive up to New Canaan," Eleanor Howell said. "On the way you can make things a little clearer, Mr. Moore. Pick me up at my apartment in about twenty minutes. You'll do that? How long ago did she leave with this man?"

"That's it," he said. "Almost two hours, roughly."

Twenty minutes later a trim woman came out of the apartment building as if she had been standing in the lobby waiting for him. She was not wearing flat-heeled shoes. She was carrying a small animal carrier.

"Mr. Moore?" she said, and looked at him. Then she nodded her head, apparently in approval. "You'll do," she said.

The black box yowled.

"Be quiet," the white-haired woman said, and opened the near rear door of the car and put the box on the seat. It yowled.

She opened the near front door before Herrick Moore could do anything — except stand and stare down at her — and got into the car. He went around it and got in behind the wheel.

"The cat's named Toby," Eleanor Howell said. "I think he may help us. We'd probably have to look all over the place for one. You go through Twenty-third and turn downtown for less than a block and then very sharp to the right and you're on the ramp."

Herrick Moore did as he was told.

"Now," Eleanor Howell said, when they were on the West Side Highway, "this man of ours — I think it was this man — tried to kill me."

To page 46

THE BOYFRIEND

"Any friend of yours, honey—is a friend of mine!"

Australian Mild Cheddar—for the family.

Australian Semi-Matured Cheddar—not too strong, not too mild.

Australian Matured Cheddar—sharp, zestful.

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Don't delay your discovery a day longer. Enjoy your favourite Cheddar while you adventure with other varieties; there are over 30 different Australian cheeses produced. Cheese adds enjoyment to eating, colour to cookery, valuable proteins to your diet.

You can melt it, grate it, spread it, crumble it, cream it, grill it, slice it or just nibble away at a chunk of it. Write away for a free cheese leaflet* or let the expert at your local cheese counter be your guide. Taste Australian cheese today and you'll be an expert, too!

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AUSTRALIAN CHEESE

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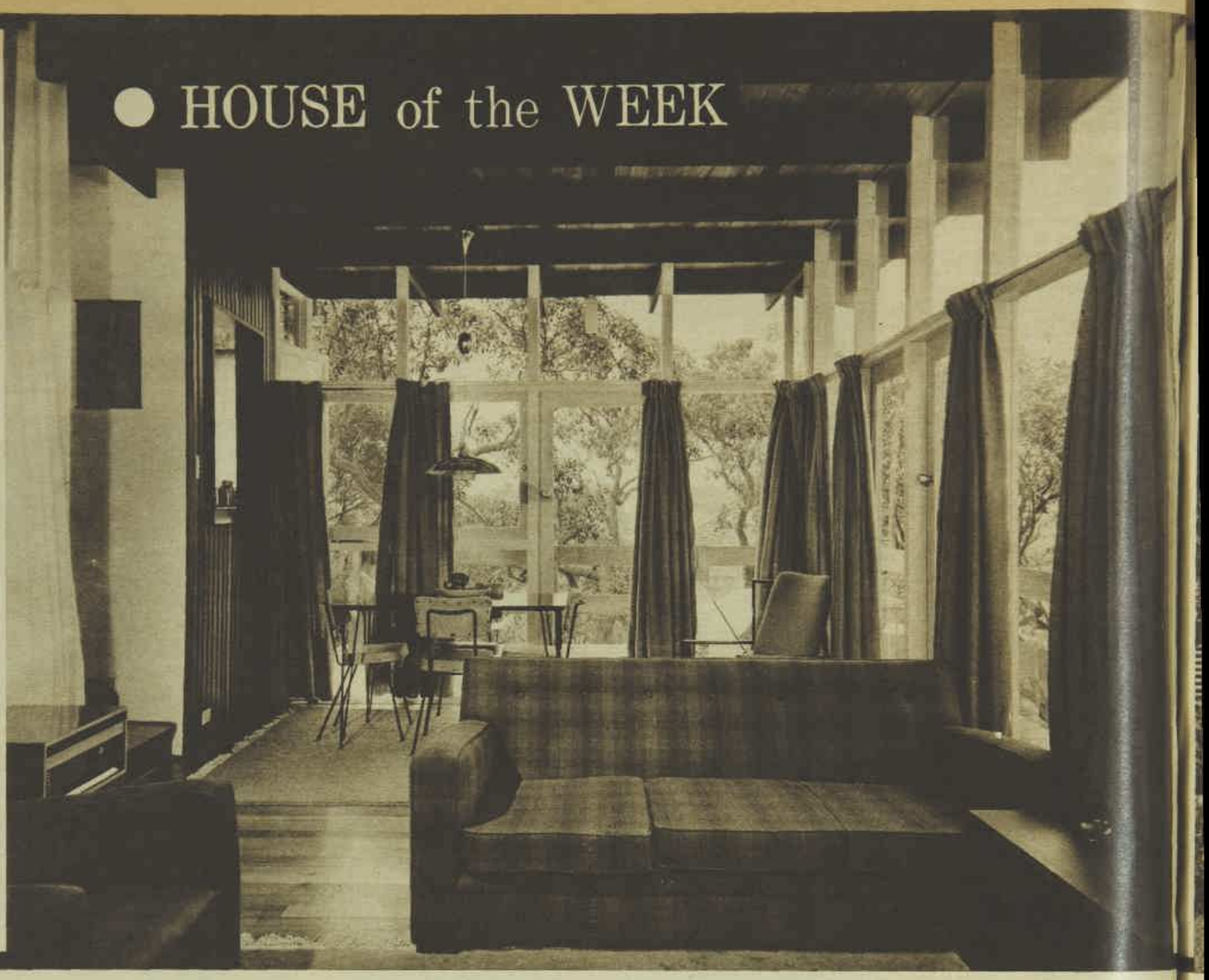
● HOUSE of the WEEK

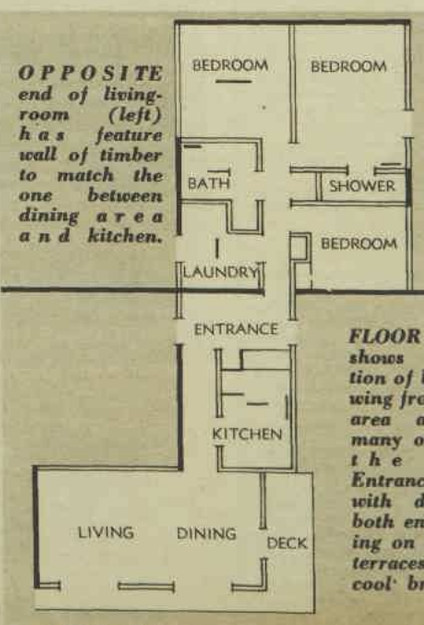


GLASS windows, doors, and highlights make Mr. and Mrs. Oom's living - room seem much larger. Steps separate lounge section from dining area, which is connected to kitchen by a square "pass-through," useful in entertaining, set in timber panelling.

Three-bedroom home for 12,000 dollars

● Architect Robert Stafford Sheldon designed this 12-square house for Mr. and Mrs. Peter Oom on a difficult site at Elanora Heights, N.S.W., as an experiment in economical and quick building methods. The contract price was $12,000 (£6000).

OPPOSITE end of living-room (left) has feature wall of timber to match the one between dining area and kitchen.



FLOOR PLAN shows separation of bedroom wing from living area and the many outlets to the garden. Entrance hall, with doors at both ends opening on to paved terraces, forms cool breezeway.

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SITED high on a rocky shelf, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Oom's house at Elanora Heights, N.S.W., commands beautiful views of Sydney's northern beaches from its wide windows. Living - rooms are in lower section, bedrooms in higher section behind brick wall.

ONE reason for the low contract price of Mr. and Mrs. Oom's house was the fact that its entire framework was prefabricated in the builder's own backyard, then erected on the site in a matter of days.

Another, and more important reason, was that the architect designed the house on the modular system, which he considers excellent for small housing. (A module is a basic shape used as a standard and repeated throughout the design.)

Mr. Sheldon used a three-foot module in the large quantities of glass, timber, and waterproofed panels which are a feature of the split-level design. The base of the building is red textured brick.

With two roof levels and three floor levels, the house is terraced to follow the line of the ground and thus avoid costly foundations.

Because of the distance from the road, building materials were taken to the back of the block and building operations were based from the backyard area. (This saved hundreds of pounds in handling charges.)

The house consists of three bedrooms, bathroom, and laundry in one slightly elevated wing at the rear of the house, and family room, kitchen, combined living- and dining-room on the two lower front levels.

Utilising every inch of space, the house gains even further spaciousness with a timber deck which projects from the 24ft. by 12ft. living-room by 3ft. on one side, 9ft. on the other. Courtyards on either side of the entrance hall/family room also make the house feel much larger.

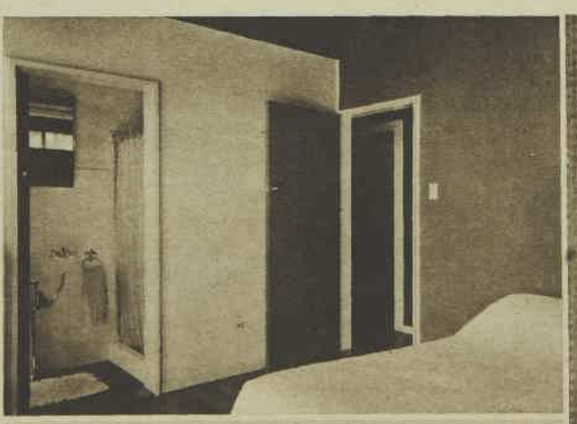
The contract price included steps up from the double carport (bricked in for privacy on one side) and even a private shower-room off the main bedroom.

Tasmanian oak and Queensland maple were used for the polished floor areas and built-in cupboards.

Years before when a teenager, Mr. Oom, who is now a chemical engineer, bought his block for only £300.

"I kept it for 15 years — and am I glad I did. Why, prices around here are now over £2000 a block."

—ANNE OLSEN



MAIN BEDROOM (above) adjoins shower-room with basin and toilet. Sliding door saves space.

Pictures by Barry Cullen

VERANDA (left) of oiled timber railing and decking extends living-room on two sides.

KITCHEN (right) as seen from combined family room/entrance hall across buffet bar.

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WOMEN OF AUSTRALIA UNITE!!!

Heard the good word? There's been a revolution in irons — a revolution that can give you more ironing pleasure and leisure than you ever dreamed possible! No longer need ironing be the toughest half of wash-day! There's a new day dawning, sisters! Out with the old! In with the new — a 1966 General Electric!

COMPARE YOUR PRESENT IRON WITH A 1966 G-E, THEN STRIKE A BLOW FOR IRONING FREEDOM!

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— the only **automatic** Spray Iron

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finest appliances in a woman's world

G.E. Automatic Toaster. 1966 styling. Toasts exactly to your taste. Pops up audibly to tell you toast is done.

G.E. De-luxe All-Purpose Mixer. 2 Mixers in 1. A Powerful (135 Watts) Stand Mixer and a Lightweight Portable, too!

G.E. Automatic Coffee maker. Exclusive 'Peek-a-brew' gauge counts the cups. Switches off, keeps warm, automatically.

G.E. 'Jumbo-bag' Vacuum Cleaner. Biggest capacity for fewer emptyings — Australia's most powerful cleaner.

G.E. 'Instant Heat' Hairdryer. Fastest drying ever because heating unit is next to bonnet. Luxury Carrying Case.

A reader describes the wasted years, wasted money, and wasted emotions after her husband became . . .

A POKER-MACHINE ADDICT

FAMILY AFFAIRS

● I didn't know it then, but the unluckiest day of my life was the day a well-meaning friend nominated my husband for membership of a club. On that day, two years ago, he took his first step down the sordid track that led to debt, financial ruin, and the threat of a prison sentence.

JIM is my second husband. From the time we were married four years ago, he was never much of a provider.

Also his home was somehow never quite enough, no matter how much I tried.

It seemed essential to his well-being to buy popularity during many hours spent with his mates in hotel bars and other places where men gather without women.

And money just slipped through his fingers. He never knew where it went and he never seemed really to care.

Fortunately, my own salary was large enough to bear the main burden of the financial responsibility of our household.

You may well ask — why did I stay with him?

But he could be warm and loving and charming, and although our quarrels were noisy and frequent—always over money—there were the happy times. And while there's life there's hope.

There was one thing—Jim was never really a gambler. A mild flutter on a horse sometimes. An occasional lottery ticket. Until he joined the club and discovered poker machines.

Resentment

The effect was insidious at first. Late nights . . . but then I'd always had those. A gradually increasing secretiveness about his comings and goings; about where his money went.

A gradually increasing resentment at my questions — "No nagging woman's going to get over the top of me." A gradually increasing moroseness in his manner. I didn't know it then, but these were the hallmarks of the compulsive gambler.

My young daughter suffered, too — not financially, at any rate, not yet. But I could see it coming, when the years passed and she was ready for university.

She suffered emotionally though. Partly because of the rows between us, steadily growing in number and volume, the periods of peace between growing shorter and shorter and more and more tentative. And partly because of his changed attitude toward her.

Once they had been quite good friends, but now he seemed to treat her as if she were a juvenile delinquent in the making. I didn't understand it then, but now I can see that he was probably projecting his own image. And it caused even more rows.

His behaviour grew worse and worse, our financial difficulties more serious. He started demanding that I write him cheques to pay for his gambling.

I still had that one safeguard — a bank account in my own name.

It was insurance that the rent was paid and our hire-purchase commitments met. Usually, I gave him the cheques he demanded. Life would have been unbearable if I hadn't. It was bad enough already.

Something had to break. After about a year, he broke down one night and said he couldn't go on. He was driving himself to destruction and it had to stop.

I was so relieved I nearly cried. At last he was coming to his senses. A couple of weeks later he voluntarily entered a psychiatric hospital.

I was as lonely as hell, but happy, too, because I thought that when he came out he'd be a new Jim, ready to tackle his responsibilities and make something of his life.

I should have known better. I should have realised that a mere six weeks in hospital wasn't nearly long enough to cure a compulsion that had been nearly 40 years in the making.

Because it takes more than tranquillisers and group therapy sessions. Maybe these things help. But it also takes willpower and a real self-knowledge and self-respect. These Jim did not have. It also takes constant help. And this he rejected.

He was supposed to return to the hospital for out-patient treatment for a long time. But he was ashamed of the six weeks he spent there. Within a month he was repudiating all he had learned there, was mocking the psychiatrists as fools.

Within two months he was back at the machines — a different club this time, bigger, brighter, and better club, with more poker machines, higher jackpots.

In a rare moment of insight, Jim invited me to join the club as an associate member. I agreed for a number of reasons. I thought — and how wrong I was — that if I was there to keep an eye on him, I could put a brake on his spending.

I had a selfish reason, too. It was months since I'd been out of the house except to go to work and do the shopping.

In earlier days, we'd often gone out together to theatres and parties. I was sick to death of spending my nights staring at television, hardly knowing what I was seeing, desperately worried about where he was and how much he was spending.

I didn't go often.

It wasn't bad at first. We'd sit in the lounge and have a few drinks and listen to the band; sometimes even dance.

But after a while it reached the stage where we'd walk in the front door, straight to the nearest poker-machine. Jim would call the steward for drinks and we'd settle down to a steady few hours on the machine.

And it's no exaggeration to say I've seen him lose £30 or £40 in a few hours.

During this few months I got some insight into how people become addicts.

There's something hypnotic about the machines, something to do with the whirling symbols, the lights, the constant din like a factory in full production. Something to do with a feeling of mass desperation as more than 100 people pull away with the common purpose of winning that elusive jackpot.

Won sometimes

We didn't always lose, of course. Sometimes we won—the most dangerous thing of all for a compulsive gambler. Win a couple of times and you get the feeling that you've got the game won. You just know you can beat the things. When you reach this stage, all reason disappears and you go on and on until you walk out broke.

The Jim I was existing with now was a complete metamorphosis from the man I had married three years before. All the warmth and generosity and affection were gone, replaced by a surly introspection.

In the early days he used to take an interest in his home; help me with the housework and the shopping.

And he loved to cook. He used to spend hours pottering in the kitchen, a bottle of beer at his elbow, and turn out magnificent meals. Now he hardly came home to eat, let alone cook.

He never lifted a finger to help with the housework.

Unemployment

Naturally, his work suffered, too. In the early days of our marriage he was almost too punctilious about his job. Now he just didn't seem to care.

Every argument we had was an excuse for giving up yet another job. In that last year he had five jobs, with long periods of unemployment between.

Every new job was on the downhill path and it seemed inevitable that, saving a miracle, I would be working until I either dropped in my tracks or retired.

The multiple responsibilities of my daughter, my home, and my job were now almost beyond endurance.

I can see now that throughout the two long years of trial, we were working up to a crisis. At last it came. Jim left yet another job — and disappeared.

At first his disappearance was a relief. I almost hoped he would never come back. Financially I was at rock-bottom.

The few friends I had left —you've got to talk to someone — advised me not to have him back. "He'll never reform," they said. "Your first duty is to your daughter."

Perhaps they were right—in theory — but there was much more to it than that. There was the rapport that builds up between people over the years. There was still that faint glimmer of hope that always struggles to survive in the human heart.

Then came that phone call from his employer.

Apparently, in a last desperate bid to recoup his losses, Jim had stolen some money. For the first time I heard the frightening word, "police."

I found out how he had done it and the method was so clumsy and so obvious that it was almost like a cry for help. It was almost as if Jim had said, "I'm desperate. Please catch me before I do any more damage."

I performed my last act of humiliation. I went to see Jim's employer. I can't remember now what I said, but somehow it saved the day. He agreed not to act, provided the money was **paid back. He was an understanding and generous man.**

I will always remember those days when it all hung in the balance. When I wondered how one explained to a 13-year-old girl that her stepfather was in prison; when I asked myself how I could ever face him again.

I had been unnerved many times in the past two years, but in those few days I was really frightened.

Jim isn't a criminal. Weak and lacking in self-control, certainly. Suffering from a personality disorder, probably. To be weak is regrettable . . . but it isn't a crime.

Surely the people who deliberately pander to the weakness in others, their only reason the profit motive, are at the very least more morally wrong than those who succumb to temptation.

And don't think that clubs rush to the rescue of families who are in trouble because of a member's addiction to poker machines. They don't. My frantic letters did not even receive the courtesy of a reply.

Now Jim is home again, but I still don't know what the future holds for us. He's been badly frightened.

I know I'll have to hold the financial reins of our home for a long time to come. Even though he's working again and making his contribution there are still times when I look at him and wonder how I'll be able to really trust him again.

The wasted years . . . wasted money . . . wasted emotions will take a long, long, time to make up.

Soon I'll be 40. It's time to be established, secure. Instead, we are just at the beginning and without real knowledge of the outcome. I hope we still have time to make it.

The reader has supplied her name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.

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Continued from page 41

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

The teller of the Fairfield County Trust Company, New Canaan Office, looked at the dark, slender girl in front of him.

"In twenties, please, Mr. Bailey," Nora Sanderson said. "It's for a special purpose, Mr. Bailey."

"I realise that, Miss Sanderson. In twenties," he said, reproach in his voice. "Three thousand dollars."

The teller took six flat packets of bills from his cash drawer—six pre-counted packets, with a band around each and "$500" printed on each band. He pushed them across the counter.

The man had said twenties. He had said, "Big bills can be a nuisance, honey."

Whoever he was, he had said that. Whoever he was, he was waiting outside, as he had waited outside in the city, for her to come and give him the money. He didn't look—still didn't look—like the man in the tenement flat; the dirty, evil man. But he knew everything that man knew; made the same threats that man had made. Today, as he drank the coffee she had made him, ate the eggs and toast, he had been more specific.

"Been talking to this friend of mine, Daughter," he said. "This lawyer friend. He figures what with one thing and another it's gone up a little, Daughter. Up to ten thousand."

She shook her head. "I told you there isn't that much," she said. "Without—" She stopped.

"Then," the man said, "you'll just have to go to your papa—your rich papa. Tell him—I don't care what you tell him. Or, tell you what, we'll both go see him. You can introduce us—father, meet father."

For a moment she felt physical sickness, the beginning of nausea. She stood up. He said, "Going somewhere?"

"To call the hospital," she said. "I call a little after nine every morning. If I don't call they'll think something's wrong."

But when she went toward the office, where the nearest extension was, he followed her. When she picked up the telephone he leaned in the doorway, watching and listening.

She remembered the number. When she was answered she said, "Nurse Howell, please." The girl was very confused. The chance was that she would not pass along the message Nora, with the man listening, could give her to pass along.

"Father's nurse isn't there at the moment," she told the man. "I'll have to call back in a few minutes."

"It's time we—" the man began, but then the house phone rang in the foyer. She started to move toward it and he said, "No. We don't want visitors."

It's Herrick, she thought.

The house telephone rang again, and this time she tried to run past the man in the doorway, tried to reach the ringing telephone.

He grabbed her by an arm and wrenched the arm, forcing it back behind her. She waited anxiously, almost desperately, for the bell to ring again. It did not.

"Given it up," the man said. "That's good. You expecting somebody, Daughter?"

She shook her head.

He did not finish. His body tensed. She did not hear anything. But then, from outside the apartment, she heard the elevator door open.

After a few seconds the door chimes sounded. She moved away from the desk.

"Wouldn't try anything," the man said, his voice very low. He had his right hand in a jacket pocket. He pulled it out and a black leather-covered cylinder was in his hand. He shook it in his hand, seemed to play with it. It was like a little snake. When the chimes stopped, he put the little snake back in the pocket it lived in.

FOR some seconds the man did not say anything, merely stood and watched her.

Then he said, "You'd better call the hospital again. Just, 'How's papa this morning, nurse?' Nothing to give anybody ideas."

She dialled the hospital and talked to the nurse. Her father had had a restful night.

"I'll come to see him this afternoon," Nora said, and the nurse said, "Yes. Do that, dear."

She put the receiver back and for a moment stood, unmoving, her hand on the telephone.

There was more money she could—could take. It was in the New Canaan bank; in an account she and her father held jointly. Since her mother died she had paid the household bills out of the joint account. There was probably about four thousand dollars in the New Canaan account.

"The three thousand I promised you," she said, and was surprised at the steadiness of her own voice—at its matter-of-factness. "I can get another three thousand if we go to New Canaan."

"You've got a car?"

"Yes."

"You have to go get it? Or will they bring it around?"

"They'll bring it around."

"Tell them, Daughter."

She called the garage; told them.

In about ten minutes the house telephone rang and he said, "Answer it, girl. And watch your step."

She answered it. They had brought the car around.

"Tell you how we'll do it," the man said.

How they would do it, he would go down first. She would give him maybe five minutes. If she didn't hear from him he'd be in the car. She'd make out the cheques—one on the New York bank, the other on this New Canaan bank. They'd stop off at the New York bank and then drive up to this New Canaan place.

She watched him pick up his suitcase. When he had carried it out of the apartment—and stopped at the door, and looked at the door, and looked both ways along the corridor and then moved off in the direction, not of the elevators but

To page 54

...the new American recipe worth millions that gives you the tastiest, sauciest spaghetti ever—by Kia-ora!

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Protective foods like fresh fruit and vegetables are rich in the vitamins and minerals necessary to your body for good health.

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● If you're having a baby this year in one of the really big Australian hospitals, one of the things you'll probably have to decide is whether you believe an expectant father's proper place is in the labor ward — or the nearest pub.

MANY hospitals now are offering facilities for fathers who want to be with their wives during labor; many doctors are saying sourly to each other that a father's proper place is in the pub.

And many expectant fathers, poor souls, haven't a choice, anyway; they *know* their proper place is either at work or rushing home from work to cook, wash, and sweep for the expected baby's older brothers and sisters.

This subject of fathers in labor wards is one I hardly dare raise again. I mentioned it some years ago and had so many letters from readers arguing the pros and cons that I felt I ended up owing letters to about half the adult female population of Australia.

But it is interesting that while our hospitals are slowly overcoming the inadequacies of their old buildings and providing accommodation for fathers who wish to be present at the birth of their children, many doctors overseas are gradually changing their views and beginning to urge men to keep out of a situation where they can be of little use.

Dr. Jean Forbes, senior medical officer of maternity and child welfare with the Nottinghamshire County Council, regards it as purely a matter of "keeping up with the Joneses — wives ask their husbands to remain with them purely because their friends or other members of their families have done it," she says. "It's become a status symbol." Her view is that husbands who watch their wives give birth may find it a shattering experience and one they'll regret the rest of their lives.

My objections were not on these grounds at all, merely on the grounds that everyone else in the labor ward, from the mother down to the most junior member of the staff, is 100 percent involved in an absorbing task.

The mother might well find her husband's presence a pleasure during the early stages of labor, but in the final stages it would only distract her to have to give him a thought.

No woman — no female creature of any sort, come to think of it—welcomes any kind of interruption that breaks that supreme concentration on the job in hand.

Question to be debated for donkeys' years

A NERVOUS woman going into labor for the first time might think, ahead of the event, that she'd want her husband there.

If she's made that arrangement, both the hospital and her husband should give her every chance to change her mind at the last moment *if she wants to*. Often enough, those who are apprehensive beforehand have everything beautifully under control when the moment comes.

Obviously this question of whether fathers are to be present or to be banished is going to be debated for donkeys' years.

It's a matter of temperament. For some women it may be the most desirable thing in the world; for others the most undesirable.

The thing I shouldn't like to see is either husband or wife agreeing to it against their inclinations and just because it's becoming the "in" thing to do.

Some British doctors also are urging women to have their babies at home, on the grounds that the mother becomes a mere passenger in a hospital, and that she's denied the proper relationship between herself and her child.

There are probably fewer babies born in their own homes in Australia than in any Western country in the world. Again, I don't know that I'd choose this. It's a magnificent idea in theory, but, in the average Australian home, I don't know that it would work out too well.

Houses aren't big enough and help is too hard to come by. The end result would be that the mother (unless it was a first baby) got too much involved with what was going on in the rest of the house, got up too soon, took over the housekeeping again long before she was really ready to do it.

Babies at home would be a workable arrangement only where you had a competent housekeeper, a nurse for the older children, and a well-trained domestic staff shut away from you behind heavy baize doors in the servants' wing of your ancestral mansion.

Taught deep breathing — but few exercises

THE Queen's gynaecologist, Sir John Peel, has sounded a note of warning against a too-vigorous program of exercises during pregnancy.

Boiled down, what he said (to an audience of 500 Italian doctors) really amounts to this: Check with your doctor; don't do a whole lot of exercises your friends recommend to you.

He said, "There is no evidence that the relaxation of voluntary muscles helps those muscles used during childbirth or that the panting method of breathing relieves pain."

He objects to any techniques which indoctrinate the patients with the idea that drugs and anaesthetics are necessarily harmful. His patients (they have included the Queen, Princess Margaret, and the young Duchess of Kent) are taught deep-breathing, but very few exercises.

All of these things, it seems to me, are opinions about fashions that come and go.

My advice (strictly personal and unacceptable to experts real or self-appointed) is that it's wise to choose a doctor you have confidence in, follow his or her advice, and close your ears to the propaganda of well-meaning friends.

Women have been producing babies for quite a time now. There's no reason to suppose you won't be just as good at it as anyone else.

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NUT LOAVES

SLICED AND BUTTERED, nut loaves (left) are delicious for morning or afternoon tea. After loaf is cooked (below) remove lid to let the steam escape.

● A moist nut loaf, baked in its own special tin, is a simple yet delicious type of cake to serve for morning or afternoon tea.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

TO make a perfect nut loaf, there are a few essential points to remember. They are:

- Place circle of greased greaseproof paper, cut to size, in base of lid which forms the bottom of tin.
- Brush inside of tin well with melted butter or substitute so the loaf will be easy to remove when cooked.
- Fill tins half full with mixture—no more, or the mixture as it rises in cooking may overflow tin.
- After filling mixture into tin, place on firmly the top lid, which has been lightly greased on the inside. Stand tin upright on baking tray before placing in oven.
- Most nut-loaf tins have a small hole in top to allow steam to escape. To test whether loaf is cooked, put a very fine skewer through this hole.
- When loaf is cooked, remove top lid—or top and bottom lids—and allow loaf to cool slightly before attempting to remove it from the tin. Nut loaves, because they partly steam in cooking, are very soft and fragile to handle when first taken from the oven; they become firmer as they cool.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the following recipes.

RAISIN WALNUT LOAF

Three cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1½ cups sour milk.

Sift together flour, soda, salt, and spice, chop raisins. Cream butter, gradually beat in brown sugar; beat well. Stir in raisins and nuts. Add sour milk alternately with dry ingredients, blending well after each addition. Fill into 2 large well-greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

BANANA COCONUT ROLL

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 medium-sized very ripe bananas, 1 dessertspoon finely grated orange rind, ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 1 cup desiccated coconut, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Sift together dry ingredients. Cream butter, gradually add sugar, creaming well. Add unbeaten eggs, mashed bananas, and orange rind; blend thoroughly. Combine milk with essences. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with the flavored milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients; blend thoroughly after each addition. Stir in coconut and nuts. Turn into 2 large well-greased nut-loaf tins, bake in moderate oven 60 to 70 minutes.

GINGER SPICE ROLL

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ cup chopped ginger, ½ cup sugar, ¾ cup milk, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 egg.

Sift together dry ingredients, rub in butter, then add ginger. Mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Fill into 1 large greased nut-loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

HONEY WALNUT LOAF

One cup milk, 1 cup honey, ½ cup sugar, 2½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg.

Combine in saucepan milk, honey, and sugar; heat just to lukewarm, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved; stir in butter; cool. Sift flour, soda, and salt. Add to honey mixture with walnuts and unbeaten egg. Beat until well blended, about 2 minutes. Turn into 2 large well-greased nut-loaf tins; bake in moderately slow oven approximately 45 minutes.

APRICOT ALMOND ROLL

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ½ cup water, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup chopped almonds or walnuts, 1 cup dried apricots, warm water.

Cover apricots with warm water, set aside to soak 10 minutes. Drain, cut into pieces. Cream butter or substitute, gradually beat in sugar. Add the egg, beat well. Add half the sifted flour, mix well. Blend in water and orange juice, then mix in well remaining flour. Stir in apricots and nuts. Turn into 2 large well-greased loaf tins; let stand 20 minutes. Bake in moderately hot oven 45 to 50 minutes.

HONEY SPICE ROLL

Two and a quarter cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon each of cinnamon, ground cloves, and ginger, 1 cup sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup honey, 1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind, ½ cup strong black coffee, ½ cup each raisins and chopped nuts.

Sift together dry ingredients. Cream butter well, gradually beat in sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add honey and lemon rind, mix well. Add the cooled coffee alternately with the dry ingredients. Stir in raisins and nuts. Turn into 2 large well-greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

SULTANA NUT ROLL

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Beat together butter and sugar, beat in egg. Stir in sultanas and nuts; stir in sifted flour and milk. Fill into 1 large or 2 small greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes.

PRUNE NUT LOAF

One cup uncooked prunes, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ cup chopped nuts, 2 eggs.

Cut prunes into small pieces, combine with sugar, water, butter, salt, and spices; bring to boil, cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, set aside to cool 10 minutes. Sift flour. Beat eggs in large bowl, stir in prune mixture and nuts, blend well. Add flour; blend until all dry particles are moistened. Fill into 2 large well-greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.

MALTED MARMALADE LOAF

Three cups self-raising flour, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teapoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon malted milk, 1½ cups mixed fruit, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour, cinnamon, salt, and malted milk, add fruit and sugar. Beat egg, add marmalade, melted butter, and milk. Fold into dry ingredients. Fill into 2 large well-greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.

WALNUT BUTTER LOAF

Four ounces butter, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ¼ cup white sugar, ¾ cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Melt butter in saucepan, add walnuts. Stir over low heat until butter is dark brown; remove from heat. Remove walnuts to separate dish, reserving butter in pan.

To butter in pan add the brown and white sugar and milk; blend well, cool. Sift together dry ingredients. Make well in centre, gradually stir in the butter mixture; stir in walnuts. Turn into 2 large well-greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven approximately 50 minutes.

DATE NUT LOAF

Quarter pound dates, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups plain flour, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Chop dates, combine them with soda, pour over the boiling water; set aside to cool. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, beat in egg. Sift flour with salt, add to creamed mixture alternately with cooled date mixture; stir in nuts. Fill into 2 large or 4 small well-greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderately slow oven 50 to 60 minutes.

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KEBAB RECIPE WINS $10

● A well-flavored marinade is heated and served separately in a sauce in the unusual recipe for Sosaties which wins $10 prize.

RECIPES for Chocolate Fudge Slice and for Prune Cake win consolation prizes of $2 each.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

SOSATIES

One boned shoulder mutton or lamb, 1lb. belly pork, 4 big onions, 2 tablespoons curry powder, ½ teaspoon turmeric, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups vinegar, 2 cups water, ½ cup stewed dried apricots, 4 bayleaves, 1 tablespoon coconut, ½ cup raisins, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons oil.

Cut meat into 1in. squares. Slice onions, fry in 2 tablespoons cooking oil. Add curry, turmeric, sugar, flour, coconut, pepper, salt, and vinegar to onion. Add apricots and raisins, cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add water and bayleaves; pour sauce over prepared meat and leave covered in refrigerator 2 to 3 days, stirring daily.

Place drained meat on long skewers, alternating with onions, apricots, and raisins. (Makes approximately 6 kebabs.) Grill over coals of barbecue, or under griller, until cooked as desired. Serve on plain boiled rice. Heat remaining sauce, serve separately.

First Prize of $10 to Mrs. Z. Smart, 15 Gainsborough Ave., Ferryden Park, Adelaide.

PRUNE CAKE

One pound prunes, 2 tablespoons sugar, 8oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, 3 large eggs, 1¾ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ cup prune juice, pinch salt.

Cook prunes until soft in just enough water to cover. When almost cooked add 2 tablespoons sugar. When cool, remove stones without breaking prunes too much. Reserve ½ cup juice.

Cream butter, adding sugar gradually. Beat until light and creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour, cocoa, cinnamon, salt, and nutmeg 3 times. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in prune juice, add alternately with flour to creamed mixture; fold in lightly. Add nuts and prunes. Turn into well-greased and paper-lined 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderately slow oven 1¼ to 1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of $2 to E. Hunter, 20 Mars Street, Carlisle, W.A.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE SLICE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup coconut, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Melt butter, add to brown sugar, beat well. Add beaten egg and golden syrup, mix well. Sift flour, cocoa, salt; add coconut. Stir into butter mixture, adding milk and vanilla. Turn into greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When hot from oven, spread with chocolate icing. Cut into fingers when cold.

Consolation Prize of $2 to Mrs. V. Moore, 28 Waratah St., Bexley, N.S.W.

SOSATIES are marinaded then grilled. See recipe.

Home hints

● Useful household hints win a prize of $2 each for readers.

TO repel ants when eating outdoors, draw a heavy white chalk mark round outside edge of the picnic table. Ants will not cross the chalk line to get at the food. — Mrs. V. Clark, 49 Light St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A rubber mat on the floor in front of the fuse box eliminates the possibility of shock should the floor be damp. — Mrs. J. Lighton, 666 High St., Armadale, S1, Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

If baby is a restless sleeper, wrap a single bed quilt right round the mattress. This quilt later can graduate to a single bed with the child.—Mrs. J. Sawyer, Box 102, P.O., Kyneton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

If straps on sling-back shoes begin to slip, stick a narrow piece of foam rubber to the inside of the straps and they will hold firmly.—Mrs. H. M. Jesser, 15 Boulton St., Toowoomba, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When you receive your combined TV and radio licence, it is a good idea to attach it to the back of your TV set with adhesive tape—saves searching when needed.—Mrs. T. Dwyer, 100 Curran St., Koongal, Rockhampton, Qld.

I could kiss the man who makes it

'Savlon' sends away the nasty sting of heat and nappy rash; it stops soreness after I've done the wrong thing (or is it the right thing?). It makes me smooth and soft and happy after every bath. S'wonderful. 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream contains a gentle antiseptic, which cools, soothes, prevents infection and helps nature heal — all at the same time. There's nothing nicer for babies. All mothers should buy a big tube. Then they get kisses, too. 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream or Liquid — containing 'Hibitane' — from all chemists.

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Continued from page 46

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

of the enclosed fire stairs—she did try something. She dialled Herrick's number and waited—and after she had listened for what seemed a long time to the ringing signal, put the telephone back in its stand.

She wrote two cheques. The first left her only a few hundred in her own account; the second brought the housekeeping account down to eight hundred.

She said "Good morning" to the doorman and, vaguely—with vague hope that he might remember; that he might tell somebody—about its being a nice day for a drive into the country.

She had to go around the car to get in behind the wheel. She had to drive to the bank and find a place to park.

"I'll be right here," the man said. "Don't try anything. Get it in twenties."

She didn't try anything. She got it in twenties. The teller raised his eyebrows slightly when she said, "In twenties, please," but he counted the bills out.

In the car she gave the thick sheaf of bills to the man. He reached back into the rear of the car and lifted the suitcase up and put the money in it.

"You're a good daughter," he said. "What they call filial. Next stop New Canaan." . . .

WHEN Herrick finished, Eleanor Howell said that he was, of course, jumping to conclusions, but added quickly that they all were, she perhaps most of all.

"A man came to see me at the office," she said. "A slick man. Nora saw a dirty, ill-smelling man at this place in Little Smith Street. Not at all, from her description, like the man who came to see me—except that, apparently, they were both dark men. You saw a man dead in this place, and he fitted, roughly, the description Nora gave you of the man who said he was her father. A man broke into my apartment and hit me, but I'm only guessing he was the man who came to the office; only guessing that, somehow, he managed to steal the record of Nora's adoption. He may just have been a sneak thief."

"Speaking of jumping to conclusions," Herrick Moore said, "this trip is a jump, if you like. We've no real reason to think she—they, if there's a man with her—is headed toward New Canaan."

"No," Eleanor Howell said. "Except that she can probably get money there. If money is what he wants. If he really is her father, Mr. Moore, is he breaking any law?"

. . . . . .

"You think this man Pedrango is levelling?" Paul Lane asked.

"Yes," Mahoney said.

"He's sure about the make of the car? That it was a new car?"

"Yes."

"Too bad he didn't get the licence number."

The fingerprint boys would have to go over this room a man named Theodore Dawson had lived in, and the lab boys would have to go over coat and trousers somebody—maybe Dawson—had bought in Norfolk, Virginia. Maybe on being discharged from the Navy after twelve years in it.

And somebody—somebody who looked, at this stage of it, like being Detective (First Grade) Paul Lane—would have to come up with a couple of working theories, one to explain the presence of coat and trousers in a furnished room in West Sixteenth Street instead of in a flat in Little Smith Street; another to explain why Dawson, if he really was Dawson, had cut a sketch reproduction from a newspaper and kept it carefully.

And damn the sketch. Something about it made an itch of memory in Paul Lane's mind.

Lane snapped his fingers sharply, and Mahoney, who had just picked up coat and trousers from a couch, looked at him—looked at him with hope. But Lane shook his head, because, now he remembered it, it didn't really come to anything. And it wasn't, after all, a memory prompted by the sketch. At least, he didn't think it was. It was merely a memory linked to a name, and a very usual name. The name Davis.

Fourteen-fifteen years ago a man named Davis had walked out on his wife and child in Queens, and Lane had been sent around more or less to hold Mrs. Davis's hand. And, of course, to get a description. And, as gently as he could, to tell her that it was a bit late to be telling them—late by six months or so; to tell her that a man can go a long way in six months or so.

Once started, it came back pretty well. A slight, dark-haired woman and a very pretty, dark-haired child. And a photograph of a man, also dark-haired. And no fingerprints of the man because in six months a housekeeper dusts a small apartment often and goes over furniture with cleaning polish.

Well, it was something to have the itch allayed. Now he could—

"Nothing," Lane said, adding to the shaken head. "Let's get along, Tim."

They drove downtown to Centre Street and the lab boys, and on the way the itching started again in Paul Lane's mind. It started when he remembered that the dark-haired man who had walked out on his wife and infant child had been named *Thomas* Davis.

A sergeant in the Missing Persons Bureau came back and gave Lane what they had.

"Davis, Thomas. Age 25; ht. 5-10 (est.); wt. 160 (est.). Hair and eyes black. Trade, mechanic. Hist. alcoh. Compl., wife. Prelim. inv. Pat. Paul Lane. Fam. Ct. warrant, chg. abandonment. No prev. record disclosed. Descrip. circ. 10/21/49. Child removed to welfare shel.; subsequently assig. Man. Ag. Adopt."

Nothing to allay the itching, really; nothing, even, to provide a basis for a hunch. On the other hand . . .

Lane looked up the address of the Manhattan Agency for Adoption and rode the subway to Twenty-third Street. No use trying to telephone; places like that weren't forthcoming on the telephone, no matter how a man identified himself.

At the Agency, Miss Simpson looked at both his shield and his I.D. card. She said, "Well. It's a little difficult to see the connection, Mr. Lane. These records are confidential, as I'm sure you know. And with Miss Howell not here . . . Finally, Miss Simpson sent her secretary for the Davis file. The secretary returned in a few minutes

To page 55

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Continued from page 54

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

with the report that the Davis file seemed somehow to have got mislaid. "Edith Golden," the secretary said, without emphasis, and Miss Simpson said, "Oh." She said, "The index card then, Helen. For what it's worth."

The card read: "Davis, Nora Jane. Adopt. 3/14/50 M/M Dexter Sanderson, New Canaan, Ct. Ser. No. 43821."

"Miss Howell handled the case herself," Miss Simpson said. "If you could come back some other time, Mr. Lane? She's not in this morning."

"This Edith Golden?"

"Miss Howell's secretary. But she's been with us less than a year and—" The pause was considerable. "She's quite inexperienced, I'm afraid," Miss Simpson said.

But if it was really the Dexter Sanderson it might, Paul Lane decided, be worth the wasting of a little more time.

Edith Golden might be inexperienced. Lane didn't doubt that for a moment. On the other hand, she was forthcoming, which is, in a detective's life, always a pleasant change.

A man asking information and not getting it. A man who said he was named Thomas Davis. A file missing, misplaced. (By, it appeared, a rather notorious misplacer.) The absence of Miss Eleanor Howell for a couple of hours during the morning; her return and her almost immediate departure after receiving a telephone call from, Edith Golden thought, a Mr. Moore. Eric Moore? Who was, Edith Golden more vaguely thought, a friend of Miss Sanderson's. Something about Mr. Moore's picking Miss Howell up in his car. And—oh, yes—poor Miss Howell had bumped her head the night before, walked into a door somehow, and it must have bled just dreadfully.

You put it all together, Paul Lane thought, and still you were trying to twist cobwebs into a rope—a rope which would reach from an ex-sailor, killed in a drunken brawl (probably) in a west village tenement, to Dexter Sanderson. It was about as far as a rope could be made to stretch, particularly when it had to loop through Queens in passing and stretch back some fourteen years to boot. And the strongest strand of cobweb was no more than the repetition of a very common name. New York would be full of men named Davis, Thomas. And a reasonable proportion of them would be men with dark hair, dark eyes, standing a little under six feet.

The picture—he was sure he had seen a picture, been shown a picture all those years ago—of the man who had abandoned a young wife and infant daughter in Queens had not been reproduced and circulated. Too many men and women slip from their grooves, vanish into air, to warrant the full treatment for all of them. They had never found that Thomas Davis. The records would show it if they had.

The dead man wasn't Thomas Davis. He had been found in a flat rented by a man who said his name was Thomas Davis. But the dead man was Theodore Dawson and had had fingerprints to prove it. It was true that he had enlisted in the navy shortly after Davis had disappeared. It was true that the armed services had, for generations, provided a forest for men to hide in.

"Picked her up in a car." A man named Moore — perhaps Eric Moore. A woman named Eleanor Howell, who had bumped her head overnight, or said she had; who had been in and out of her office, apparently without too much explanation, most of the morning. People in their right minds don't use private cars in the city of New York if they can avoid it. But there is no assurance of people being in their right minds. Driving out of town is a different matter, of course. Driving to New Canaan, Connecticut, for example.

A man shows up to talk to a social worker, to try to get information about his long-adopted daughter. His daughter is now the adopted child of a man named Dexter Sanderson, who lives in New Canaan. The social worker begins to behave erratically—to bump her head, for example. A man named Moore—who is a friend of the girl, the girl being named Nora Jane, now Sanderson—arranges to pick the social worker up.

Lane found a Manhattan directory in a drugstore and looked up Moore, and found a lot of Moores, none of them named Eric. But—one named Herrick. Close enough? No harm in trying.

A WOMAN answered. Young Mr. Moore or his father? Because his father is out at the Long Island place and young Mr. Herrick ain't here. No, she didn't happen to know what kind of car young Mr. Herrick drove and who is this? Well, what in the world — would the police want with Mr. Moore?

"Take it easy," Lane said. "You work for them, I gather. The family's on Long Island, but young Mr. Moore is staying in the apartment?"

"What I've just been telling you. Only young Mr. Herrick ain't home. Books all over and I ain't supposed to touch them."

"Mr. Herrick." Sounded a little like the old family retainer type. Worth trying, anyway.

"'Course he knows Miss Sanderson. Going to marry her, ain't he?"

Paul Lane gave his name and the number of the office where he had a desk, and was told, sure, she would tell him if he came back before she left, which would have to be soon, because she was about done. What with the books and all.

Lane looked up another name in Manhattan directory, seeking it without hope, finding it to his surprise. "Sanderson, Dexter." He put another dime in the slot and dialled. Nothing this time but a telephone ringing unanswered in, presumably, an empty apartment.

Paul Lane took a cab crosstown. Lieutenant Stein listened and said it was pretty hazy, wasn't it? He also said that he'd ask that the precinct squad in Queens be turned loose on it. He said that the Bureau of Naval Personnel was coming through with what else it had, but that it would take a little time. He said a man named Luis Pedrango had eaten at the time he said at a restaurant in which he was well known.

To page 58

FROM THE BIBLE

● *He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.*

— 1 John 4:8.

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New: Patons sumptuous Lambswool. Now knit luxurious lambswool knitwear at an almost next-to-nothing price!

Delightful Lambswool children's classics from Patons Book No. 772.

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Knit it with Patons *and you'll be proud of it.*

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SLEEK AND SLENDER SHIFT

A simple, sleeveless skimmer decorated with a centre panel of Fair Isle to wear daytime or night-time for months to come.

LISSOM SHIFT (above) is knitted in lambswool to take the chill off autumn evenings, winter days. Directions are for 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements. Start it now and you'll be ready for a spate of Easter parties.

Materials: 15 (15, 16) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (3, 3) balls contrasting color (c.c.) Patons Lambswool; 1 pair No. 9 needles; Milwards Phantom crochet hook; 1 stitch-holder; 20in. Lightning zip fastener.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 38½ (38½, 39) in.

Tension: 12½ sts. to 2in.

Note: Avoid pulling yarn tightly behind Fair Isle panel, as this alters tension.

BACK

Using m.c., cast on 112 (118, 124) sts. and work in st-st. until work measures 18 (18, 18½) in.

To Shape Sides and Divide for Zip: Right side facing, k 2 tog., k 54 (57, 60) sts., turn—work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at side edge every 6th row to 46 (49, 52) sts. Cont. until work measures 27 (27, 27½) in. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at side edge on next row and every 6th foll. row to 54 (57, 60) sts. Cont. until work measures 32½in. or 1in. more than length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Right side facing, cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at same edge on next 6 rows and next 4 alt. rows, 38 (41, 44) sts. Cont. until armhole measures 5½ (5½, 6) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: Wrong side facing, cast off 16 sts., p to end. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 7 (7, 7½) in.

To Shape Shoulder: Right side facing, cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next row and next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side in reverse.

FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 112 (118, 124) sts. and work in st-st. for 1in.

Next Row (right side facing): K 41 (44, 47) sts., join in c.c. and work 1st patt. row of chart on next 30 sts., k rem. 41 (44, 47) sts.

Next Row: P 41 (44, 47) sts., p, working second patt. row of chart on next 30 sts., p 41 (44, 47) sts. Cont. thus, working centre 30 sts. in Fair Isle panel until work measures 18 (18, 18½) in.

To Shape Sides: Right side facing, keeping panel correct, dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 92 (98, 104) sts. Cont. as before until work measures 27 (27, 27½) in.

Cont. as established, inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 108 (114, 120) sts. Cont. until work measures 32½in. or 1in. more than length required.

To Shape Armholes: Right side facing, cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows and next 4 alt. rows, 76 (82, 88) sts. Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures approx. 3in., ending on 14th patt. row of chart. Work 4 rows in m.c. only.

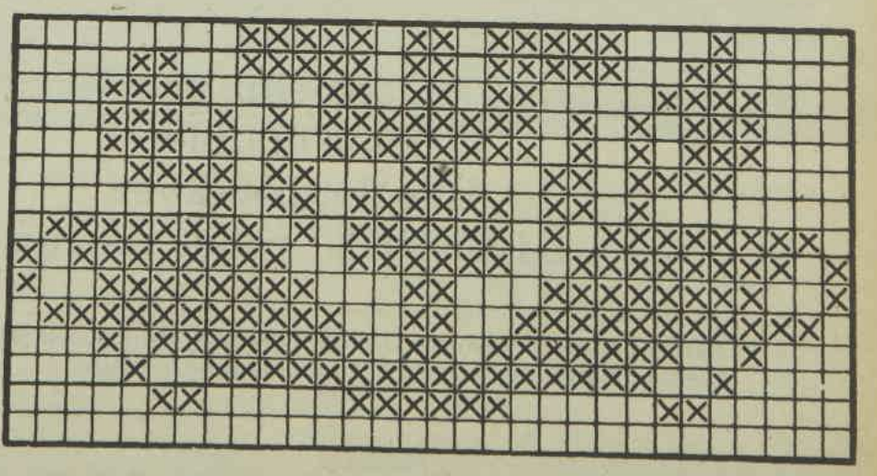
To Shape Neck: Right side facing, k 22 (25, 28) sts., cast off 32 sts., k 22 (25, 28) sts.

Next Row: P 20 (23, 26) sts., p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 18 (21, 24) sts. remain. Cont. until armhole measures 7 (7, 7½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Wrong side facing, cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next row and next 2 alt. rows. Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Fit zip fastener to centre back. Seam sides, shoulders. Turn up a hem 1in. wide and slip-stitch in position. Work 2 rows double crochet round neck and armholes. Press all seams, edging, and hem.



☐ MAIN SHADE ☒ CONTRAST

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Continued from page 55

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

He said that the man who rented the Little Smith Street flat under the name of Thomas Davis apparently hadn't circulated much in the neighborhood.

He said, "It's your baby, Paul. If you want a nice drive in the country on a day like this, take a nice drive in the country."

. . . . . .

"And three makes six," the man who smelled of cologne said, and took the thick wad of bills from her, and reached between the bucket seats to the suitcase and put the bills in it. "You're a good, dutiful daughter. How about the other four?"

"I haven't any more. I can't raise any more."

"Come off it," the man said. "People like you've grown up to own a lot of jewellery. Maybe I can make that do."

"It isn't here."

Her mother had shown it to her a year or so before her mother died. "Silly stuff, isn't it? Worth thousands, probably, but silly stuff." Nora had not seen it since, nor thought of it until now.

"At the house, isn't it?" the man said.

It was at the house. Normally, when the country house was closed, the jewellery was taken out of the wall safe and locked in a safe deposit box at the bank. But there had not been time—there had been a telephone call from her father's office, and then there had been time for nothing; had been time only to put a few things in suitcases to get the car out.

And there was nobody at the house—nobody but old Dan Meehan, living in the gate lodge, keeping an eye on things. The State police had been told; the State police dropped by from time to time to help keep an eye on things. When she had known that her father would live—would live, at any rate, for a time—and that she would stay in New York to be near the hospital, she had telephoned Mr. and Mrs. Townley that they might as well go on a holiday.

"Let's go look at the pretties," the man said.

Nora Sanderson drove familiar roads—left one road for another road, and each road she turned the car into was narrower, more winding than the one she turned from.

There was nothing she could do except what he told her to do, and it would lead her nowhere—lead neither herself nor the man clinging so weakly to life in the hospital to safety. All she could buy, all she had so far bought, was time—little, crumbling bits of time.

The house was on a hilltop. It was a big house—a ridiculously big house.

"Quite a place," the man beside her said. "You sure fell into something, daughter. Not much like the places your old dad's been living in all these years."

She did not say anything. She could do that. She could not be made to say anything. That much of herself she could hold to.

She drove up the raked gravel of the drive; parked in front of the house, where there was room for a dozen cars to park.

A stocky old man was dragging a wide, heavy brush the length of the tennis court. When he saw the car he stopped and then dragged the brush off the court and left it on the grass and walked slowly, across the grass, to the car.

The man who smelled of cologne got out of the car and stood beside it, and looked at the old man. Dan Meehan's old face looked puzzled. Nora came around the car and smiled at him. It wasn't too bad a smile.

"Saw somebody was with you, Miss Sanderson," Dan Meehan said. "Thought for a minute maybe it was —"

He did not finish, but shook his head slowly.

"Not yet, Dan," she said. "He's doing fine but it'll take several weeks, they say. This is —" she paused. "A man from Dad's office," she said. "There are some things—some papers they want to pick up. We won't be long, Dan."

"Well now, Miss Sanderson," the man who smelled of cologne said, "it may take a little time. Quite a few things wanted." He paused for a moment. "At the office," he said.

SHE wasn't surprised. There was something in the way he had said the old big house was "quite a place." He will never let go now, she thought.

She unlocked the door and the man followed her into the house, followed her from the foyer into the enormous living-room. Sun poured into the living-room and it was hot there. She began to go around the room, opening windows. Country air came in through the open windows, came gently. She wanted to flood the enormous room with air; wished a gale of wind might blow through the big room. She opened french doors to a terrace.

"Quite a place," the man said. "You got any animals, daughter? Like dogs, maybe?"

"We've a pair of German shepherds," she said. "They're in boarding kennel, of course. Why?"

"No reason," the man said. "That's all you've got?"

"Yes," she said. "Two dogs. But not here. In a kennel. Why?"

"No reason," the man said. "Just thought it was the kind of place would have dogs and the like. Where d'you keep the pretties, daughter?"

The safe was in a small room off the living-room; a room which, like the similarly used room in the New York apartment, was her father's "office." The safe was, conventionally, behind a picture. "The first place a burglar would look," her father said from time to time, but he did nothing about it. There was a safe in the town apartment, but it was quite a different kind of safe, with quite different contents.

Nora unhooked the picture and put it on the floor. She turned the combination knob this way, that way, and the man stood behind her watching — and, she knew, counting as she counted, memorising as she turned the knob. It did not matter; there was nothing to be done about anything. She opened the safe and stepped back — stepped back and to the side, away from the man, so as not to touch the man, be touched by the man.

He took out of the safe the heavy box which held the jewellery. The box was not locked, and he opened it. He carried it to a table by the window and began to lift things out of it.

When he had put all the things back in the box he closed the box and carried it to the safe. But after he had slid the box into the safe he stood for a moment and looked at the safe and then turned.

"Why don't you go make us some coffee? I could do with a cup of coffee."

She stood for a moment and merely looked at him.

"Get going," he said, and there was no mimicry of fondness in his tone. His hand slid toward the pocket where he kept the blackjack.

To page 59

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QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Continued from page 58

He wanted her out of the room. She did not understand why. She could not stop him from taking the jewellery. He could take all of it, and she could not stop him. What, then, did he plan to do and not want her to see him doing?

A solution came to her as she was measuring coffee. He was changing the combination of the safe, and did not want her to know what the new combination was. He would know how to change the combination so that only he could open the safe.

Then—then, she thought, it is because he plans to stay here. I don't know why or for how long, but he plans to stay here. He is locking his jewellery up in his safe because he is going to stay here. If he is going to hide here—he will not let me go, cannot let me go. Because I can tell people where he is hiding.

There was a kitchen door. There were many doors in the old house. I could run—

"Taking you quite a while, Daughter," the man said from the doorway of the kitchen. "Keeping your old dad waiting a long time for his coffee, aren't you, Daughter?"

THE man in the car with her was only the man from the garage, Herrick Moore thought. He was waiting for her to drop him off at the garage. It was merely that she was a little late. She went to the bank. Now she has walked into it; has gone to the place in Little Smith Street and found the police waiting there. That's where I should be; not here—not pursuing a bogeyman. The bogeyman is dead. I saw him lying dead.

"It won't," Eleanor Howell said mildly, "help us if we get arrested for speeding, Mr. Moore."

"Nothing will help us," Herrick said. "The man's dead. She's gone there and been dragged into it."

"Perhaps," Eleanor said. "We've agreed on that already. But a man is dead, Mr. Moore. If there were two men, we don't know which one is dead. If there were two men, I don't think the man who came to see me at the office is the man who is dead. I think he is the kind of man who kills. We turn off at the next exit, don't we?"

"Yes," Herrick Moore said.

"If Mr. Sanderson were himself," Eleanor said, "he would know how to treat a man like this one you call the bogeyman. But if he were himself, I suppose none of this would have happened. This man who claims to be Nora's father doesn't want Nora, of course. Couldn't get her if he did, and probably knows it. He wants money. He can get it, because Dexter Sanderson is a sick man. Get it by threats. Nora is a dear child, Mr. Moore. A sensitive child. That plays into his hands, too."

"What doesn't?"

"Oh, one thing perhaps. We'll see."

This is a crazy dream, Herrick thought, and drove up a long, curved driveway. A black, sleek car was parked in front of the house. Dan Meehan was using the stub of a broom to brush the tennis court tapes. He stopped and walked toward the car. He said, "Oh, good morning, Mr. Moore. Getting the court ready for when he comes back."

Herrick said, "That's a good idea, Dan. Miss Sanderson's here, isn't she?"

"Yes," Meehan said, "with a man from her father's office." He looked at Eleanor Howell.

"This is Miss Howell, Dan," Herrick said. "Dan Meehan, Miss Howell."

Meehan said, "Good morning, miss," and Eleanor said, "Good morning, Mr. Meehan."

And from the box he fiated, Toby yowled.

"I wonder," Eleanor Howell said, "whether in about five minutes you'd do something for me, Mr. Meehan? Bring the box on the back seat in and put it in the foyer? There's a cat in it. The car motion upsets him dreadfully. I like to give him a few minutes to quiet down before he's moved."

Dan Meehan said, "Sure, miss. Five minutes."

At the door Herrick lifted his hand to ring the doorbell.

"It probably isn't locked?" Eleanor said.

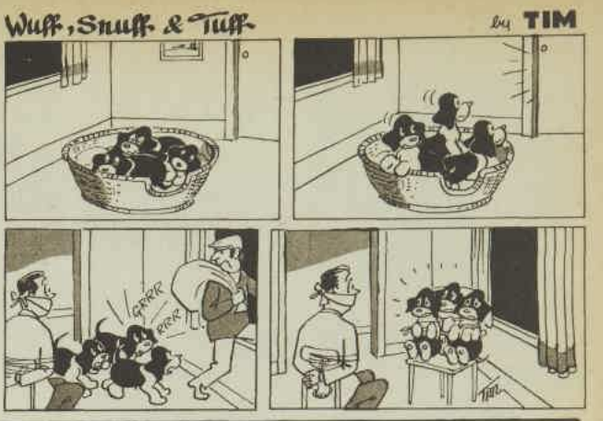
It was not locked.

. . . . .

The farther he got from the city the more convinced he became that he should have stayed there. This was, Paul Lane realised, partly because he was a city man, because being a city man was ingrained in him. What was a hunch in the city merely spread out here and disintegrated. And it hadn't been much of a hunch at best. You put the name Thomas Davis together twice and it didn't add to anything. You couldn't find a more common name, except maybe Thomas Jones or Thomas Smith. You added a sketch drawn from imagination as much as from anything and what did you have? That a dark man who needed a shave had blackjacked a warehouse watchman.

A sign said "New Canaan-Norwalk. Route 123. Next Right." He went off the parkway,

To page 62



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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives some interesting information about readers' antiques.

● *Interesting chair*

WOULD you be able to give me an idea of the age of this chair, which I believe has already been in my family for more than 100 years. It has, I think, the original cane seat and part of the arms are left flat for upholstery.— Mrs. E. M. B. Wood, South Perth, W.A.

This interesting 19th-century armchair, left (I presume made of mahogany), dates back to about 1830-45.

COULD you identify my vases for me? One large and two small matching ones all have a sign "E.P.Q. Empire Works — Stoke-on-Trent" written underneath.—Mrs. M. Willis, Merrylands, N.S.W.

Your set of porcelain vases (one of which is shown right), embellished with transfer designs in multi-colors, was made during the late-Victorian era, about 1890. However, similar vases were reproduced by the Empire pottery during the first decade of this century, but such examples are marked "England" or "made in England."

● *Victorian vase*

I HAVE a Chippendale cabinet which has been in my family for many years and is believed to be genuine. It is five foot six inches by seven feet by fifteen inches. With ball and claw legs and four Venetian-type glass doors, it has three drawers below. Is there any means of telling if it was actually made by Chippendale? — E. C. Jewell, Coree Bay, Qld.

It is impossible to say that a piece of furniture was made at Chippendale's workshop (which was called "The Sign of the Chair," at St. Martin's Lane, London), unless you can produce an original purchase certificate.

Thomas Chippendale published in 1754 his "Gentlemen's and Cabinet Makers' Director." This publication contained a large number of illustrations of furniture in the "Chippendale" style, which influenced other cabinetmakers of the time and even some in America.

However, an original 18th century Chippendale - style cabinet, with glazed doors, is a veritable rarity.

May I suggest, if possible, that you arrange to send me a photograph of the cabinet in question. This will enable me to express an opinion on the authenticity of your example.

★ ★ ★

COULD you please tell me anything about the following article? I don't know what it is, but I believe it may be either a cigarette-holder case or a small cigar holder. It is shaped like a tube, three inches long, and has a hinged lid on one end and an attached ring on the other. It is decorated with a paisley design and a heart-shaped initial plate bearing the markings "WM" and pictures of an anchor and a lion.— P. Russell, Caroona, N.S.W.

The object is a silver needle-case which was made at Birmingham (England) in 1910-11.

● *Card table*

DO you know anything about the manufacturers or period of this open-out card table? It is made of beautiful mahogany. — Mrs. H. M. Jones, Boort, Vic.

Your table (above) is a fine example of an English mid-Victorian mahogany card table and it was made about 1855.

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Continued from page 59

QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

winding down a narrow ramp road. He obeyed a sign which pointed the way to New Canaan Business District." As well there as anywhere to start with. "Police Headquarters."

Lane found a place to park, a block away, and walked back. He showed his I.D. card to the desk sergeant and got directions. He was told that it was pretty easy to get lost up there, but if he remembered to bear right most of the time, he'd probably make it.

. . . . .

The man had heard the door open. He came to the doorway between living-room and foyer and stood in it, his right hand in his jacket pocket. He was about the same size as the man dead in Little Smith Street, Herrick Moore thought, and dark like that man. That was about as far as it went. He didn't look like the kind of man he'd want as a father-in-law. It went that far.

"Well," the man said, "the social work lady. Looking for Miss Sanderson, maybe? My daughter, maybe?"

He seemed easy enough, confident enough. As he had been in the office, Eleanor Howell thought. Eleanor looked at him and looked back into her memory — her vague memory; the memory in which a photograph lived dimly. People change a lot in that many years.

"Something my daughter and I can do for you?" the man said, standing easily in the doorway, keeping his right hand in the pocket of a closely fitting suit jacket. The hand made a big bulge in the pocket. The hand wasn't alone in the pocket, Herrick thought.

"Who might you be, mister?" the man said.

Herrick did not answer that. He raised his voice and called "Nora?"

She came from the living-room and stood in the doorway. She said, "This is the man I told you about Herrick. This is the father I told you about."

"He's got the money from you?" Herrick said.

"Yes. I gave him the money, Herrick. As I said I was going to. Only —"

"So you're the boyfriend," the man said. "What business is this of yours? Nora here decided to help her old dad when he's down on his luck, what's it got to do with you? Afraid she'll run out of it before you —"

Herrick moved toward him, and then the man took his hand out of his pocket. There was the dark cylinder of a blackjack in his hand. He moved sideways until he was close to Nora and raised the blackjack in front of her face.

"Pretty girl," he said. "Wouldn't want to mess her up. Her being my own daughter and all."

Herrick stopped. He said, "I don't believe she is your daughter. Whoever you are."

"We want to talk to you, Mr. Davis," Eleanor Howell said, and, quickly, Herrick looked at her. Just perceptibly, she nodded her head.

He's convinced Nora, Herrick Moore thought. Convinced this white-haired woman, too. But damn it — damn it —

"Nora," Herrick said, "did you go down to Little Smith Street? To take the money —"

"He came to the apartment," Nora said.

"Then you don't —" he said, but the quiet voice of Eleanor Howell interrupted him.

"Just to talk things over, Mr. Davis," she said, as if Herrick had not been speaking. "Wouldn't we be more comfortable if we went into the living-room?"

She stepped toward the doorway and Nora turned, ignoring the man, and went into the living-room. The man hesitated for a moment. Then he said, "Sure, come right in, folks."

Nora didn't move like Nora, Herrick thought as he followed the others into the familiar living-room — the big, cool room into which he and Nora and her father, and whoever else had made the fourth, had so often come in from the terrace through the french doors. The doors were open now.

Nora walked past the doors to a little grouping of chairs and a sofa. She stopped there and did not turn. The dark man went past her and sat down on the sofa. He said, "Come and sit by your old father, Nora."

Nora Sanderson went to the sofa and sat beside the man. She did not look at Herrick or Eleanor Howell. She looked at the floor.

Eleanor Howell sat on a chair facing the sofa and, after a moment, Herrick sat on a chair near the end of the sofa, the end toward which the man was sitting.

"Now we're all comfortable," the man said, "what is it you want to talk about, folks?" He kept his right hand in his jacket pocket.

"You say you're Nora's father," Eleanor Howell said. "Apparently you've been making her give you money."

"Makes you mad, doesn't it?" the man said.

"You say you're her father?" Eleanor Howell said. "Is she supposed to take your word for it?"

"Now, social work lady," the man said. "You think I'm nuts? Have to, I can prove it. Got papers to prove it. Anyway, my lawyer's got them. Draft registration. Social Security card. You think I'm nuts, Miss Howell?"

"Probably," Eleanor said. "People like you often are. But that's not the point, is it? You can prove you're her father. All right. If you're not, of course, it's another matter. If you're not, you're an extortionist. She can make a complaint. Have you sent to jail."

The man turned to Nora. He said, "Now, daughter, listen to that, will you? You wouldn't do a thing like that to your poor old dad, would you, daughter?"

Nora did not look at him. She did not say anything. Herrick moved forward in his chair and the man looked at him, and took the blackjack out of his pocket and held it on his knee. He kept his hand on it. I can take it away from him, Herrick thought. But not before he can hit Nora. That's what he'll do if I jump him. He'll hit her across the face. He could blind her if he hit her across the eyes.

"That's right, Mr. Moore," the man said. "Just sit back and relax. Like the sign says in taxicabs."

"Assume you can prove it, Mr. Davis," Eleanor said. "You know that you'll never get custody of her, don't you? That the courts will never set aside an adoption under these circumstances? Give her to a man like you?"

"What do you mean, a man like me?"

"You're not particularly old," Eleanor said. "In your middle forties, if you're Nora's father."

"It isn't the years make the difference," the man said. "As to the custody business, you say one thing and my lawyer says another. She's a minor child, my lawyer says. I'm her natural father. Maybe I can't give her the advantages she's had, but there's the fact I'm her father, my lawyer says. There's no law says I can't sue to get custody."

"And get publicity," Eleanor said. "Publicity that will almost certainly reach a very sick man. Might come as a shock he couldn't take."

"Make him sore," the man said. "I don't say it wouldn't. Reason I'm willing to play along. Maybe not file suit, like I told my daughter here. Hate to have to give her up again. My own flesh and blood. Support of my declining—"

"Shut your damn mouth," Herrick said. "Or I'll shut it."

THE man lifted the blackjack and bounced it, as if it were a plaything, in his hand. He leaned a little toward Nora.

"What you want is money," Eleanor said. "That's all you want."

"Whatever my girl wants to give me," he said. "It's not my fault if this make-believe father of hers is sick, is it? Nothing I had anything to do with. Don't want to hurt anybody, but a man's got—"

"She's given you money," Eleanor said. "Nora." Nora did not seem to hear her. "Nora—how much money?"

"Six thousand dollars," Nora said, in the same dead voice. "Three thousand of mine and — and three thousand that wasn't. I stole that three thousand."

"Nonsense," Eleanor Howell said.

"What you'd expect," Nora said, in the same voice. "What the daughter of a man like —"

"Nonsense!" the white-haired woman said, in the most crisp of voices. "He wants more, I take it?"

"Mother's jewellery," Nora said. "And — and to stay here, I think."

"Visit my only daughter," the man said. "Natural thing for a man to want."

"You're an unpleasant man, Mr. Davis," Eleanor said,

To page 64

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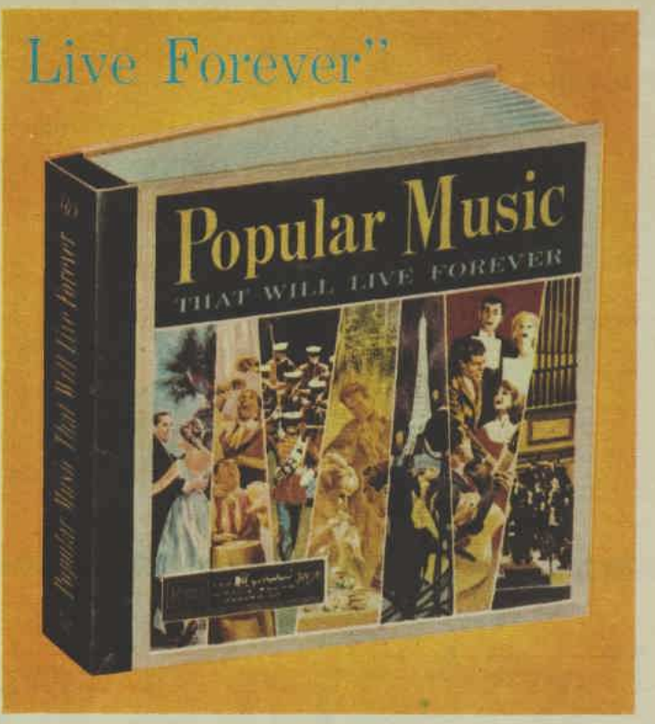

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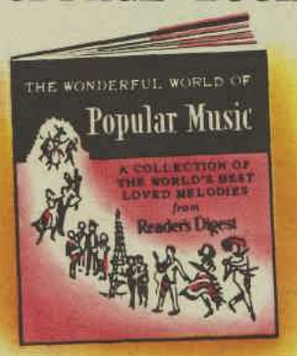

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Johnson & Johnson

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QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Continued from page 62

"One of the most unpleasant I've ever met. I think there's something I better show you, Mr. Davis."

She got up and, without looking at the man on the sofa, walked away down the living-room.

The man's close-set eyes narrowed and he moved, as if he were about to get up from the sofa.

"I wouldn't," Herrick said. "I really wouldn't. Because I wouldn't want to have to hurt a poor old man. Like you, I don't want to hurt anybody."

The man looked at Nora.

"And," Herrick said, "if you hurt her, I'll kill you."

"Maybe," the man said. "Maybe you'd try. But — after I'd hurt her, wouldn't it be?"

. . . . .

He came to a service station and pulled in and asked about the Sanderson place.

"Mile or so farther on and you'll see the mailbox. Just says 'Sanderson.' Like there was only one, but he's a nice enough guy from what I hear. That'll be four sixty-five."

There was a black car standing in a big area of raked gravel. Beside it there was a sports car. It, too, looked new. Lane started toward the front door of the house and heard a voice — a man's voice, raised. The man sounded excited as hell.

"Take it away," the man said. "Take it away!"

The voice seemed to come from the side of the house. Lane went that way, and came to a flagged terrace. He skirted the terrace, walking on the grass, until he was opposite french doors. Then, very carefully, wishing he wore tennis shoes, he went across the terrace until he could stand outside the doors. He could not stand too close, because if he stood too close his shadow would fall on the floor inside the room. But he could see into the room, and he could listen.

A woman in a green summer dress — a woman with white hair — was sitting erect on a straight chair with her back to Lane. Her elbows were close to her body, and her position, he thought, was that of someone holding something on her lap.

Beyond her, facing her, a girl sat at one end of a sofa and a man at the other. Standing near the man was a younger man.

The standing man had a blackjack dangling by its loop from his right hand. He didn't seem to be about to use it. Could be he'd already used it. On the man sitting on the sofa. Something certainly had happened to the man on the sofa.

The man was dark, thin-faced. Even from where he stood, Lane could see that the man was sweating. Sweat was running down his face. And his mouth was moving; his mouth was sort of jumping around on his face. He had his hands up as if he were fending something off. He seemed to be having trouble breathing.

But he was not looking at the tall man who stood behind him. He was looking at the white-haired woman in the green dress who wasn't, so far as Lane could see, threatening anybody. Just sitting there, holding something on her lap. Wait — holding a gun between hands on her lap?

"Take it away, for heaven's sake," the man said. "I can't — take it away!"

The voice was shrill, but at the same time the words were blurred. The man put his hands over his eyes and he was shaking. Scared half to death, the man was.

Cautiously, Lane moved down the terrace until he had a side view of the woman with white hair; until he could see what was on her lap. Paul Lane could feel his mouth open, as if the muscles holding it closed had suddenly collapsed.

The woman in the green dress didn't have a gun in hands on her lap.

What she had was a black-and-white cat. She held the cat by the shoulders, and was holding hard. The cat apparently didn't like it much. The cat was wriggling, trying to get away.

"There, Toby," the woman said to the cat. "There, boy. Nobody's going to hurt you, Toby boy." She spoke gently to the cat. But then, in quite another voice, she said, across the cat, to the man on the sofa, "I can always let him go. They're quite perverse sometimes. Make a beeline to the people who like them least."

"For pity's sake," the man said, "can't you see what you're doing to me? They— I can't stand them!"

He seemed to be trying to get up, but not to have the strength to get up.

"Just take it easy, Davis, or whoever you are," the man standing beside him said. "Just sit back and relax."

"Yes," the woman in the green dress said. "We can see quite well what we're doing to you. And after you've cooperated, I'll put poor Toby back in his box. To start with, who are you?"

"You know who I am. Listen, Miss Howell — I can't ——"

To page 66

"It has genuine Swiss movement—sand from Lake Geneva."

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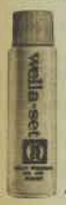

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QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Continued from page 64

More or less the jackpot, Lane thought. The man in the sports jacket will be named Moore, probably. Which leaves the girl this Nora Sanderson.

"No," Eleanor Howell said. "We don't know who you are. Only who you're not. And that isn't nearly enough, is it?"

The frightened man was looking toward the woman in the green dress — the one he called Miss Howell. But he wasn't, Lane thought, really looking at her. Not at her. Not at her face. What he's looking at, Paul Lane thought, is the cat. It's the cat's scaring hell out of him. The man's got the cat fear. Got — what's the long word for it? Ailurophobia. I never saw anybody with it before, but that's what it is.

And the white - haired woman is using the cat — giving the man the third degree with the cat! It's a new one on me, but that's what it is.

I SUPPOSE, Lane thought I ought to move in on it. Cruel and unusual punishment, probably. On the other hand, I don't know any regulation against scaring a man with a cat. And I'm a New York policeman without responsibility in Connecticut. That's that. I've come a long way on a hunch and it could just be I've hit some sort of a jackpot.

"Perhaps the man you killed was the man you're pretending to be," Eleanor Howell said. "Is that it?"

"Get it out of here!"

"No. The man you killed?"

"His job," the man said. "Hold on to it! I'll—I hit him too hard. It was him or me, but I didn't—look, lady, don't let it go! I'm telling you. Man takes a job as a watchman's asking for it. I was jumpy, like anybody'd be, and I hit him harder than—"

He was shaking violently.

"Watchman?" Herrick said. "What do you mean a watchman? Man came to your place down in the village and —and you beat his brains out with a chair. What do you mean a—"

"I think, Mr. Moore," Eleanor Howell said, "that we're talking about another of his murders. Not of the man you found in the tenement. One murder at a time, don't you think, Mr.—Davis?"

The man didn't say anything. He still looked at the cat. He couldn't stop looking at the cat. His body shook.

"All right, Toby," Eleanor Howell said to her cat. "If you want to get down and go—"

"No!" the man said. "He—man I know—drunk and came at me. Only thing to do was stop him."

"You seem," Eleanor Howell said, with strange detachment, "to have to stop a good many people, don't you? Who was he? Thomas Davis?"

"Man I know," the frightened man said. The words shook from his mouth were indistinct. "Gets drunk and nasty. Man named Dawson. Came in with a nasty drunk on and grabbed this chair and—"

The words blurred out. The man's lips were wet with saliva.

"I'm holding the cat," Eleanor Howell said. "The sooner we get things straight, the sooner I'll get him out of sight. The man you killed. Wasn't he Thomas Davis—really Thomas Davis? Nora's father? I wonder if he didn't find out somehow what you were doing. Doing to her, by threatening Mr. Sanderson? Try to stop you? Was that it?"

The man was sweating heavily. His color wasn't getting any better.

"I'm the girl's father," the man said. The words blurred very badly. "Name's Davis."

"No," Eleanor Howell said. "You're not. You've been proving that ever since I brought Toby into the room. Whoever you are—probably you used to be a friend of the real Thomas Davis. Maybe he gave you these papers you say you have to keep for him. After he changed his name to Dawson. Maybe that's how you got hold of this proof you talk about. But you're not Davis. Right now you're proving it."

The man didn't say anything. He just looked at the black - and - white cat and sweated.

"You see," Eleanor Howell said, and her tone now was entirely conversational, "Mr. Davis wasn't afraid of cats. For about a year before he left his wife and little girl—he lived with a cat. They lived on the second floor of a duplex in Queens, and they had a cat. A white cat. A white cat named William. Who now's about sixteen years old. A very nice woman named Mrs. Epstein has him now. Nora!"

And now Nora Sanderson looked up from the floor, looked at Eleanor Howell.

"A white kitten," Eleanor Howell said. "Remember, Nora? When you were a little girl and lived on the second floor in Queens. When Mrs. Epstein lived on the ground floor and used to take care of you when your mother—"

"A white kitten," Nora said. Her voice still was dull. But then it changed. "Wait," she said. "My father brought the kitten home. Some man where he worked gave it to him, I think. He brought it home to me. He—he wasn't afraid of the kitten!"

"No," Eleanor Howell said, "he wasn't afraid of the kitten, Nora. And the fear of cats, ailurophobia, starts in childhood. Nobody knows quite why. Probably there isn't one single reason. Often it diminishes as a person gets older. But it never starts suddenly in a grown person. If Thomas Davis wasn't afraid of cats years ago, when he lived in Queens, he wouldn't be afraid of them now."

She paused and looked at the man on the sofa.

"And you're really dreadfully afraid of them, aren't you?"

The man mumbled something. ". . . out of here" was all Lane, on the terrace, could make of it.

"The man you call Dawson," Eleanor Howell said. "He was really Thomas Davis, wasn't he? Changed his name after he left them. Left them, probably, because he couldn't stop drinking—getting drunk. Thought they would be better off without him. It was the way I said, wasn't it? He found out somehow. Tried to stop you—answer me or I'll let the cat go!"

The man's mouth worked for seconds. "Yes," he said finally, and Lane could just hear him. "Changed his name to Dawson. Came around drunk and found the papers. Came at me and—For pity's sake, lady. Get it out—"

"The papers you stole from the agency," Eleanor Howell said. "That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You broke into my apartment. Looking for—for a picture, wasn't it? And Toby came in the window before you could—finish me off. Say it."

"Yes. Only I wasn't going to—"

"Nonsense," Eleanor Howell said. "Of course you were. Have you got a name, by the way. One of your own?"

"Cousin," the man said. "Tom's cousin. Burt. Burt Davis. Now—for the love of heaven, lady."

ELEANOR HOWELL stood up, the cat in her arms. She walked up the living-room and out of Lane's sight, if Lane wanted to keep on watching the man on the sofa. It's about time I moved in, Lane thought. Before—

The dark man on the sofa moved first. He moved fast. Almost like a cat, Lane thought, and moved himself. The dark man, lithe and dangerous although his face still was pasty, turned on Herrick Moore, and the blackjack in Moore's hand went up.

"Hold it," Lane said, coming through the doorway. "Don't want to take a chance of killing—"

The dark man turned and ran toward Lane. Still a little out of his head, Lane thought, and said, "Hold it where you are, Davis."

Burt Davis didn't hold it where he was. Lane had to tap him on the side of the head with his revolver to stop him.

"Better for me to do it," Lane said. "Because I'm a police officer and know how hard—"

He didn't go on, because nobody was paying any attention to him. Herrick Moore had his back to Lane and, because Moore was a big man, Lane couldn't actually see the girl he was holding in his arms. He could, however, see the tightness of the big man's arms.

To page 69

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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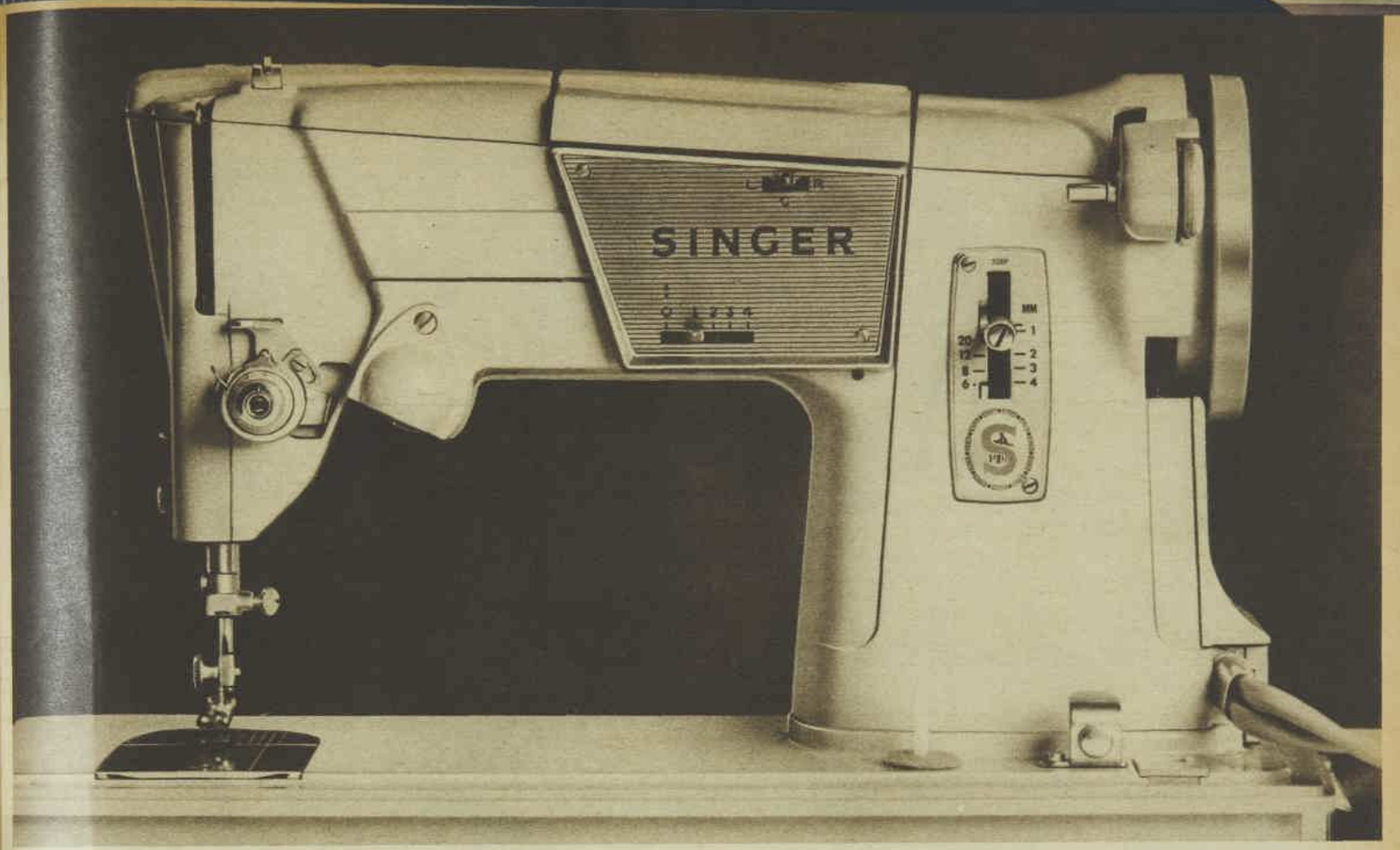

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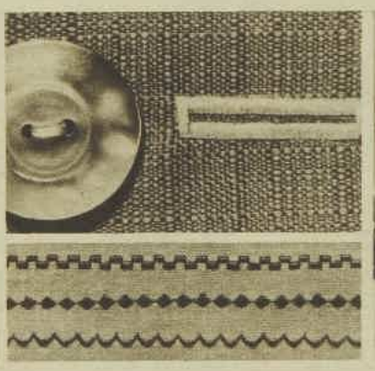
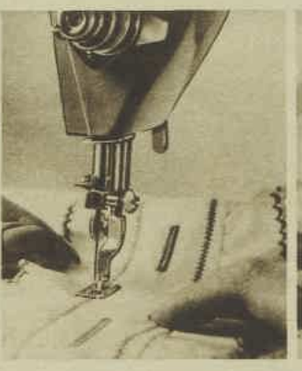
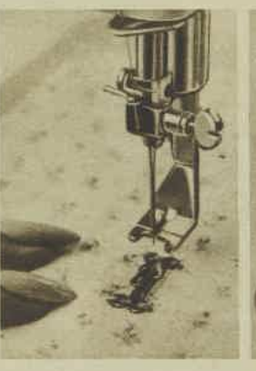

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QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Continued from page 66

"A police officer," Eleanor Howell said, halfway back down the long living-room. She was not carrying her cat. "How opportune."

. . . . . .

Detective Paul Lane looked across her desk at Eleanor Howell and still could not quite believe in her. She did not look like his idea of a social worker. He looked down at her and said, "How's that cat of yours? That Toby?"

"Resting," Eleanor said. "Sit down, Mr. Lane."

"How," Eleanor Howell said, "is that man of yours? That Burt Davis."

"A bit shaken up, too," Lane said. "But satisfactorily loquacious."

"He admits killing Nora's real father?"

"With qualifications. That it was self-defence. That his cousin came at him with the chair and he had to use his blackjack. In which, I suppose, there may be some truth. Thomas Davis — who had been using the name Dawson for years — did come on the folder his cousin Burt had stolen from your office, and realised what was up — what this second cousin of his was up to and — well, may have gone a bit berserk. And—"

"Realised how?" Eleanor Howell said.

"He'd told Burt Davis that Nora had been adopted. Probably told him she'd been adopted by people with money. How he knew that, I don't know. Or how he knew it was through this agency, as he must have told Burt."

"I think his wife told him," she said. "We wouldn't have told her 'people with money.' But we'd have told her that the child would be well taken care of; implied that her new parents were prosperous. I think — we'll never know, I suppose — that he wrote her a letter to the old address, using her old name, but care of a Mrs. Epstein, who sent it along. Probably she answered it, told him what she knew. She lives in Australia, by the way. Is married again. And Thomas Davis told his cousin, and the unpleasant man decided he was on to something that would pay?"

It looked that way. When Thomas Davis decided to change his name he had given his real identification papers — draft registration card, Social Security card, and the like — to Burt Davis for safekeeping. Burt Davis had them in his suitcase. He had a lot of things in his suitcase — his cousin's papers as Dawson among them. And six thousand dollars. Why Thomas Davis hadn't just destroyed his Davis identification when he changed his name, Lane didn't know. Unless he didn't want, finally, to lose his real identity. Wanted, vaguely, to hold on to it.

"Yes," Eleanor Howell said. "People do, Mr. Lane. To hold on to who they are. Nora felt that she was losing herself, being dragged away from who she is. That was part of it."

"I suppose so," Lane said. "Anyway, Thomas Davis found the folder about his daughter. Knew that Burt could assume his — Thomas' — identity with the papers he had. Guessed the game Burt was playing and went after him and, because he had guessed right — and perhaps because he went after him too hard — got killed for guessing. Burt may actually have been defending himself. We'll try to prove otherwise, of course. We may get second degree. Probably plead self-defence but——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"But?" Eleanor Howell said.

"Took what Davis, or Dawson, had in his pockets and put it in his own suitcase. Dressed the body in the trousers and undershirt he'd worn when the girl first saw him. Took the clothes Dawson had worn when he went there back to Dawson's apartment."

"Why?"

"Well," Lane said, "place like that one in the village people leave other people alone. Burt Davis probably hoped nobody would find the body while it was—er—in a condition to be identified. That it would be assumed to be that of the man who had lived there as Thomas Davis. So—of a man nobody would be looking for any more. If Moore hadn't gone around—" He shrugged his shoulders again.

"I brought the file holder back, by the way," he said, and laid a flat parcel on her desk. "We may not be needing it. If we do, we'll borrow it back."

"It — what's in it — won't have to come out?"

"I hope not. But if the D.A. wants to go ahead on an extortion charge as well as Murder One—which he probably won't get—some of it will have to. It'll be hard on the girl?"

"It won't be pleasant. But she's on top of it now, I think. It was—I suppose what she felt was degraded, dragged in the mud. What he planned on, of course. That and the threat to Mr. Sanderson. It won't come out soon, will it?"

To page 70

LULUBELLE

"What do you mean . . . you haven't got children's false eyelashes?"

AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting Feb. 16

ARIES MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ Let's face it. The week escalates into a bad trouble spot, 19th - 27th. To avoid sheer bad luck and haywire decisions — if you can't hole up — stick cautiously to routine.

TAURUS APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ The adverse stars just mentioned above could adversely pressure home affairs and cause havoc, romance-wise. Take extra care of self and family, and be choosy re new dates.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Although the star of luck is protecting you, your ruling star gets mauled in a knock-down-and-drag-out battle in the heavens. Be on the qui vive, 19th-27th. Routine!

CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ There's a veritable horror stretch — a dozen bad aspects in a row, 19th - 27th — probably one of the worst periods of '66. You'll have to be extra careful near water — and just walking.

LEO JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Stormy weather brewing 19th-27th when business and finance get jolted, and friends could play a leading and unfortunate role. You'll need your luck, so dodge Jonahs — chin up!

VIRGO AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, brown, red. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Perhaps the most crucial week of '66 for many, with a hangover until the 27th. You could be under severe stresses affecting both your private and public concerns. Watch finances.

LIBRA SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Saturday, Sun.
★ You'll need all your sense of balance when you walk a tight-rope period from 19th - 27th. Above all don't commit yourself legally or sign important contracts.

SCORPIO OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Mon.
★ The span 19th - 27th is certainly not the time to deal in real estate or make property arrangements. You could have trouble at home, and emotional matters could get out of hand.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23 - DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ You'll have to handle matters matrimonial with kid gloves, 19th-27th. If possible, postpone all to do with partnerships and marriage. Anything new could have untimely and unexpected demise.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22 - JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Rambunctious influences could tend to bulldoze your usually calm and cautious judgment into making blunders, especially 19th - 27th. Be your circumspect self; take no risks.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, brown. Lucky days, Wed. Thursday.
★ A lot of chaos and trouble could arise from financial losses involving friends. From 19th-27th don't lend a friend money—and make no new ones; they could be liabilities.

PISCES FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, gold, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ The bad break from the 19th-27th could affect you more than most, particularly if born March 7-13. Time not to stick your head out; hence strict routine and no trusting to luck.

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QUEST OF THE BOGEYMAN

Continued from page 69

"A couple of months, anyway. Perhaps longer."

"Mr. Sanderson ought to be all right by then," Eleanor Howell said. "If he's going to be all right, and they seem to be pretty confident at the hospital. I didn't understand about the watchman."

A man named Ben Larkin, Lane told her. A man who surprised a burglar and got killed for it. Burt Davis denied he was the burglar and was, Lane thought, going to stick to it. If he did, they'd probably not be able to pin it on him.

"Much as we'd like to," Lane said. "Larkin was a retired policeman. But —" He shrugged his shoulders. He said there was one point she might help them on.

"This picture he was looking for in your apartment," he said. "When he slugged you. What was the picture?"

"There wasn't any," she said. "Oh — when I talked to him I thought there was. Of the real Thomas Davis. I thought it was in the folder. I didn't know then he had the folder. So —"

"It's not in the folder," Lane said. "We looked. I wonder —" He looked past her for a moment. Then he took a small glossy print out of his pocket and handed it to her and asked if she had ever seen it before. She looked at a sketch of a dark man — a narrow-faced man with a growth of beard. "No," she said.

"I think," Lane said, "that he thought you had. That was the picture he thought you were going to show him. It's an artist's sketch, from description, of the man who killed Larkin."

She looked at it again. She shook her head; said it didn't seem much to go on.

"It isn't," Lane said. "But he may have thought you had gone quite a way on it — gone too far. That he had to get hold of it and fix you so you couldn't talk. A mistake on his part. A lucky mistake for us. Since—"

"Since," Eleanor said, "if he hadn't run before he finished; if I hadn't guessed it was because he was afraid of Toby we wouldn't have known he was an ailurophobe, would we? And so; wasn't really Thomas Davis, who wasn't?"

"I think, Miss Howell," Lane said, "that it is generous of you to use the first person plural. We appreciate being allowed to go along for the ride."

"Oh," Eleanor said, and looked at the watch on her wrist. "That."

Lane stood up.

"I didn't mean," Eleanor said. "Although, as it happens, I have got a luncheon engagement."

"I won't keep you," Lane said. "Wanted to bring the folder back. Made sure about the picture. And —oh, one other thing? You told Burt Davis that this fear of cats always starts in childhood, never develops after a man is grown. Our psychologist says that's probably true but — well, that he'd hate to have to bet on it."

"Mr. Lane," Eleanor Howell said rather gently, "if you haven't got a sure thing, you bet on what you've got. I suspect you know that. If not—well, you'll learn it as you get older."

"Yes, ma'am," Paul Lane said . . .

Walking along the corridor outside the office, he passed a man walking the other way. He recognised the man — a psychiatrist who had once been a witness in a case he'd worked on. A Dr. Kenneth Alford. Lane stopped and turned, and saw Dr. Alford going into the offices of the Manhattan Agency for Adoption.

I hope, Lane thought, he gives the lady a good lunch.

HERRICK had been able, because it was Saturday, to park where he could watch the main entrance of the hospital. He'd know when he saw her, he thought, how things were. She wore a bright dress and when she came out of the hospital it was into bright sunshine. She stood for a moment looking around, and it was, Herrick thought, as if she were looking at a new world. It's all right, he thought. He pushed the car door open for her and she slid into it and smiled.

"He's better," she said. "There's — there's a different feeling about everything. It's — what they say is real; now."

"That's swell," Herrick Moore told his girl. He let traffic engross him. Nearness was better than words sometimes.

They were on the highway when she turned a little toward him.

"A bogeyman is really the devil," Herrick said. "You'd think that he'd get on better with cats."

"He was real enough," Nora said. "Quite real enough." Then she said, "I wonder what my natural father was like. I wonder if — if he really tried to stop this other man. Tried to help me."

"Probably," Herrick said. "But tell me — who are you?" Herrick said. "Tell me who you are."

"Nora Sanderson," she said. Her voice was young and firm.

He reached out and drew her close to him.

"That will do," Herrick Moore said. "For the time being. Moore will be better, but Sanderson will do for now."

THE END

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Continued from page 27

GHOST OF A DEAD DREAM

months living the way he liked. He was a nomad, a surfer, a happy man, a bum or a hobo. It all depended on who was judging.

Once he had decided to be a writer, because a writer was always a loner, but writing was hard work and he did not really enjoy it. You had to give too much to get just a little in return. If anybody asked, he still said he was a writer. It saved explanations and it was surprising how many people did not think it odd for a writer to live as he did. Only a real writer would have known he lied, and he had never met a real writer.

There is a beach many miles south of Sydney where the sand is still virgin, unmarred by weekend tourists and fruit peels and empty beer cans. The beach is crescent-shaped, and the water is so blue that the strip of coastline is called "the sapphire coast."

Beneath the surface of the sea the rocks are black, but if you stand on the cliff top and look down the rocks seem dark green because the water is so blue.

It was here the surfer came to make his seasonal farewell to the waves.

The eleven-mile track from the main road was mostly sand. The track was unpredictable. Sometimes you got in to the beach and then you could not get out because of rain or too much wind moving the shifting sand. The unpredictability of the track guaranteed the beach its privacy. Family parties and those who lived their annual vacation geared to an alarm clock could not afford to gamble with the changeability of the elements.

ON a fine May morning with just enough wintriness in the air to remind him that his idyll had almost ended for another four months, Peter Dodd Warner leaned his arms on the steering wheel of his car and paid his respects to the crescent beach. The beach saluted him beneath the autumn sun.

From the southern end of the sand there was a wink of light. Peter looked in that direction and frowned. It was glass catching the sun, and where there was glass there were people.

He saw the trailer. It had a canvas awning stretched from its roof and anchored in the sand with stout poles. A four-wheel-drive vehicle stood beside the trailer and there were all the signs of tourist activity: a washing bowl on a folding tripod stand; a teatowel flapping in the breeze and, now that he sniffed the air, a smell of food cooking.

"Four-wheel-drive," he said aloud. It was a good idea and opened up endless possibilities in relation to hitherto inaccessible surfing areas.

He could not afford a new vehicle. Maybe, if he worked right through for seven months instead of four, he could manage it. He thought about it, knowing he would not do it.

He got out of the car and began to unpack methodically, with the spare movements of the basically tidy man who does not need a woman to ensure his neatness.

He stretched his own little awning from the hood of the car. He had to bend while beneath it, but it made a good sunshade in the heat of the day. He unpacked his supplies for a week and stood them in line on a wooden box kept for the purpose.

There were seven cans of pineapple juice, one for each morning, seven cans of various meat and vegetable meals, seven cans of baked beans, three packets of cracker biscuits, a three-pound slab of fruitcake, fourteen oranges and the same number of apples, and a large jar of instant coffee.

The eggs he left snug in their cardboard container. He placed them on top of the spirit stove and stood the big jars of drinking water on the ground beside them.

His housekeeping completed, he attended to the serious business of unroping the surfboards.

"Breakfast is ready."

He turned to face the voice, a board balanced on his shoulder. The girl must have walked across the sand as he would have walked himself, flat-footed and spread-toed so that she had approached silently.

He smiled at her. He said, "Thanks."

The girl smiled back. "You're welcome. There's only bacon and eggs and we're out of coffee. I don't suppose—"

He put the board down carefully and went beneath the awning, returning with the unopened jar of instant coffee.

"This is very neighborly of you," the girl said. "If I were a better housekeeper I wouldn't need to borrow."

"And then I wouldn't be able to accept the offer of a home-cooked breakfast," he reminded her.

She laughed, pleased he was unannoyed because her offer of hospitality was not purposeless.

"We'd have asked you, anyway. Father likes occasional company and we haven't seen anyone for a week."

He put on a faded denim shirt, buttoning it slowly, looking at her. He often ate with fellow travellers. It was the hospitality of the road, freely extended and often more satisfying than a formal meal in a house, where you had to be careful about such things as forks and the right spoons and water glasses and table napkins so stiffly starched they always protected the floor instead of your clothing.

Sometimes he deliberately pulled into a camping area and made a great show of his solitariness so that some motherly traveller insisted he eat with her family.

He never stayed in these places longer than a few days, but when he left he always gave the motherly traveller a box of chocolates or a couple of fresh fish or he took her offspring for a ride on his board, not too far out, but far enough for the kids to think they were kings.

There were girls, too. The beaches were loaded with girls, all of them with hair bleached by sun and salt. They were tanned and some of them were almost as good as he on a board. They wore their independence like a banner so that sometimes you were almost fooled.

You almost forgot that they were girls and in the end, after the first few years of youth and independence and being sure of being young for ever, they wanted to go steady and settle down and raise children and flowers and mortgages.

The red-hot music of the stomp and the love-making on a moonlit beach were dead dreams, dimly remembered, and the girls became wives and mothers and wanted the lawn mowed and the fuses fixed and above all they wanted conformity.

To page 72

Make the very creamiest ice cream of all

With full-cream SUNSHINE

HOW TO MAKE SUNSHINE ICE CREAM

1 tsp. gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water, 9 lev. tbsp. SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. vanilla essence, 1 x 4 oz. can NESTLE'S Reduced Cream.

METHOD: Turn refrigerator control to maximum. Allow gelatine to swell in cold water. Add boiling water and allow gelatine to dissolve. Whisk in Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, sugar, lemon juice, vanilla and Reduced Cream; beat thoroughly. Freeze until consistency of thick cream (about two hours). Remove from tray, beat in chilled bowl until almost double in volume (5 min. using electric beater). Turn refrigerator control to normal, place ice-cream in freezer trays, cover and return to freezer.

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Continued from page 71

GHOST OF A DEAD DREAM

"Peter Dodd Warner," he said to the girl and held out his hand.

"My," the girl said, half-laughing, half-admiring. She took his hand and shook it. "Lilie Southwell. And you must always remember to spell it L-i-l-i-e, even when you're just thinking it."

"Lily is a pretty name," he said.

"It's ghastly," Lilie said cheerfully, "but Mother loved it. She grew them, lilies, I mean, as a hobby. Wasn't it fortunate she wasn't a cactus fancier? I changed the y to i-e. Father says it's pure pretension, but it's my name so he has to abide oy the i-e."

She walked beside him along the beach, matching her steps to his, talking in a matter-of-fact way. She talked a lot. He guessed she was lonely.

She wore shorts and a man's shirt, flapping loose, but she wore them with a certain air of affinity so that he knew she was used to stylish clothes, which were probably also expensive. There was a fashion-wise look in the way the shirt collar was turned up instead of down at the back of her neck and the way the sleeves were rolled to just below her elbows.

Her fingernails were lacquered bright pink and matched her lipstick.

She was the sort of girl who wore deceptively plain "little" suits and whose boyfriends took her to small restaurants where the food was good and expensive.

He smiled to himself, pleased with his analysis of her.

"Here we are," Lilie called when they had reached the trailer. She took his arm in a completely sexless, friendly way and ushered him up the steps of the trailer. She is used to being her father's hostess, he thought. I bet she is good at it.

LILIE'S father greeted him cordially. He had about him an air of authority as if he were used to making decisions and carrying them out. He looked what he was, an elderly and successful businessman who was enjoying his vacation in the way he liked, with a four-wheel-drive vehicle and an isolated beach and a daughter for company.

"This is my father," Lilie said. "Father, this is Peter Dodd Warner. He sounds as if he should be important, doesn't he?"

Peter said: "How do you do, Mr. Southwell."

"Oh, no," Lilie said. "He's Mr. Grant. Southwell is my married name. I should have introduced you properly."

"He is probably important to himself," Lilie's father said smoothly, ignoring the explanation about names.

"There's tomato juice on the table," Lilie said to Peter. "Help yourself while I serve."

He watched her with renewed interest, the way a man does when he meets a presumably unmarried girl who is married. He wondered why her husband had loved her enough to marry her, and perhaps disliked her enough to leave, for her hands were ringless and there were no signs of a second male on the trailer.

"This is the life," Lilie's father said. "It would be easy to live like this all year round."

"I do," Peter said. "That is, for eight months of the year I do. Up and down the coast."

He fiddled with his tomato juice glass, wondering why the lie about being a writer just refused to come.

"I wonder if there's a pesticide for them?"

"I knew a painter once," Lilie's father said. "He was a lousy painter, but he kept on trying. He took a job only when his money ran out. He was sure he would paint a masterpiece one day. Of course he never did, but he was happy trying."

"You mean you only work four months of the year?" Lilie asked.

She put their plates in front of them and sat at the table, looking at him. Her expression was neither curious nor condemning, just mildly interested. There was a grand detachment about her. He had noticed it earlier when she had been disapproving but unannoyed by her mother's choice of name for her. It was as if she stood alone and the sometimes unwise decisions of others washed by leaving her untouched.

"That's right," he said. "It's a good life."

"I suppose so," Lilie said. Her nose wrinkled in a way which meant she did not really think so, but was not sufficiently interested to argue about it.

"What do you do in the evenings? It must be lonely."

He had never thought about personal loneliness, which was proof he had never experienced it. He was sufficient unto himself. "Sometimes I go to dances," he said. "Other times I read. I'm teaching myself French."

Lilie laughed. "Say something," she ordered.

"La plume de ma tante est sur la table," he said for her, smiling just a little so that she would know he was making fun of her.

"De nihilo nihil fit," Lilie said. "That's Latin. It means of nothing nothing is made." She looked away from him and out through the window of the trailer. "I've left my cigarettes in the car. Excuse me."

"Of nothing nothing is made," Lilie's father said. There was a sigh in his voice. "She wasn't talking about you. She was talking about herself." They walked to the door of the trailer. Lilie stood smoking a cigarette, gazing out to sea.

"It was a fine breakfast," Peter said.

"You're welcome," Lilie said. "I'll watch you ride your board. I'm no good myself, but I like to watch."

"I'll teach you," he offered, and immediately regretted it.

"No, thanks," she said.

"There goes a happy man," Lilie's father said, watching their guest walk back along the sand.

He was haunted by the ghost of a dream long dead. Once he had been like Peter Dodd Warner. He had believed in his own immortality. He had been going to sail along the Amazon and walk like a king. He had planned on scaling the highest mountain and sailing the deepest sea. Old age had been a cloud on a skyline so distant it did not exist.

What had happened to his dream? He had been afraid to live it, had been unable to live it. People and feelings and responsibilities had stepped between him and his dream. The dream had died, gently and without pain, as good dreams do.

Only the memory of it came occasionally to nag him, beckoned by some sight or person or a distant melody. At these moments he lived his dream again and was nostalgic but unregretful.

"He looks like a tramp," Lilie said.

He turned away, not arguing with her.

Some things you could only talk over with yourself. You could not share them with a daughter who already had had more than her share of sadness.

Peter slept badly that first night at the crescent beach. When you folded the front seat of the sedan back to meet the rear seat it made a passably comfortable bed. This night he tossed and turned and, instead of thinking about the surf and the way he would perfect another trick on the board the very next morning, he thought of other things.

He thought of the time the previous season when he had been ill. He never had been before, and he had not expected to catch influenza in the middle of summer. For three days and three nights he had huddled in the car, sweating and uncomfortable.

He was young and healthy and the germ had finally died. He had not thought then about what would have happened if he had not recovered so quickly. He thought about it now.

He was not always going to be young and healthy and twenty-four years old. In the darkness peculiar to a beach at night the knowledge of his own mortality came to him. He had always known that each year he would grow older and his body would grow older with him. Until now he had not really believed it.

He lay with his arms behind his head, looking at the stars through the open windows of the car. Then he raised his head, looking down the black beach to the lights of the trailer. He thought he heard Lilie laugh, which might have been so, because sounds carried easily on a still night even with the pound of the surf in the background.

He lit a cigarette and lay back again, trying to decide why he felt as he did.

After a while he knew what was the matter with him. He had never felt this way before, but he knew, the way people know they are in love, or are going to die. He just knew. He was lonely.

He rose early the next morning. He took one of his boards and paddled out beyond the first line of breakers. There he sat straddling the board, riding the swell and thinking about everything and nothing.

He saw Lilie come out of the trailer and walk to the edge of the beach. She waved to him. He did not wave back.

He paddled in a little way, waiting for the right wave, judging with the eye and balance of the expert. He rode in to the beach.

"Breakfast will be ready soon," Lilie said, "without French or Latin."

To page 74

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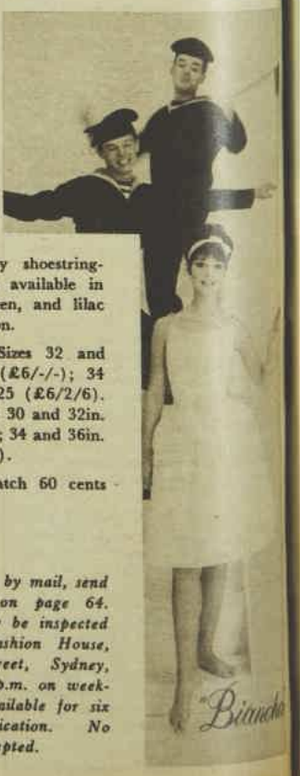
Fashion FROCKS

● ***Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.***



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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 64. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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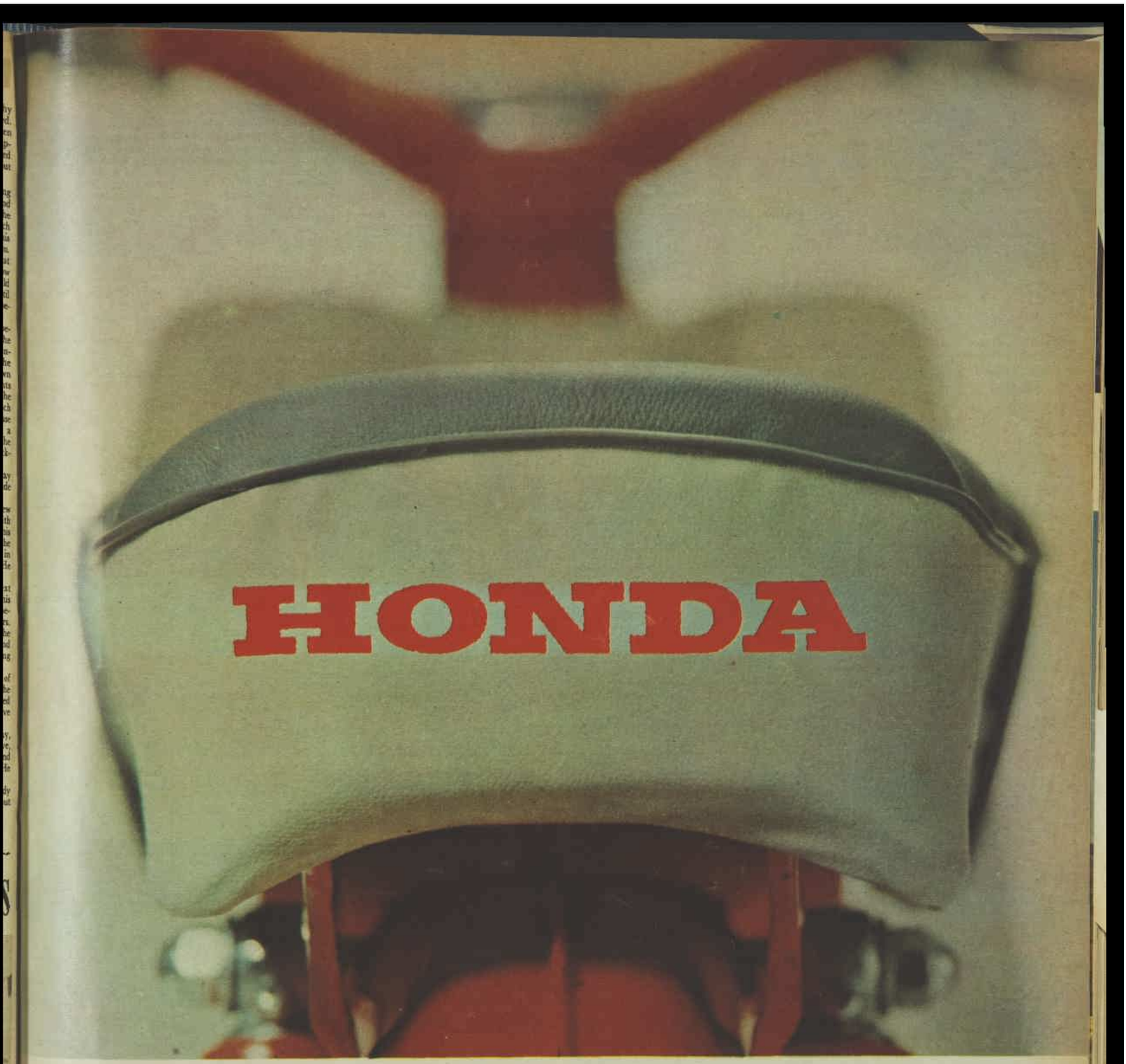

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Continued from page 72

GHOST OF A DEAD DREAM

This morning she wore jeans and the inevitable man's shirt. There was a dark red band around her hair and her lipstick and nail varnish were red, too. She must have changed the varnish the previous night. He wondered what it would be like to have nothing better to do except change pink nail varnish to red. Then he thought it was not so different from having nothing better to do than ride a board all day and kid yourself you were learning French at night.

"I don't want to intrude," he said.

"Oh, heavens," Lilie said. "You're annoyed. Father said you were. He said I was insulting. Was I?"

"No. I knew you were talking about yourself and not me."

She looked at him quickly and then away. He did not tell her it was her father who had enlightened him. It gave him a distinct advantage for her to believe he was more astute than he really was. He was not sure why he needed the advantage, but he did.

She put her hand on the surface of the board, rubbing it with her fingers in an absentminded way. Her fingers made little squeaking noises on the waxed wood.

"He died," Lilie said. "It was three years ago."

He was silent. It had not occurred to him that she could be a widow. Widows were middle-aged and wore wide gold rings.

"You must have married young," he said. She nodded and said, "Eighteen. I'm twenty-two now. He was a teacher. He taught the way you ride a board. Do you know what I mean?"

"I think so," Peter said.

"For a little while after he died I hated everybody, even myself, because we were alive and he wasn't. It seemed terrible to smell a flower and listen to music and enjoy a meal. But I got over that. Now something more terrible has happened. I can't remember what he looked like."

"After breakfast," he said, "we'll walk along the beach and climb the farthest headland. Maybe we'll see some dolphins playing out at sea."

They walked up the beach together. It was not until they reached the trailer that he remembered that he had left his board lying at the water's edge. He had to run back and carry it farther up the beach.

They swam in the surf, which was too chilly to be really comfortable. Lilie swam with the same abstracted sort of excellence with which, he guessed, she did most things.

She lay at the water's edge and the sea washed over her. Her hair separated into salty tails and her eyelashes were spiky, beaded with droplets of water. He joined her there, because without the board the sea had lost its challenge, and because now there was a greater challenge at the water's edge.

He kissed her, because he had known how it was going to be right from the moment he had heard her say, "Breakfast is ready."

She did not protest and she did not return the kiss. When he went to move away she put up a hand and touched the back of his neck, halting his retreat.

"I liked being married," Lilie said. "It was no great hardship for me. I liked having my own kitchen and I liked to cook. I liked looking forward to someone coming home in the evening, but most of all I liked having a man around.

"Maybe that's why I was so good at being married — I was, you know. I had so much to offer, so many things I wanted to share. I still have them, because I didn't get a chance to use up even half of all the good things I have."

She was warning him about the sort of girl she was. He knew what sort of girl she was. She was like every other girl. She wanted flowers and children and a nine-to-five husband and some money in the bank and a cocktail cabinet with a plastic non-stain surface that looked like wood. Above all she wanted conformity.

"Some day," he said, "there'll be another man."

"Some day," Lilie said. She drew his head down and kissed him. Her mouth was warm and salty. The ancient mariners had drowned for just such a kiss from the mermaid of their choice. "Now I know, but until now I didn't really believe it. You must have some sort of therapeutic quality."

He grinned, even though he knew what was happening.

Some day for him could be a long way off, or it could be today. And if it were not Lilie, it would be somebody else.

He lay back in the sand, not saying anything. The sea washed over him. A little entered his ears and tickled, but he did not move.

He supposed he had always known it would come to this. He had seen it happen before, over and over. The only difference was he had held out a little longer than most, perhaps because he had wanted something a little more special than most.

He knew what it would be like. Maybe he would be a businessman. It would be church on Sunday and a hot dinner and sitting down with the weekend papers and maybe watching television and complaining about the programs. It would be a dance at the club on Saturday night and worrying about the baby-sitter being reliable, and wondering if you should take out more insurance.

It would be a prison of his own choosing and what more could anyone ask?

"When you and your father leave, I'll go, too," Peter said. "It's time I found a job — with prospects."

"You don't have to do that," Lilie said.

Having caught him she was offering to let him go, and the eternal trap was sprung.

"Yes," he said. "I have to do that."

Lilie's father watched them coming back along the crescent beach. They were holding hands.

He almost hated Lilie. He could not help it. It was a painful thing, this feeling he had. It was a soundless cry from all the ghosts of all the dead dreams everybody, men — and women, too — had ever dreamed. It led to the moment of truth when he finally knew the important thing was not the dream but the ability to dream it.

He went down the steps of the trailer. The surfboard was lying forgotten on the sand. He picked it up very tenderly and leaned it against the trailer, brushing the sand from the waxed surface with his hands.

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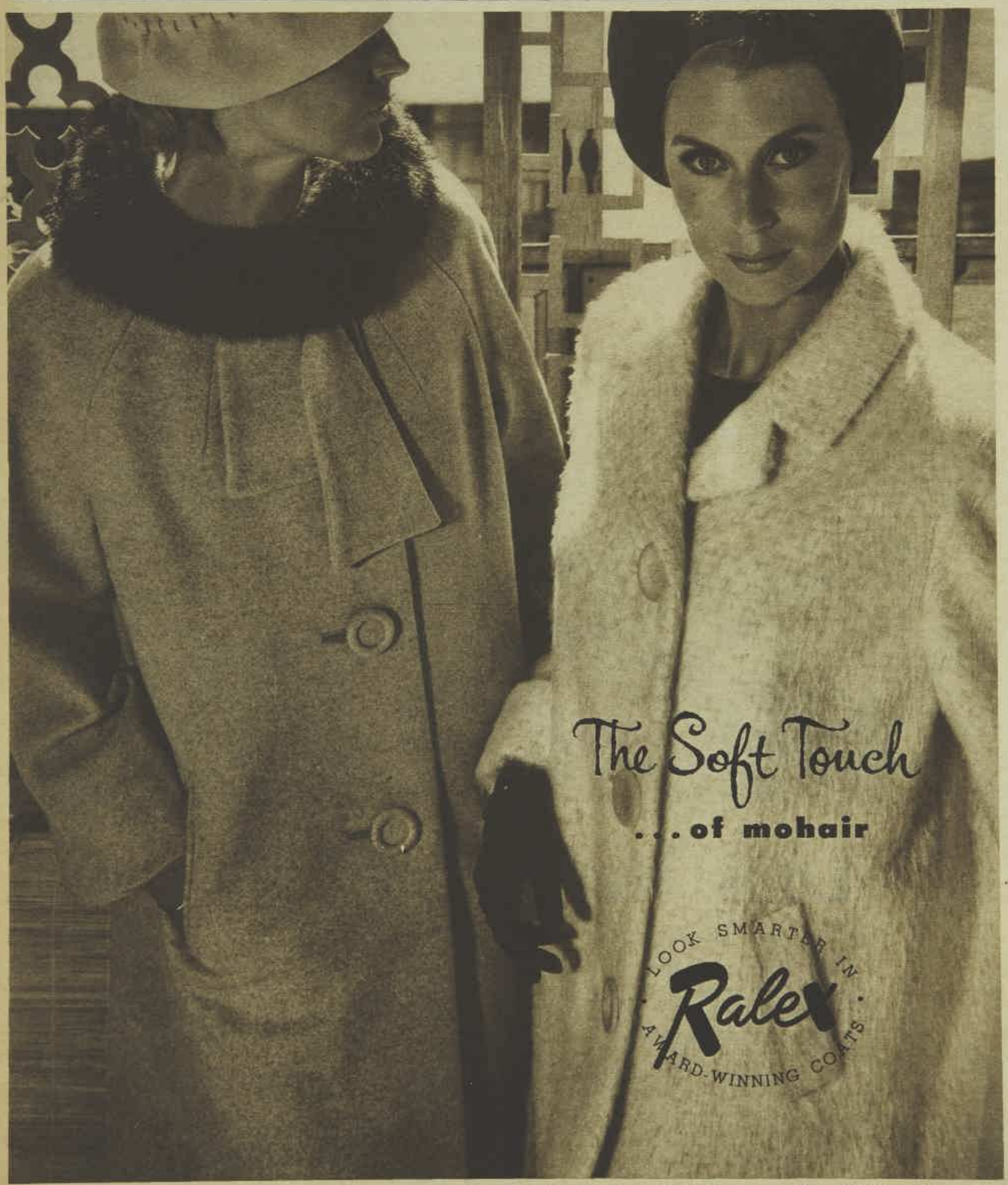

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Personalities discuss their "ideal dates"

● *Have you ever wondered just what qualities are regarded as ideal in a girl or boy? We asked six young Australians — all attractive, successful, and interesting personalities — to describe their ideal dates. You'll notice that nice eyes are one of the most popular points.*

DELPHINE DOCKERILL
(Student)

"HE is reliable — that's the most important thing. A bit of an egotist (this is not always objectionable), he is dominating, although not obviously so. Intelligent and sensitive, he has a good sense of humor. He does not dress outlandishly but is normal and conventional — both in his looks and ways. He isn't one of these people who live on their wits — I can't bear that. It's important that he gets on well with other boys — this usually is a sign of good character."

TONY MURPHY
(TV compere)

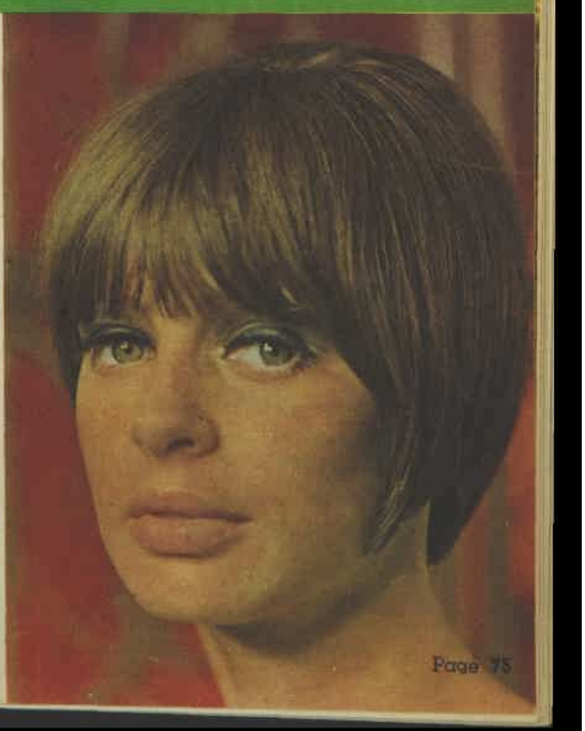
"WITH Jean Shrimpton's gear and looks, she has that vacant, mysterious look which interests me. She is skinny and has super knees. I like to make decisions but she doesn't depend on me for everything. Not too serious (until I am, at least), she doesn't rush the marriage bit. It frightens me off. She has natural, long hair, not too much make-up. She isn't a name-dropper or pseudo jet-setter and she has a certain something that is indescribable — but I'll know it when I meet her."

LITTLE PATTIE
(Singer)

"HE is always on time — and sometimes brings me flowers. He comes right up to the door — and doesn't beep the horn outside. My parents like him — this is important, because I respect their judgment. He doesn't show-off and doesn't always take me to fancy places — I like the movies just as well as a glamor date. A considerate driver, he never speeds or tries to prove anything by being smart while he's driving. He dresses neatly and is 'with-it,' without being loud. He isn't jealous, because he understands that I have to be friendly with a lot of boys in my job. He is gentle and kind and has big, trusting eyes."

BRYAN DAVIES
(Singer)

"SHE isn't necessarily particularly good-looking but she has a nice, warm personality. Able to mix well in company, she enjoys parties, as I do. Not too independent, she lets me make some decisions. She likes me for me — not who I am. I like petite girls, with long hair and little make-up. I don't mind if she's possessive — if she's subtle about it. I'll first be attracted by her overall appearance, but it will be her eyes — big and interesting — that keep me."



JACKIE HOLMES
(Model)

"WITH big, honest eyes, he is casual and comforting. He has long hair (NOT as long as The Pretty Things!) and he dresses smartly, but not flashily. He likes to be happy and to make me laugh a lot. He doesn't get too serious — talk of marriage frightens me away. Not sophisticated, he is the little-boy type. Actually he is a modern Peter Pan — because I don't want to grow up. At first he ignores me, because that makes me interested. But when I like him, he makes me feel special. He calls me Jack and lets me have my own life, too."

TONY BONNER
(Actor)

"SHE isn't an egotist — I hate untalented extroverts. Instead, she is natural and warm and dreamy. She is feminine and doesn't go for this latest modern male attire. I like her in crepes, chiffons, and pretty clothes. A non-conformist, she is just herself. She is in the theatre, for that's my life, and she does mad, zany things every once in a while. She has beautiful eyes — they show her character. She doesn't play the hard-to-get bit. When a boy likes a girl he can't be bothered with that."

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2·00 for each letter used.

All about judo

BEFORE I joined a local club I knew very little about judo, but now I know that today judo is one of the world's most popular sports.

It started with Buddhist monks, who first developed a system of throws and holds to protect them from robbers while travelling. This progressed into a method of self-defence, ju-jitsu, taught to Japanese warriors in the 18th century. It was a point of honor with these warriors that if attacked by an opponent of lower rank they must defeat him without using weapons.

Judo consists of the best of the ju-jitsu throws and holds, practised as a sport.

The room where judo is taught and practised is called a dogo, which is Japanese for a temple. A student is called a judoka. He wears a white garment consisting of a loose canvas jacket and trousers. The jacket is bound by a sash round the waist.

The sash or "belt" is colored to show the wearer's grade. The judoka rises from red to yellow, to white, green, orange, purple, and black. There are ten degrees of the black belt, called dans. — *C. Price, North Balwyn, Vic.*

Example

PEOPLE who say teenagers are unreliable and rude make me sick, as many times it is the older people who are rude.

While my mother was driving home from Melbourne a tyre of the car blew out. As the garages were closed, Mum sought help from nearby houses. At each she was rudely told "no," when asking if the man would help her.

Finally she asked a teenage boy. The boy agreed without hesitation, and promptly fixed the tyre. When he was offered $2, he refused to accept it and just walked away.

Mum's eyes were opened, and so were those of many other people when told the story.—*Karen Morris, Rosedale, Vic.*

Responsibility

MANY teenagers are steered away from responsibility by their parents. Maybe this is why, when the time comes, they are irresponsible.

These parents won't let their teenage children take on a lay-by or hire purchase, and then when the teenagers have to take on responsibility they cannot.

When they were children our parents had responsibilities, but we don't get any training. But maybe if we were allowed to take on some responsibilities now, we would be better at it later on. — *Peter Edghill, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Hey, man, what has four legs, two heads, and is green all over?"

Doing good

DURING the holidays my friends and I decided to do something worth while.

We collected jokes and humorous articles from magazines and made some scrapbooks. When they were completed we sent them to the local hospital.

We later heard that they were a big hit and that the people enjoyed them. We were asked to send more, which we did, and now we're favorites with the hospital.—*Barbara McLean and Sandra Shaw, Yamba, N.S.W.*

Party pair

RECENTLY two teenagers, a boy and a girl, whose birthdays occured at about the same time, decided to have a combined party. This proved to be a great sucecss.

The boy invited the boys, and the girl invited the girls, so that no one had to worry about partners.

Both sets of parents contributed to the supper and refreshments, while the girl's mother made the birthday cake, and the boy's parents made their home available for the evening — *"Happy Birthday," Goulburn, N.S.W.*

Piano "drums"

THOSE who like to experiment with making musical sounds and have already got a piano may like to add an easily acquired set of drum sounds to their collection.

This drum-like effect can be obtained by placing an ordinary piece of greaseproof paper (the length of the keyboard) inside the piano between the felt hammers and the strings.

The effect is realistic and amusing when used for a bright tune.—*Heather Dover, Unley, S.A.*

Old clothes

IF any of you, girls or boys, have clothes which are either out of date or do not fit you, has it ever occurred to you to take them to a second-hand clothing store and sell them?

I did and I was paid $12. This money will come in handy.—*"Barbara-Anne," Connels Point, N.S.W.*

Nutty

I, TOO, am often called a nut. However, my brother wrote this in my autograph book, assuring me that being a nut is nothing to be ashamed of:

"No matter if your job is small,
And your rewards are few.
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut, like you."

So, you see, nuts have a great future ahead of them. —*J. Winn, Mt. Samson, Qld.*

Plant pressing

WITH a new school year beginning there may be people who are looking for an easy way to press plants for their botany collection.

One day I came from a trip, my arms full of leaves and flowers. I lifted up the mattress of my bed, laid newspapers over the springs, placed the plants carefully on it, then laid more newspaper on the top. After a few nights my plants were nicely pressed and ready for my book. — *Cathie Aalders, St. Leonards, Tas.*

ROUND ROBIN

SECRETARY'S NEW OUTLINE

● I see that a secretarial college director forecasts the disappearance of the secretary.

HE says that human secretaries will be on the way out by 1973, replaced by machines.

If he is right, a look at offices in the future is interesting.

Firms making the secretarial machines (which would take dictation and produce letters, etc.) will have to plan carefully.

Office males could be bored, with an attendant loss of efficiency, without girls around.

So, a model could be built with, at least, attractive legs.

There should also be a plain, utility model with no eye-appeal.

This would be for hen-pecked office men whose wives don't like good-looking secretaries.

Mechanical secretaries should not always be fixed affairs.

Perhaps a self-propelled one on wheels might be made —so blokes can chase it around the desk.

And let's have a lightweight portable one — for taking out after work.

There will be problems, of course.

Imagine a boss getting a call one day . . .

A metallic voice says over the telephone:

"X1234 here, Chief. I won't be in today. One of my fuses is playing up. I have to go to the repair shop."

At least machines won't get broken fingernails.

The present problem of a good secretary leaving to get married could also arise.

You throw a mechanical secretary and a handsome digital computor together and what can they do, except click?

Now, of course, an abandoned boss can ring up an agency for a replacement.

In the future perhaps he'll sigh and say: "Oh, well — back to the drawing board."

— Robin Adair

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THE ROLLING STONES ARE BOOMERANGING

● Almost a year from the day of their last visit, the top English pop group, the Rolling Stones, will be back in Australia. The unpredictable, controversial, but very popular, stars will tour Australia and New Zealand from February 18 to March 3.

MICK JAGGER

THE ROLLING STONES in one of the rare pin-ups taken of them all together. The Stones are against anything as square as "family shots."

BILL WYMAN

BRIAN JONES

CHARLIE WATTS

KEITH RICHARD

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

MAKE YOUR MANICURE LAST

● **Why is it that one manicure will keep your fingertips neat and pretty for a whole week while another looks worn and ragged in a day or two? Little things make the difference.**

DO a thorough manicure job. Clean off all old polish, including specks on the cuticle, and use plenty of fresh bits of cottonwool. Soak nails well in lukewarm water with plenty of soapsuds before you begin work on the cuticle, and don't stop until each nail is smoothly rimmed.

If fingernails are at all weak go easy with the nail-brush. Use, instead, a small soft sponge lathered with mild soap into which you dig your nails. Follow with gentle cleaning with an orange stick topped with a twist of cottonwool.

In this case never use a metal cleaner. This roughens the underside of the nail, which then collects dirt more readily.

Don't omit a single step. Shape nails with an emery board from side to centre into a rounded oval. Then buff nails in one direction only, not back and forth. Care for cuticles with a dab of cream around each and apply oily cuticle remover around and under each nail.

For nail gilding, apply a base coat first, then two thin coats of polish, a colorless topcoat. Four thin coats wear much better than one or two thick ones. One brushful of polish stroked lightly (without pressure) on each nail reduces the chance of streaking.

Wipe a hairline off the tip of each nail with thumb of other hand when the second layer of color is applied, but spread the topcoat over the whole nail and just underneath and tip. Be neat and accurate so that no extra tinkering is needed. Allow plenty of drying time.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

In despair

"I AM a 17-year-old girl writing in despair. Recently I had an argument with my steady boyfriend. I walked out on him telling him to get lost. The quarrel was ALL my fault. I still love him and I am sure he loves me, as I have found out that he is miserable. I have tried to phone him, but he hangs up. When I see him he walks away. I love him terribly and will do anything to get him back. Please, can you help me?"

"Last Resort," Vic.

There is nothing you can do to get him back except to leave him alone and wait until he has had time to sort things out. He might be miserable, but I think that if he loves you he would not have hung up or walked away. All you can do is wait, go out with others, and resolve to be less argumentative in future.

He's just transport

"I AM 17 and go out with a nice crowd of people my own age. My only contact with them, due to transport, is with a boy who thinks I really like him, which I certainly don't. I keep accepting his invitations due to the transport he can provide and love going on the outings with my friends. How can I tactfully explain the situation without hurting this boy's feelings."

"Help," N.S.W.

There is only one thing to do. Give up using the boy and his transport.

Board riding

"I AM a keen surfboard rider and over Christmas I met a wonderful boy at a party. We have just been casual friends, but my mother seems to think that we are in love, but this is not true. Now she refuses to let me see him, which I don't really mind as I do not love him. But, worst of all, she will not let me ride my board because she thinks I will meet him. I am 14. What can I do?"

"Deprived," Qld.

Could you offer to go board riding at another beach, where she knows he will not be? Or could you suggest that she come down with you one afternoon to see that you only want to ride your board? As you are only 14, this is about all you can do. The surfing season will be over soon, anyway, and by next summer you will be able to go again.

She's shrinking

"I AM very worried about myself. During the past six months I have shrunk one inch in height. None of my friends or family have noticed yet. I have not had any serious illness lately and have not been on a strict diet. I have not told anyone, but have given myself a new hairstyle with more body on top. However, I am not satisfied as I cannot go on 'living a lie,' and I am afraid I will shrink more. Should I go and see a doctor?"

"Vanishing," Tas.

I'm sure you are over-dramatising. Living a lie, indeed! Tell your mother and get her to measure you again. You'll probably just find that either your posture is bad or that you have always been an inch shorter than you thought. If you are convinced this is not so, then see a doctor. I cannot understand why you have been so secretive about it.

Troubles at 12

"WE are three girls aged 12. Our parents will not let us wear lipstick or eye make-up. We are allowed to wear stockings but not high heels, and we are not allowed out with boys, which we think is unfair. If our parents don't let us do these things we would consider going away from home. What can we do?"

"Upset Three," Vic.

You have many years ahead of you to do all the things you want to do in life. How about learning to handle those years wisely by settling down to your schoolwork? You cannot, of course, leave home for a few years anyway — so put such silly thoughts out of your head.

Driving at 16

"I AM a boy of 16 and I have several problems. Firstly, my parents feel that 16 is too young to go out in the evenings with a group or particularly with a girl. Secondly, I would like you to give me some suggestions as to how to get to know some of the kids in the district, as we have only just moved here. Lastly, in this State the driving age is 16 and I would like to learn, but my parents think 18 is early enough. What do you think?"

"Restrained," S.A.

I think you are too young to take out girls, but not too young to go to social functions organised by a club or church. This would be the way for you to meet other people. You do have to go where they are instead of waiting for them to come to you. I agree with your parents about the driving licence.

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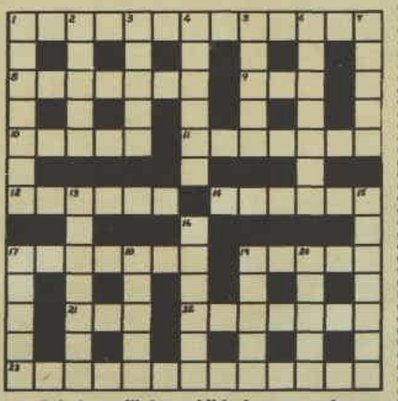
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

AFTER his first attempt to blow Xanadu off the cliff-top fails, the Cobra tries again. He sends a climber up the cliff with a bomb. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. To get rid of a poison eat a condiment (13).
8. For diminishing take a heavy stick with mixed gin (7).
9. Great deal produced by allotropism (3).
10. Robes for Dutch descended S. African people (5).
11. Tear all from the side (7).
12. Flowers, the end of which is used for kissing (6).
14. A short company with broken sets make a pet lamb. (6).
17. Its heel found in a small pony (7).
19. He failed to win a race (5).
21. The atmosphere in a staircase (3).
22. To devour greedily go green (7).
23. Nearby priests are good for some believers (13).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Uninteresting wager for coarse linen fabric (7).
2. Bird to be seen in ports and in railway stations (5).
3. Slain with things from the tips of your fingers (5).
4. Along a Portuguese possession in West Africa (6).
5. A small arm of the sea I lent (5).
6. Dresses a sitter (7).
7. Record with a green rolling pin (5).
13. The fourth Sunday in Lent (7).
15. Aims the sailor obtains (7).
16. Enters (anagr., 6).
17. Bring the foot down heavily and stick it on a letter (5).
18. Quiver and plunder at the end of it (5).
19. Palindrome of regal beer (5).
20. Oar is making a province and a city in Spain (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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2907. — Easy to make raglan-sleeved dress with self-cord belt. Pattern also provides cowl collar. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/9 or 58c includes postage.

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ADDRESS		

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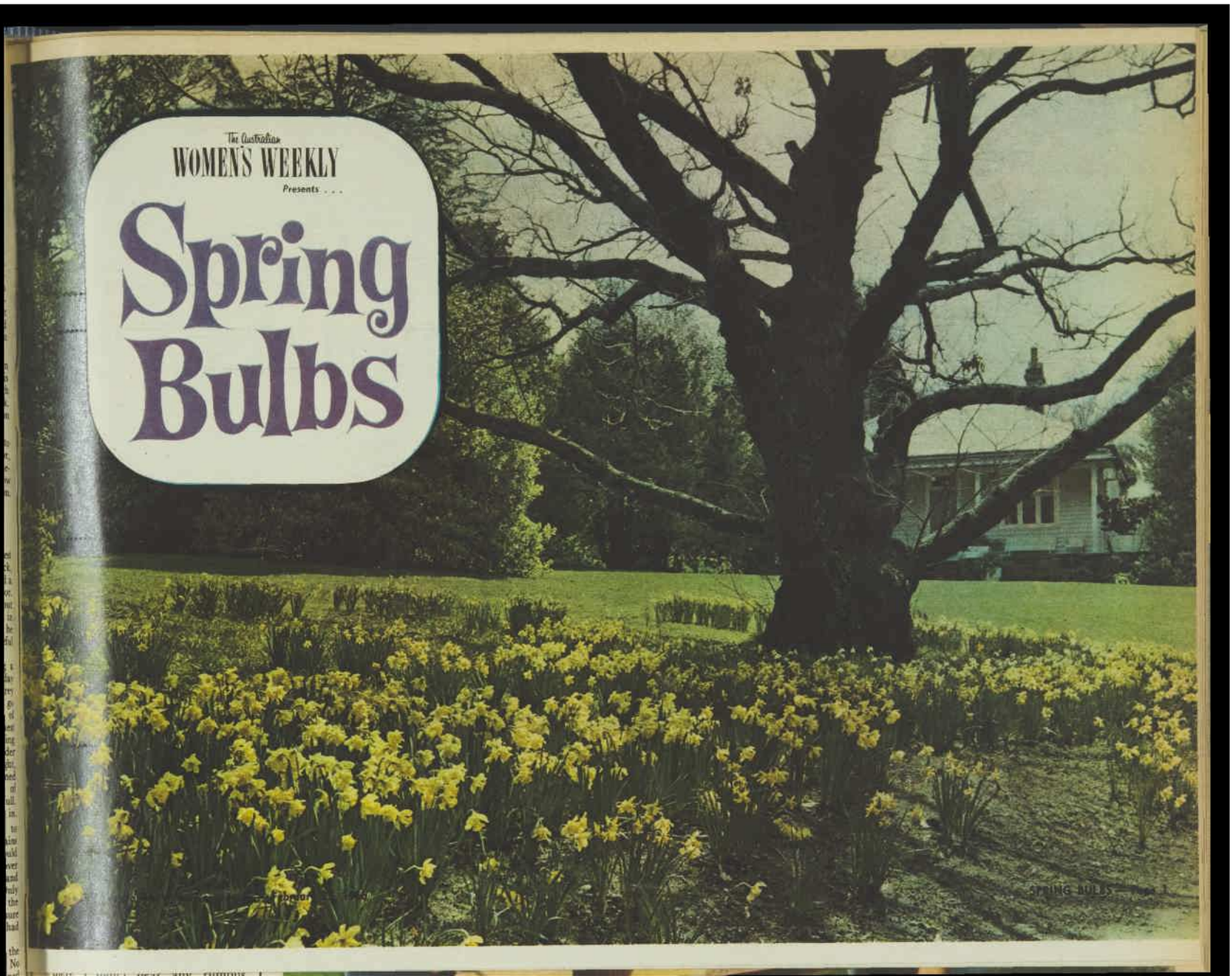

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EVERY GARDEN HAS A PLACE FOR BULBS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Bulbs have many uses in gardens. They make a glorious show of color when massed in beds, liven up uninteresting parts when grown in groups, and are very useful in borders, rock gardens, and window boxes. When planted in good soil and allowed to multiply under trees as part of the landscape, they become a lasting source of beauty.

Some are ideal for growing in pots and troughs, and as house plants have few rivals in bringing color indoors.

Most bulbs are not very demanding about soil and cultural requirements, although responding well to extra attention. Some need pampering, but others are hardy and cheerful little plants, putting up with really tough conditions.

Each kind does best planted at the correct depth in the right kind of soil, and lifted (if necessary) at the right time for storing.

This booklet gives that and other information, and concludes with a list of the best spring-flowering bulbs available for growing in the garden and in pots.

COVER PICTURE:

Naturalised daffodils growing beneath a Spanish chestnut tree make one of the many lovely garden scenes at Mr. and Mrs. George Valder's home, "Nooroo," Mount Wilson, N.S.W. Daffodils are among the most rewarding bulbs, and have a spirit-lifting effect when naturalised under trees or massed in the corner of a garden, or growing in a pot or trough. (Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.)

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BULBS IN POTS. At left, stone pot with daffodils (see pages 10 and 12 for daffodils and other Narcissus species). Above, Freesia mendotta (see page 12); and, below, campernelles (Narcissus odorus regulosus).

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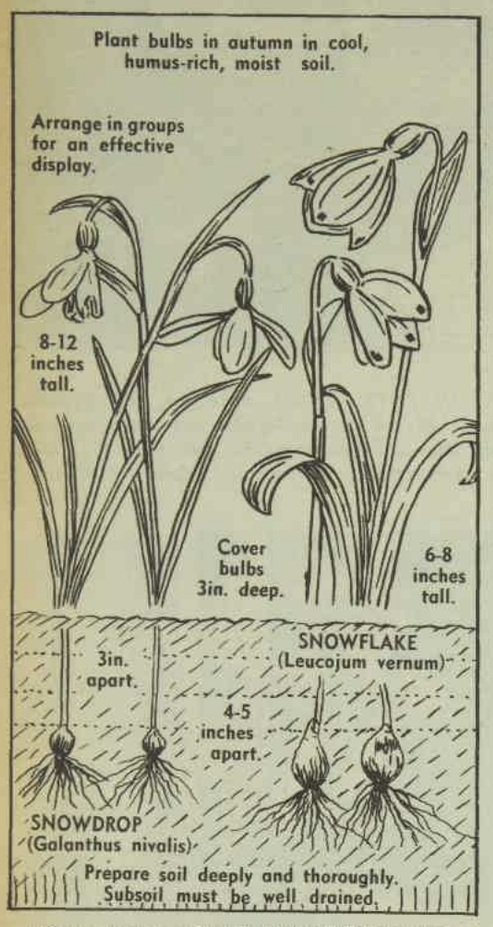
SNOWDROP, SNOWFLAKE



Sketch adapted from New York "Herald-Tribune" Home and Garden Section.

GARDENERS usually include, under the general heading of "bulb plants," those with underground storage organs such as corms, tubers, rhizomes, and thick and fleshy root-stocks.

A **TRUE BULB** consists of a number of overlapping leaf bases, often fleshy, arranged around a very short stem; for example, narcissus, hyacinth and grape hyacinth, and tulip. Cut a section across a bulb and you can see the structure.

CORMS are similar in appearance to bulbs, but are solid right through, being formed of the swollen bases of flowering stems, and are often sheathed with the bases of withered leaves, forming thin scales. Examples: **crocus, gladiolus, freesia,** and **sparaxis.**

A **TUBER** is a thickened underground stem with eyes or buds which produce new shoots; for example, **ranunculus** and **anemone.**

TUBEROUS ROOTS are much swollen, as in **dahlias,** and **RHIZOMES** are root-like in appearance, sending off rootlets, but the apex progressively produces stems or leaves; e.g., the **iris.**

Although all the above are usually classified as bulbous plants, it is probably best to limit that description to bulbs, corms, and tubers, which can be dry-stored for long periods.

Soils and position

Bulbs will grow in many different kinds of soils, some of the hardier species doing well even in quite poor soil. But if one remembers that a bulb puts out quite deep roots one realises that the soil should be well worked and moderately open for at least six inches below the bulb.

An ideal soil is porous but retentive of moisture, and preferably rich in organic matter. Bulbs, however, should never come in contact with fresh manure. Good drainage is usually essential, as water-logged bulbs, especially in winter, are inclined to rot.

Most do best in an open sunny position, protected from high winds, but many do well in partial shade, especially that provided by deciduous trees, which allow ample sunlight through in the winter.

Planting

If you are buying bulbs, make sure they are sound and healthy, showing no signs of decay. They should be firm when squeezed lightly between the fingers, otherwise there may be some internal rotting.

The depth of planting varies with different species, but a general guide is to set them approximately at a depth of two or three times their greatest diameter. In this booklet, notes on individual species and the planting guide give further information. *Plant a little deeper in sandy soils than in heavy ones.*

If the soil is very heavy, a small quantity of sand may be placed in the hole. Make sure the crown of the bulb is uppermost when planting and don't leave any airpockets below the bulb.

Bulbs vary considerably in shape and sometimes it is not easy to distinguish the top from the bottom. The pointed end should usually face upwards, but with other shapes the bottom may be indicated by the remains or scars of old roots.

If you are planting a large number of bulbs it is best to open a little trench to the necessary depth, place the bulbs in position, and cover with soil. This allows uniform depth in planting, and also allows an opportunity of working some fertiliser into the bottom of the trench if required.

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Don't disturb the bulbs after planting. They can be marked with pegs to avoid injury when weeding or digging. Planting time for spring-flowering bulbs varies from February to June.

Later treatment

Bulbs need sufficient water when actively growing. As the roots are fairly deep down, a good soaking is necessary in dry weather. It is important not to overdo this, and usually one soaking is all that is required until the leaves appear.

An occasional mulching with well-rotted manure or compost is beneficial as it keeps weed growth down and helps to maintain the soil in a cool and moist condition. A complete fertiliser, especially in poor or overworked soil, will improve vigor and size of flowers.

The leaves of most bulbous plants die down each year, but they should not be removed until dry or yellow, as they are building up the bulbs for further use and new life. In dry weather continue to water after the flowering until the leaves turn yellow. Grasslands should not be mown until the leaves yellow.

Lifting

Many bulbs can be left in the ground for between two and five years, or even longer. **Daffodils, freesias, snowflakes,** and **ixias** come into this category.

On the other hand, some, such as **tulips** and **hyacinths,** are best lifted every year and stored.

Use every care when lifting the bulbs, as injured ones are prone to disease and pests. A fork is less likely to cause damage than a spade, which can slice through the bulbs. Leave a

BULB-PLANTING CHART

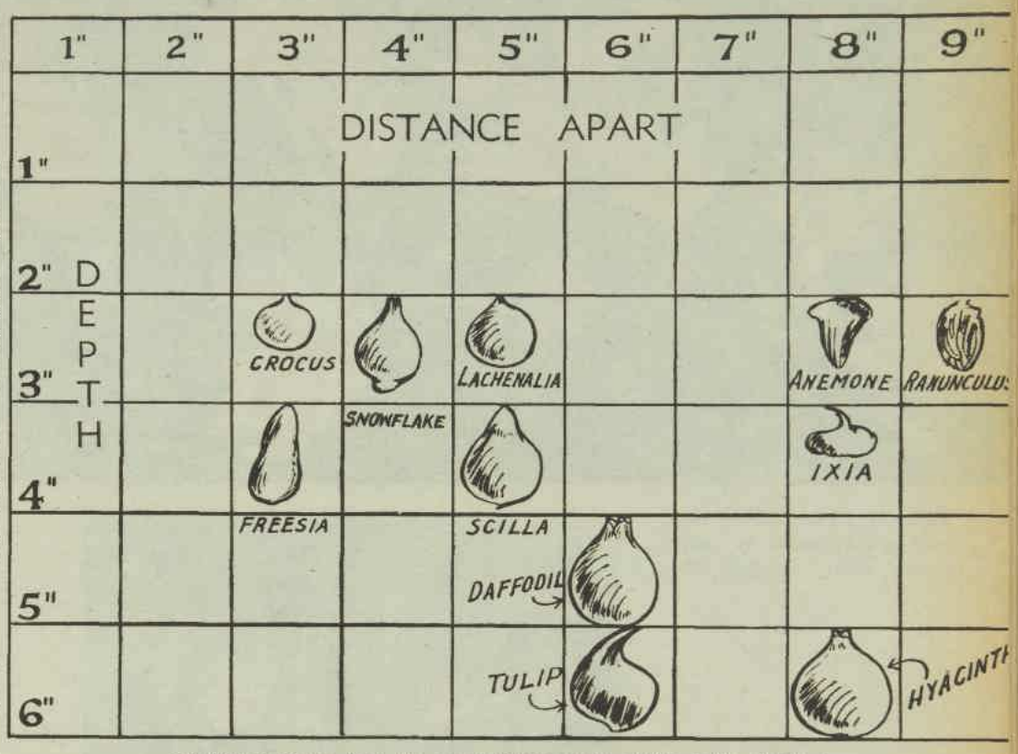

CHART indicates how the more widely grown spring bulbs should be planted — that is, the depth and distance apart. For example, lachenalias should be five inches apart (reading from the left), and the top of the bulb two inches below the surface (reading from the top of the chart). In heavy soils, plantings should be somewhat shallower. Plantings in pots are also shallower. Chart published by courtesy of Yates Garden Guide.

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TULIPA SAXATILE, a small tulip which spreads by underground stems (see page 15).

BABIANA (see page 10).

RANUNCULUS (see page 13).

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little soil round each bulb and dry them off in a shed or under cover.

When they are thoroughly dry, the earth can be shaken off and the bulbs stored in a cool, dry place.

Bulbs in containers

Bulbs are very suitable for growing in containers, making delightful splashes of color in the house.

Many can be grown in this way — **daffodils, freesias, hyacinths, crocuses, scillas, tulips.** and **lachenalias** are only a few. The first essential is adequate drainage, obtained by covering the bottom with broken rocks, pebbles, or charcoal. You can use a soil mixture, bulb fibre, or vermiculite as a growing medium.

A good soil mixture is a fairly loose fibrous one, containing 2 parts loam, 1 part sand, 1 part leafmould or peat-moss, and one quarter part bone-meal.

Bulbs do well in fibre, which is available commercially and contains peat-moss, crushed shell, and charcoal. Some bulb fibre may not have crushed shell, and this could be added.

Place a layer of charcoal in the bottom of the container, soak the fibre and fill to an inch or half an inch from the top, pressing down gently to firm the fibre. *The bulbs are planted less deeply than in the garden, usually half an inch being sufficient.*

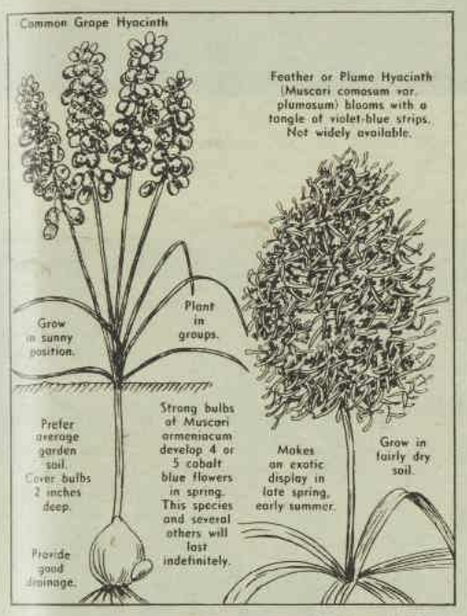
Place the containers in a cool, dark or shaded airy position, and during the first few weeks add only enough water to keep the fibre moist. The containers are moved gradually to full daylight after the growth has started.

This method is the one commonly used, but under Australian conditions many growers prefer to place the bowls after planting in an open frame where they get plenty of light.

It is best to restrict the bulbs in a bowl to one variety to ensure uniform flowering.

Remember that fibre contains no food materials, so some fertiliser should be added from time to time.

Some bulbs, such as **hyacinths,** can be grown in water. An inch of charcoal is placed in the bottom of the container and covered with two inches of gravel. Set the bulbs so that the lower half is under the pebbles and fill with water until level with the bulb bases.



Sketch adapted from New York "Herald-Tribune" Home and Garden Section.

HYACINTHS

HYACINTHS prefer a sunny position in a cool climate, with good drainage around the roots. They also grow well indoors if proper care is taken to establish the plant strongly in the pot.

Sketch adapted from New York "Herald-Tribune" Home and Garden Section.

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DAFFODILS IN THEIR GLORY

"BEERSHEBA"

"MAIDEN'S BLUSH" and, behind it, "KRAKATOA"

"BALMORAL"

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"LUDLOW"

"LANARTH" (yellow jonquilla hybrid) and "CARNLOUGH"

"MRS. WILLIAM COPELAND"

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CHOOSE SPRING BULBS FROM THIS LIST

● Broadly speaking, bulbs can be classified into late winter and spring flowering kinds, and those that bloom in summer or autumn. The fresh beauty of spring-flowering bulbs has a special appeal, and here are some of the main ones grown.

ANEMONE

(Sometimes known as windflower)

Suitable for the foreground of borders and under trees. The **St. Brigid** strain is the most popular, having large semi-double flowers of brilliant and varied colors.

Anemones do best in a fairly rich, well-drained soil in a reasonably sunny position, protected from high winds. They resent dry conditions and must be kept well watered after the flower stems appear. Liquid manuring and mulching are of advantage.

Plant the bulbs with the flat side of the crown uppermost. The best results come from first-season bulbs, and it is an advantage to get fresh bulbs each season, although the old ones can be used for two or three years.

Plant March to May, one or two inches deep.

The single-flowered anemone, **A. coronaria,** often called the poppy-flowered anemone, is a vigorous plant, producing large flowers in blue, red, and white on tall, strong stems, excellent for cutting.

BABIANA

(A South African genus, containing many species, often called baboon flowers, several of which are cultivated)

The brightly colored flowers in blue, purple, crimson, or white are about one and a half inches long and one inch across, and borne in clusters of six to twelve.

The leaves are dark green and hairy. Having a compact growth between six and twelve inches high, they are very useful in borders, rock gardens, and pots. They are very hardy plants, thriving in most soils, but like good drainage and sheltered sunny positions, free from heavy frosts.

Plant February to June, one or two inches deep.

BRODIAEA species

(Mainly North American plants, one being known as the Californian Star)

These are hardy and easily grown and will stand dry conditions, but need good drainage. Up to two feet high with clusters of bell- or funnel-shaped flowers, mostly blue, rose, or red, on thin stems.

CROCUS

Suitable only for cool districts with cold winters, and not so commonly grown in Australia. The Dutch hybrids are the most popular and are lovely spring harbingers, being among the earliest to appear. They have narrow leaves and very short-stemmed tubular flowers, flaring at the top; white, yellow, lavender, or purple in color.

A cool shady position and well drained, light, fairly moist soil are needed. They are delightful when planted under trees and in shrubberies, or when tucked into a dry wall, rock garden, or even in spaces between paving-stones.

DAFFODIL

(And others of the NARCISSUS family)

Most of us, when thinking of bulbs, have a mental picture of the gay and elegant daffodils with their lovely clear colors so symbolic of spring. They flower regularly, can be left in the ground for years, and increase generously under the right conditions.

They are very effective when planted under deciduous trees and are delightful under flowering cherries, plums, or crab-apples. In groups, they provide a highlight in the garden, and can be used effectively in rockeries or beds adjoining patios.

They make charming combinations with annuals such as alyssum, viola, pansy, and linaria. When naturalised in drifts in grasslands or under deciduous trees they are unforgettable.

If desired, they are easily grown in containers, using firm, healthy, double-rosed bulbs. They are tolerant of most soils, but good drainage is essential. The

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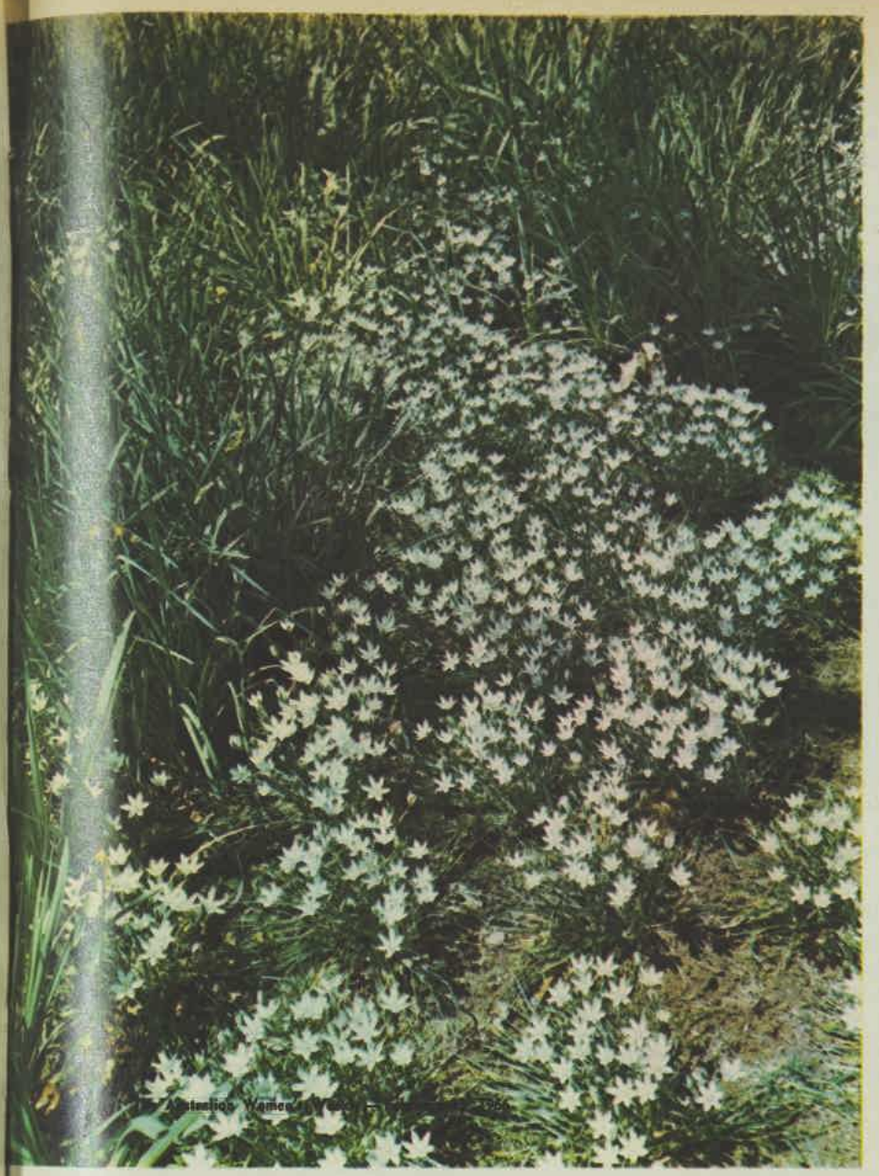

AT LEFT: Star of Bethlehem (Ornithogalum umbellatum, see page 13). ABOVE: Hyacinths (page 12). BELOW: Crocus (page 10).

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ideal one is a deep, fertile, sandy loam. Work the soil deeply and allow it to stand for a few weeks before planting, adding a complete fertiliser if necessary.

An open sunny position suits daffodils best, but areas warmer than Sydney don't produce very good results.

Give a thorough soaking to settle the soil if it is at all dry when planting. Some further watering may be necessary, and when the bulbs are flowering and for several weeks afterwards keep the soil moist but not saturated.

Plant February, March for best results, four or five inches deep.

Other bulbs such as **JONQUILS** belong to the Narcissus family, and there are several distinct species grown, including **NARCISSUS BULBOCODIUM (hoop petticoat)**, which is a lovely little plant very suitable for rock gardens and indoor decoration.

The classification of narcissus is quite complicated and there are many divisions, the most important being the **trumpet** narcissus, **large-cupped** narcissus (also called incomparabilis), **small-cupped** narcissus, **double** narcissus, **triandra** narcissus, **cyclamineus** narcissus, **jonquilla** narcissus, **tazetta** narcissus, and **poeticus** narcissus.

FREESIA

These delightful springtime flowers are valued for their wide range of attractive colors and fragrance. They are among the earliest to flower and are very hardy, and tolerant of most soils.

They do well in full sun and partial shade, and are charming when naturalised in drifts under trees, spreading easily from bulbs and seeds. Can be left undisturbed for many years, especially if given some fertiliser or compost. Useful for cutting and much used by florists.

Plant February to April, two or three inches deep.

HYACINTH

These delightful plants are becoming more popular every year, having dense spikes of attractively colored fragrant flowers. There are **Dutch** and **Roman** hyacinths, most of those grown being the former. Roman hyacinths have more loosely arranged flower spikes, and the white variety blooms earlier than the Dutch.

A cool climate and a light, well-drained soil are best. Preferably the ground should be enriched with well-rotted cow manure or leafmould. They prefer a sunny position but are quite tolerant of partial shade.

Ideal for growing in bowls, using bulb fibre or a mixture of loam, leafmould, and sand. The tops of the bulbs should be first covered with soil and the bowls placed in a cool, shady place or plunged in soil to promote good root growth.

After this is well established the bowls can be brought inside to warmer conditions. Many named varieties are available in shades of yellow, pink, blue, scarlet, and white. Double-flowered varieties are also available.

Plant February or March, four or five inches deep if in the garden.

SPARAXIS happily multiply in an open position. These hardy bulbs, flowering in orange, red, or purple shades, will grow almost anywhere provided the drainage is good.

GRAPE HYACINTH

(Muscari)

Dainty little plants with grass-like leaves and rich blue, slightly fragrant flowers, very effective for planting in borders, rock gardens, or bowls and pots. The little flowers are more or less urn-shaped, constricted at the mouth and borne in spikes.

They do best in a light soil in a sunny position, but are quite suitable for heavier soils. Easily established and will grow in the same position for years. **Heavenly Blue** is an attractive variety with lovely gentian-blue flowers.

Plant two inches deep, February to April.

IXIA

(South African corn lily)

The many species, hybrids, and varieties bear dense spikes of showy flowers on slender but strong stems, and with dense tufts of grass-like leaves. They are available in a wide range of colors: yellow, orange, scarlet, pink, light blue, and white, mostly with a dark centre.

They are easily grown and hardy but respond best to a light, well-drained soil in a very sheltered position. The corms can be lifted after the foliage dies down, or be left in the ground for several years.

Plant February to April.

Seeds are saved and sown by those in search of new colors.

IXIA PANICULATA

(Morphixia)

A distinct, later-flowering species, which gives a good display of buff-pink or coral-red, star-shaped flowers and, like other ixias, makes a fine display when grown in masses.

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LACHENALIA

(Cape cowslip)

Low-growing plants which bloom cheerfully for several weeks, with dense spikes of waxy, tubular, slightly drooping flowers in yellows or reds, or in combinations of both.

The leaves are about nine inches long and usually spotted. Their tidy habit of growth makes them useful for borders, rock gardens, window-boxes, or pots. They like a sunny position and do best in a well-drained, friable loam or sandy loam enriched with some animal manure or compost. The bulbs are best lifted every year or two.

Plant **March to April, two or three inches deep.**

LAPEIROUSIA LAXA

(Anomatheca cruenta)

This is sometimes known as scarlet freesia and is similar in foliage and growth habit, but has short-tubed open flowers, scarlet with maroon markings. A hardy and colorful plant, suitable for groups in the garden, rockeries, and pots, or naturalising under trees.

Plant **March and April.**

Also easily grown from seed, flowering within a few months.

MANY of the pictures in this booklet were taken in private gardens at Mt. Wilson, in the N.S.W. Blue Mountains. Gardens there are not normally open to the public, but some are thrown open at particular times in aid of charities. Spring in the Blue Mountains is, of course, later than on the coast.

ORNITHOGALUM

Several species are grown, the most common being **O. thyrsoides** and **O. arabicum.** The former is the **chincherinchee** of South Africa, where it is very popular as a cut flower. Numerous pure white flowers with a brown or greenish centre are borne in long spikes on a strong stem, and last for several weeks when cut.

O. arabicum (Arab's eye) has long white flowers with a jet black eye and bright yellow anthers. **O. umbellatum** (Star of Bethlehem) is sometimes grown, having white flowers striped with green.

Ornithogalums are hardy and thrive in any reasonably good, well-drained soil.

Plant March to April, smaller bulbs, two or three inches deep, larger bulbs four or five inches.

RANUNCULUS

These charming little plants are deservedly popular. They have a wide range of bright colors, are excellent in display beds or borders, and are most effective in floral arrangements. They are not difficult to grow but do best in a fertile soil containing plenty of humus.

Good drainage is absolutely essential. In poorer soils it is desirable to enrich the soil with well-rotted cow manure or compost, adding four ounces of a complete fertiliser per square yard. An open sunny position is best.

The tubers should be set with the claws pointing downwards, and there should be at least four sturdy claws to each tuber. Mulching with compost or manure is helpful. Some good strains have been developed, including **Claremonts** which produce very large flowers in great profusion and in many shades of color.

Plant March to May, one or two inches deep.

ANEMONES, mainly of the St. Brigid strain. The vase contains also a few Anemone fulgens and "Scarlet Emperor."

SCILLA

(Bluebell or wood hyacinth)

There are many species, including the **English bluebell,** which is such a delightful feature of the English countryside in spring. The **Spanish bluebell,** a taller plant, is the one most commonly grown in Australia.

Bluebells require a cool climate and give their best display under trees or in borders. Colors of blue, white, and rose are available.

SCILLA PERUVIANA

(Called the Cuban lily, though it comes from Mediterranean regions)

A distinctive plant, with a strong stalk, bearing large, dense, compact clusters of purplish-blue flowers. The bulbs seldom flower two years in succession.

Plant February to May, three or four inches deep.

SNOWFLAKE

(Leucojum)

Dainty little spring flowers with delicate white bells spotted with

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LACHENALIA tricolor aurea
(see page 13).

AT LEFT: Snowflakes
(pages 13-14).

TULIPS (see page 15).

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green on the outside, and dark green, strap-shaped leaves. Once established they can be a continual source of pleasure without disturbance for many years. They are hardy and tolerant of most positions, either sunny or shaded, but prefer a well-drained moderately fertile loam.

Plant **March to April, two or three inches deep.**

They are often wrongly called **snow-drops.** These are different plants (**Galanthus**), not so commonly seen in Australia; they grow about nine inches high, have small, white, bell-shaped flowers, and need a cool climate.

SPARAXIS

Gay plants from South Africa with bright and brilliantly colored flowers in orange, scarlet, maroon, purple, and white, and blotched, spotted, or streaked with different colors.

They are hardy plants with few requirements, but like an open, sunny position and good drainage. Do well under trees, on banks, in the open garden, or in a narrow bed between a walk and a wall.

Plant **February to April, one or two inches deep.**

STREPTANTHERA CUPREA

This South African, related to sparaxis and ixia, is a striking plant with bright coppery yellow flowers and deep lilac or almost purplish black centres. Thrives under fairly dry conditions in open, sunny positions and is useful in rockeries.

Plant **March and April, two or three inches deep.**

Grown also from seed, which is easily raised.

TULIP

Tulips are probably the most spectacular and gorgeously colored flowering bulbs for cold and cool climates, making a brilliant impact on the spring garden. They are particularly effective when massed in beds, and are suitable for borders, window-boxes, and rock gardens.

Their strongly individualistic character makes them ideal for pots and containers. Tulips will grow in many soils but do best in a fairly rich, light, well-drained one, although heavier soils are suitable if the drainage is good.

They like plenty of lime, and, if the soil is deficient in this respect, an application of 25lb. of dolomite per 1000 square feet can be given. An open, sunny position is desirable, although light shade prolongs flowering and gives protection in a hot spring. Protection from strong winds is necessary.

Place a little sand under each bulb when planting, and never let them come into contact with fresh manure. The bulbs are best lifted every year and stored in a cool, dry place.

So many varieties and forms of tulips have been developed that 23 divisions have been made by the growers' societies in Holland, in collaboration with the Royal Horticultural Society of England.

In Australia, however, most nurserymen offer only those belonging to the Darwin, Cottage, Breeder, Parrot, and Triumph divisions.

Darwin tulips are late-flowering, have stems up to 30 inches long, and large oval or egg-shaped blooms in beautiful clear colors of white, yellow, and red. Recently developed hybrids have great promise, but are not generally available.

SCILLA (bluebell or wood hyacinth). They prefer a cool climate and grow well under trees.

Cottage tulips, as the name suggests, came from varieties long cultivated in English and European gardens. Flowering in early or mid-season, they have many shades of pink, yellow, orange, red, and white, sometimes flushed or striped in color combinations.

Parrot tulips may have deeply fringed or ruffled flowers, of one color, or striped and feathered in various shades. **Breeder tulips** have long sturdy stems and flowers of rather unusual coloring, orange and purplish shades predominating.

Triumph tulips have been developed by crossing single early varieties with later-flowering ones. The stems are strong and the flowers in various colors, often in combination of twos.

Nurserymen specialising in tulips have many named varieties of different sorts from which a choice can be made.

Plant March to May, four or five inches deep.

Several other species, apart from the ordinary garden tulip, are grown and these are well worth trying if plants can be obtained.

TULIPA SAXATILE, a species from Crete, does well in light soils and tolerates warmer climates than most tulips. It is a delightful plant with flowers of delicate lilac-rose with light yellow base.

TRITONIA CROCATA

(Often called the flame freesia, as it is closely related to this plant)

This has tufts of grass-like leaves and usually orange-red, funnel-shaped flowers, but the colors range from buff-yellow to deep orange.

It is suitable for massing in borders and is useful for cut flowers. Normally, it grows 12 to 15 inches high, but some varieties have taller stalks. It flowers later than other spring bulbs, the season extending to November and December.

Easily grown in any reasonably good soil.

Plant March and April, three inches deep.

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A BRIGHT BORDER filled with bulbs and perennials. Several varieties of daffodils with clear blue grape hyacinths make vivid patches. Alpine phlox spills over the rockeries and the mauve pink of a helleborus rose adds another note of color to the early spring scene.

● *Color pictures in this booklet were taken by staff photographers Ron Berg, Keith Barlow, and Barry Cullen and by Stirling Macoboy. Pictures of daffodils in pots on page 3 and ranunculus on page 6 were taken at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill, N.S.W. Daffodils on pages 8 and 9 were photographed at Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher's home at Mount Wilson, N.S.W. Picture on this page was taken at Mr. and Mrs. Valder's home at Mount Wilson.*

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